

# SARTOR RESARTUS

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF  
HERR TEUFELSDRÖCKH

IN THREE BOOKS

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE

Mein Vermächtniß, wie herrlich weit und breit !  
Die Zeit ist mein Vermächtniß, mein Acker ist die Zeit.  
Goethe.

EDITED BY

P. C. PARR



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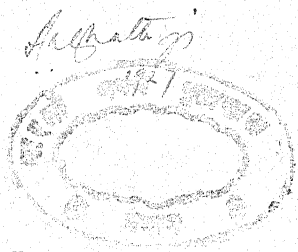
## NOTE

MR. PARR's lamented death occurred before he had the opportunity of finally revising the notes to this volume, which have been seen through the press by two of his friends.

His scholarship, taste, and philosophic temper fitted him peculiarly for the editorial task which occupied the last months of his life.

F. S. B.





## INTRODUCTION

LOOKED at from any point of view *Sartor Resartus* is a remarkable book ; but it has a special claim to arrest attention because it is, if not an epoch-making, at least in a very true sense an epoch-marking, book. Carlyle stood at the point of collision between two periods ; and this book is the hardest and far the most damaging blow which had yet been struck, so far as England is concerned, in the struggle against the mechanical formalism of the preceding age. It has often been said, and is none the less to a certain extent true, that though he lacked the accomplishment of verse, he was at heart more poet than philosopher. He certainly possessed the poetic gift of anticipation : the faculty of seeing, before other men, the direction in which things are driving, what is the question which has to be faced ; and he had also the power of lighting up a subject in all its aspects, and indicating every possible avenue of approach. Consequently, no problem which he had once handled ever looked quite the same again. If he entered the maze with the expectation less of reaching the centre than of exploring the various culs-de-sac, he left invaluable clues for the guidance of those who came after him. Little as he had seen of the world beyond his Scottish hills when the ' clothes-philosophy ' was revolving itself in his mind, he had nevertheless probed deeper than others into the difficulties of his day. His views on religion, philosophy, history, and politics were already formed, and richly as they were developed during the next half-century they never underwent any material change. From the positions here

taken up he never departed. In one whose views were so early formed, and so sharply defined, we should expect to find two characteristic qualities—much force of character, and some slight inaccessibility to ideas; such an expectation in Carlyle's case would not be disappointed. 'Human "obstinacy"', he wrote late in life, 'grounded in real faith and insight is good and the *best*.' Deeply rooted and firmly held as were all his convictions, they were in the strictest sense personal to himself. He believed them, because he felt them to be true, and his teaching, in consequence, never shook itself free from the weakness incidental to all doctrine which is founded on personal inspiration rather than upon process of reason. The disciple accepts it either because it kindles in him a similar sentiment, or merely upon the authority of an intellect which he holds to be higher and better informed than his own. In his later years Carlyle expected and obtained such discipleship. He declined argument, and bore down opposition more by weight of metal than skill in fence—in this resembling Dr. Johnson, to whom he was always much attracted, and in whom there can be no doubt that he recognized his parallel. But in 1830, when his brain was seething with new and revolutionary ideas, he was in a worse position than his own Teufelsdröckh, who was at least sure of an audience of students at the 'Green Goose' if he chose to seek their company. For Carlyle there was no hearing to be gained but through the press, and the task of finding an English sponsor for the opinions of his German professor proved to be no light one.

The special difficulties which he had to face have yielded, as such strangeness and novelty always must yield, to the process of time. The ideas which startled pre-Reform Bill ears do not strike so harshly now, and the dress in which they were clothed has been in and out of fashion more than

once in the interval. Still *Sartor* remains, though the earliest, by no means the easiest of Carlyle's greater writings. For the reason that it comes first in date it is often chosen as the key by which entrance is sought into his treasure-house; and, though it may be difficult to turn, it has this advantage, that it will open all doors. 'With this key', said Wordsworth of the *Sonnets*, 'Shakespeare unlocked his heart.' The same might be said with more truth of *Sartor* and Carlyle. For though he handled and adapted them with infinite variety the main ideas upon which he worked were few. He recurs to them again and again, using often enough the same language and the same imagery, though giving them always some fresh application. No student of Carlyle can fail to be struck by this constant repetition. Belief in human freedom and in the 'infinite nature of Duty', as the basis of religion; belief in the rule of the few wise and strong over the many weak and foolish, as the basis of government; belief in mutual sympathy, as the basis of society; belief in a spiritual interpretation of natural appearances, as the basis of philosophy; and, above all, belief in sincerity as the condition of all knowledge—these are the foundations upon which Carlyle built, and they will all be found well and truly laid in *Sartor*.

In 1831 Carlyle was in his thirty-sixth year. His period of preparation was over, and he felt that he had something to say which must get itself said now or never. After several tentative flights in other directions he had settled upon the career of letters, and was already making a name for himself by his articles and reviews. But he was not content to sell his pen to the highest bidder. The price paid for his work seemed to him the least important thing connected with it. 'I know but one true wretchedness,' he writes to his brother John, 'the want of work (want of wages comparatively trifling), which want, however, in this

planet of ours cannot be permanent unless we continue blind therein.' <sup>1</sup> Still to a man three years married to a delicate wife, of superior birth and station to his own, the mere want of wages could not be quite indifferent. She had married him because she believed in him, and it rested with him to justify her faith. Many years later he told his biographer, with as much truth as usually underlies such confessions by masters of their craft, that of all careers that of literature was the one for which he was the least suited. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that from a very early stage he had felt the itch for writing. 'It is a fact certain', he had written nearly ten years earlier, 'that I must write a *book*. Would to Heaven that I had a subject which I could discuss, and at the same time loved to discuss. I cannot say for certain whether I have the smallest genius; but I know that I have unrest enough to serve a parish.' <sup>2</sup> The subject was with him all the time, if he had but known it; it was the power of expression that was wanting. Now at last they were fitted to each other, and the book was written.

Up to this point Carlyle's life had not been very different from that of many Scottish boys, of good abilities but humble birth and straitened means. Born at Ecclefechan on December 4, 1795, he was the eldest child of James Carlyle, a mason, by his second marriage with Margaret Aitken. He was followed by three brothers and five sisters, among whom there always subsisted a peculiarly close intimacy. Thomas certainly recognized some special virtue in the Carlyle blood. 'We Carlyles', he writes in 1820, 'are a clannish people, because we have all something original in our formation and find therefore less than common sympathy with others; so that we are constrained, as it were, to draw to one another, and to seek that friend-

<sup>1</sup> Froude's *Life*, vol. ii, p. 160.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, vol. i, p. 149.

ship in our own blood which we do not find so readily elsewhere.' <sup>1</sup> And nobly did he act up to his principles. Hard as was his own struggle, no sacrifice was ever too great for him to make to help forward the career of a brother; nor would he regard the act as other than an obvious duty or privilege, requiring no thanks. James Carlyle was a sturdy, upright, hard-working, independent yeoman, more respected perhaps than loved. Hard and inflexible in his dealings with himself and others, he rarely showed the softer side of his nature even to wife or children. Reverencing him entirely, Thomas was more than a little afraid of him. 'More remarkable man than my father', he says, 'I have never met in my journey through life; sterling sincerity in thought, word, and deed, most quiet, but capable of blazing into whirlwinds when needful, and such a flash of just insight and natural eloquence and emphasis, true to every feature of it, as I have never known in any other.' <sup>2</sup> From him, Carlyle inherited his passion for truth, his self-reliance, his contempt for pleasure, something of his power of expression, and that genuine laugh which he always regarded as so valuable an indication of character. 'None of us', he writes again, 'will ever forget that bold, glowing style of his, flowing free from the untutored soul, full of metaphor, though he knew not what metaphor was, with all manner of potent words which he appropriated and applied with surprising accuracy.' <sup>3</sup> His feeling towards his mother was quite different; in her presence 'heart and tongue played freely', and until her death her love and sympathy were the greatest treasure of his life. She was simply and intensely pious, looking to the Bible as the fountain of all wisdom; and there is no doubt that her favourite son's divergence from the creed of his fathers was a sore

<sup>1</sup> Froude's *Life*, vol. i, p. 92.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 11.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 20.

trial to her. But she trusted him, even while she sent him loving maternal admonitions, and he, for his part, felt that she understood him. She knew that 'strange dark humour in him over which he had no control', and he turned to her for comfort and sympathy as he turned to no other. 'No man of my day', he says in simple thankfulness, 'or hardly any man, can have had better parents.'

At five years old Carlyle was sent to the village school of Ecclefechan, where he learnt figures from the schoolmaster and Latin from the minister. Seeing that he showed talents above the average, his father, when he was now in his tenth year, decided to give him the benefit of the more elaborate education to be had at the Annan grammar school. The three or four years that he spent there were among the most miserable of his life. The boys were rude and rough, 'coarse, unguided, tyrannous cubs,' he calls them, and his life was made a burden to him, till, discarding an injunction of his mother's, he fought them with their own weapons, 'gave stroke for stroke,' and by proving himself dangerous made himself respected. He learned, however, to read Latin and French with fluency, got a thorough knowledge of arithmetic, and some grounding of algebra and geometry. So favourable were the reports that reached his father, that a University course at Edinburgh was decided upon, with a view to his entering the ministry. University life in Scotland at that day had little of the meaning attaching to the phrase for Southern ears. The students, drawn many of them from the farmer and artisan class, were entered as mere boys of fourteen or fifteen, tramped the hundred miles or so that might separate the University from their village homes to save coach hire, lodged where they could in the poorer parts of the town, and lived for the most part on cargoes of bacon, butter, and such-like received from home. It was a strenuous life, splendid

in the discipline of character for those who were strong enough to stand it. Carlyle's University career was in no way specially distinguished. He took up mathematics, not so much from any special inclination as because the mathematical professor was in some way congenial to him. Still, when he left the University, he had so competent a knowledge of his subject that he had no difficulty in obtaining the post of mathematical master at the Annan school which he had formerly attended as a boy. Nominally, he was still destined for the ministry of the Scottish Church, and twice at least he went to Edinburgh to pronounce the thesis which was required from those candidates who did not go through a theological course. But his heart had never been in the business, and he was already assailed by the doubts which prevented him then and always from subscribing to the terms of any Christian creed. Not without some disappointment to his parents, but with no remonstrance on their part, he abandoned the idea of becoming a minister. In 1816 he removed from Annan to the charge of a school of his own at Kirkcaldy, where the great friend of his earlier years, Edward Irving, was already established as a schoolmaster. During this period he read prodigiously. From Hume and Gibbon, who completed the destruction of his old faith, he turned to the more congenial company of the German poets and philosophers to lay the foundations of the new. But neither he nor Irving was comfortable in his surroundings. To a naturally nervous temperament, made more irritable by chronic ill health, and the consciousness of undeveloped powers, the restraint of pedagogy was intolerable. In December 1818, they came to a joint determination to burn their boats; and Carlyle's career as a schoolmaster was closed.

He had saved a hundred pounds, and the early part of the following year saw him back again in Edinburgh studying

law, his next venture in search of a profession. By dint of taking pupils and writing occasional articles for Brewster's *Cyclopædia* he could make two pounds a week, which enabled him to live without drawing on his capital. But the law was no more capable of satisfying his aspirations than the ministry. So long as the novelty lasted, and he was breaking fresh ground, it pleased him well enough. Then he stood suddenly dismayed at the dreariness of the prospect before him. It would have been the same with any other subsidiary occupation, pursued with the mere object of earning a livelihood. He wanted to do something worth doing for its own sake, to be an artist, in short; and he was beginning to feel that literature was the only mistress he could serve. It was at this juncture that a fortunate accident, guided by the hand of his friend Irving, gave him his opportunity. Mrs. Buller, a brilliant and amiable woman, well known in society as the wife of Charles Buller, a distinguished Anglo-Indian, was looking for a tutor for her two boys, preparatory to sending them to Cambridge. Like many other fashionable persons of the day, she had fallen under the spell of Irving's preaching, and was willing enough to accept his recommendation of Carlyle for the post. Carlyle hesitated, but the offer was too good to refuse, and half against his will he found himself installed in comfortable quarters with a salary of £200 a year. Two years passed pleasantly enough, now at Edinburgh, where his pupils attended lectures, now at the Bullers' country-house at Kinnaird, or again, when he took an occasional holiday, at Mainhill, a farm to which his father had removed from Ecclefechan. His private studies were devoted almost exclusively to German literature; he was finishing a translation of *Wilhelm Meister*, and trying his wings on short flights in the magazines and reviews. But the Bullers grew tired of Scotland and went south to London, whither Carlyle

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followed them in June 1824. Plans for the future, including the possibility of a summer residence abroad, had been discussed between them, but these were not destined to take effect. A week or two spent in a lodging at Kew saw the end of the connexion. His native restlessness, aggravated by real or fancied slights, and some impatience at the uncertainty of Mrs. Buller's plans and her indifference to his convenience, determined Carlyle to break loose. The past two years had strengthened his position. He had won a certain reputation as a writer, and had put money in his pocket. So in July, with the expression of regrets, more or less sincere on either side, Carlyle and the Bullers parted company.

He did not at once return to Scotland, but spent some little time in London as the guest of Irving, took a short holiday at Dover, diversified with a flying visit to Paris, and found himself again in London towards the close of the year. The question of making London his permanent home had, of course, occurred to him ; but he was not very favourably impressed with what he had seen. The literary lions had roared for him in vain. Irving remained for him 'by far the best fellow' he had met with in London. 'Thomas Campbell has a far clearer judgement, infinitely more taste and refinement, but there is no living will or thought or feeling in him. His head is a shop, not a manufactory ; and for his heart, it is as dry as a Greenock kipper. . . . Coleridge is sunk inextricably in the depths of putrescent indolence : Southey and Wordsworth have retired far from the din of this monstrous city . . . The dwarf Opium-eater (De Quincey) carries a laudanum bottle in his pocket, and the venom of a wasp in his heart. . . . Hazlitt is writing his way through France and Italy. The gin-shops and pawnbrokers bewail his absence.'<sup>1</sup> It would serve no

<sup>1</sup> Froude's *Life*, vol. i, p. 264.

purpose to continue the catalogue, which is only given to show that, like his own Teufelsdröckh, Carlyle was no respecter of reputations. 'Such is the literary world of London,' he concludes, 'indisputably the poorest part of its population at present.' In this humour, and holding as he did that a Scotsman in London is 'like a shrub disrooted and stuck in a bottle of water', it is not surprising that he decided not to remain.

By this time his engagement to Miss Jane Welsh was a definite fact, and his plans were cast to some extent with a view to his impending marriage. But the state of his health was the main factor in his decision. An outdoor life would, he thought, suit him better than the close atmosphere of cities; so in March 1825, he returned to Scotland, and took a small farm at Hoddam Hill. The short time spent there was among the most satisfactory periods of his life, and for reasons which will appear later, he always looked back to it with a sense of grateful acknowledgement. A younger brother, Alick by name, superintended the practical work of the farm, and his mother or one of his sisters was constantly in the house. He himself spent much of his time on horseback, meditating the inevitable book; while in his working hours he was still busy with German literature and the translation of German stories for the publishers. The work was easy and not unremunerative, the life healthy and congenial; but in little more than a year differences with his landlord brought this happy state of things to an end. He terminated his agreement and found himself once more without a home.

Circumstances thus combined to hasten forward his marriage. There was no reason for delay. Carlyle's prospects, though far from brilliant, were by no means desperate, and he had a reasonable hope of being able to maintain a home. Into the merits of this much-discussed union it

is no part of our business to inquire, since Carlyle's literary life was not appreciably affected. If his wife had expected to be admitted to any sort of literary partnership she was disappointed. The thought of Carlyle dwelt in a world apart, and refused to work in company. The marriage took place in October 1826, and husband and wife settled down in a house in Comely Bank, on the outskirts of Edinburgh, as comfortably, to all appearance, as other people. The life there was pleasant enough, and not without a certain amount of simple gaiety. Carlyle always fought shy of society, but could not completely isolate himself and his bride; and their Wednesday evenings, when tea and talk were served to the elect, had quite a small vogue. It was now that Jeffrey, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, became a constant visitor to the house, attracted rather by Mrs. Carlyle, to whom he pretended a sort of distant cousinship. The intimacy was of great benefit to Carlyle, whose genius Jeffrey frankly admitted; and his studies on 'Richter' and 'The Present State of German Literature' first saw the light in the pages of the *Edinburgh*, where they attracted the notice and approval of the great Goethe himself. But, somewhat needlessly perhaps, the little household took alarm at the proportions of the weekly bills, modest as they were. Carlyle felt the need of the fresh air and exercise to which he had been accustomed. Certainly, at this juncture rest and quiet were necessary to his moral and physical comfort. Craigenputtock, a farmstead in the possession of his wife's family, happened to fall vacant, and thither they migrated, not without some natural regret on the part of Mrs. Carlyle for the humanities they were leaving behind.

At Craigenputtock it was that *Sartor*, after so many fruitless endeavours, at last struggled to the birth. The conditions were favourable. Perched on a bleak hill, some

seven hundred feet above sea-level, and fifteen miles from everywhere, Craigenputtock did not attract visitors. Carlyle worked hard, chiefly at reviews. 'Burns,' 'Voltaire,' 'Novalis,' 'Signs of the Times,' all belong to this period. He was making way rapidly, though he could not be said to have yet arrived. Jeffrey, indeed, who had the sincerest admiration for his talents, lectured him roundly for his affectations. 'I suppose', he wrote, 'that you will treat me as something worse than an ass when I say that I am firmly persuaded the great source of your extravagance, and of all that makes your writings intolerable to many and ridiculous to not a few, is not so much any real peculiarity of opinions, as an unlucky ambition to appear more original than you are;'<sup>1</sup> and he went on to remark, with less than his usual sagacity, that England never would admire, or even endure, his German divinities. Carlyle took the scolding meekly enough, but when Jeffrey further proceeded to lay violent hands on the article on Burns, toning it down here and pruning it there, it was more than he would stand. He returned the article with the offending passages reinstated, and an intimation that it might be suppressed but not mutilated; and he had his way.

There followed a period of depression, during which Carlyle's fortunes touched almost their lowest ebb. Articles on the German school became temporarily a drug in the market. A history of German literature, on which Carlyle had been engaged, failed to find a publisher, and the last five-pound note was actually in sight. Jeffrey wrote once more to remonstrate; pointing out in some detail where Carlyle's radicalism passed the limits of common sense. The only result was to give Carlyle some further mark for Teufelsdröckh's satire; in particular the bitter comparison of the prices of a man and of a horse had its

<sup>1</sup> Froude's *Life*, vol. ii, p. 38.

origin here. For by this time the book was, indeed, inevitable; the ideas that had been simmering in his brain were boiling over, and could not be contained. The circumstances in which he wrote are of little moment, except perhaps in so far as they give a tinge of melancholy to the whole. His thoughts were in the past, not in the present: at Ecclefechan, Annandale, Edinburgh, anywhere but at Craigenputtock. He was crowding into a single book the experiences, moral, social, and intellectual, of thirty years, and he wrote as one possessed. 'What I am writing at', he says on October 19, 1830, 'is the strangest of all things. A very singular piece, I assure you. It glances from heaven to earth, and back again, in a strange satirical frenzy, whether fine or not remains to be seen.'<sup>1</sup> But it was not until the following July that his task was nearing completion, though he had worked hard in the interval. He took, no doubt, an impish delight in the anticipation of shocking the inner ring of letters no less rudely than the man in the street. 'I am struggling forward with Dreck,' he writes on July 12, 1831, 'sick enough, but not in bad heart. I think the world will no wise be enraptured with this medicinal *Devil's-dung*; that the critical republic will cackle vituperatively, or perhaps maintain total silence—*à la bonne heure!* It was the best I had in me.' And again on the 17th, 'I sometimes think the book *will* prove a kind of medicinal asafœtida for the pudding-stomach of England, and produce new secretions there. *Jacta est alea!* I will speak out what is in me, though far harder chances threatened. I have no other trade, no other strength or portion on this earth.'<sup>2</sup> Such is the temper in which *Sartor* was written.

'The work falls naturally into two parts; a Historical-Descriptive, and a Philosophical-Speculative.' With regard

<sup>1</sup> Froude's *Life*, vol. ii, p. 131.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 159.

to the former, it is an easy and attractive study to trace the resemblances between the life of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh (God-born Devil's Dung) and his editor. We can at once identify Entepfuhl (Duck-pond) with Ecclefechan, Hinterschlag (Swish-tail, as Thackeray might have called it) with Annan, Weiss-nicht-wo (Where-you-please) with Edinburgh; nor can it be doubtful that the love-idyll of Blumine recalls some tender passages which passed at Annandale between Carlyle and a certain Margaret Gordon. These might have proceeded to more serious lengths, had the Fates and the lady's aunt been more propitious. She seems to have been an attractive and sensible girl, and in her parting letter gave him some advice as sound as any he ever received. 'Cultivate', she wrote, 'the milder dispositions of your heart . . . Genius will render you great. May virtue render you beloved! Remove the awful distance between you and ordinary men by kind and gentle manners. Deal gently with their inferiority, and be convinced they will respect you as much and like you more.'<sup>1</sup> But it would be a mistake to make too much of these coincidences. Carlyle himself has warned us of the limits beyond which it would not be safe to go. 'Nothing in Sartor Resartus', he says, 'is fact; symbolical myth all, except that of the incident in the Rue St. Thomas de l'Enfer, which occurred quite literally to myself in Leith Walk, during three weeks of total sleeplessness, in which almost my one solace was that of a daily bathe on the sands between Leith and Portobello. Incident was as I went down; coming up I generally felt refreshed for the hour. I remember it well, and could go straight to about the place.'<sup>2</sup> The sketch is a truer picture of his inner life than of his outer circumstances. The incident of Leith Walk took place in June, 1821, when he was reading law in Edinburgh. Doubts, such as clever

<sup>1</sup> Froude's *Life*, vol. i, p. 52.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 101.

and thoughtful young men often entertain, of the truth of revelation and the historical facts of Christianity, had long ago warned him that he was not a fit subject for the ministry. These, taking root in the rich soil of a nature deeply religious, and trained to consider all such questionings as partaking of sin, had borne fruit in a crop of pains and perplexities, almost intolerable. Then suddenly in Leith Walk there came to him the thought which like a lightning-flash dispelled the darkness. What had he to fear? He was free, and the world was not the Devil's. It was a mere outcry of defiance, but it gave him back his manhood, and from that hour he inclined to date his 'Spiritual new-birth'. The victory was not fully won until four years later, during the peaceful months spent at Hoddam Hill. 'Internally there were far higher things going on; a grand and ever joyful victory getting itself achieved at last! The final chaining down, trampling home 'for good', home into their caves for ever of all my spiritual dragons, which had wrought me such woe, and for a decade past had made my life black and bitter. . . . I found it to be essentially what Methodist people call their "conversion", the deliverance of their soul from the Devil and the pit; precisely enough *that*, in new form.'<sup>1</sup> 'Precisely enough *that*,' and not in such very new form, except that it lacked the usual accompaniments of a Revivalist meeting. Carlyle's God remained to the end in essentials an abstraction of the jealous and inexorable judge of his Calvinistic ancestors. He had never wandered far from the faith in which he had been brought up, impatient though he might be of the trammels of a creed. His letters to his mother are sufficient evidence. 'I entreat you to believe', he writes in March 1819, 'that I am sincerely desirous of being a good man; and though we may differ in some few unimportant particulars, yet

<sup>1</sup> Froude's *Life*, vol. i, p. 330.

I firmly trust that the same power which created us with imperfect faculties will pardon the errors of every one (and none are without them) who seeks truth and righteousness with a simple heart.' <sup>1</sup>

This 'conversion' is the central episode of Carlyle's life as it is the cardinal point of the 'Clothes-philosophy'. It is his first recognition of the principle that the explanation of the universe must be spiritual and not material. 'The guiding principle of all Carlyle's ethical work is the principle of Fichte's speculation, that the world of experience is but the appearance or vesture of the divine idea or life; that in this divine life lie the springs of true poetry, of true science, and of true religion; and that he only has true life whose spirit is interpenetrated with the realities transcending empirical facts, who is willing to resign his own personality in the service of humanity, and who strives incessantly to work out the ideal that gives nobility and grandeur to human effort.'<sup>2</sup> 'Matter exists only spiritually, and to represent some idea, and body it forth. . . . Whatsoever represents Spirit to Spirit is properly a clothing, a suit of raiment, put on for a season and to be laid off. Thus in this one pregnant subject of clothes, rightly understood, is included all that men have thought, dreamed, done and been: the whole External Universe and what it holds is but clothing; and the essence of all science lies in the philosophy of Clothes.'<sup>3</sup> In its more superficial aspect the 'Clothes-philosophy' is a protest against convention of all sorts. It is an invitation to swallow formulas with Mirabeau; a challenge to penetrate below the surface to the underlying reality; to strip the judge of his ermine, the prisoner of his fustian, and see them as they are, with not so very much to choose between them after all; to

<sup>1</sup> Froude's *Life*, vol. i, p. 62.

<sup>2</sup> Professor Adamson's *Fichte*, p. 79.    <sup>3</sup> *Sartor Resartus*, Symbolism.



disentangle the man from the robes, and the robes from the office ; to share John Knox's abhorrence of the ' pented bredd',<sup>1</sup> and yet to keep what spirit of reverence may be due to the truth which it symbolizes. The theme thus whimsically developed is treated with a breadth of humour which makes this book the most striking example in our language of the right use of the literary grotesque. The abuse of symbols in the reverence paid to dead forms lends itself readily to such treatment. But it must not be hastily assumed that clothes are of no value. It is by the right use of them that man has raised himself from the condition of the savage. 'To the eye of vulgar Logic what is man ? An omnivorous biped that wears breeches.' But the breeches are necessary to his progress. What becomes else of the ghastly irony which amuses itself with the picture of a solemn assembly of Grandees suddenly denuded of their clothes ? It is a sorry spectacle enough, and one which scarcely bears out Carlyle's theory of the essential inequality of men. For if man's dignity suffers more than a temporary shock from the removal of his breeches, it would seem after all to be the clothes that make the man. And this is to a certain extent true. The crown of the king and the scarlet of the judge mark the office and not the man, and so long as the reality remains behind are valuable indications. So, too, in another degree, we find in language a kind of clothes, necessary to the interchange of ideas, just as coin is necessary to the exchange of commodities ; and in rites and ceremonies yet another suit which enables men to worship in common. 'The Thirty-nine Articles themselves are articles of wearing-apparel.' It is only when a symbol lingers after its use is past that it becomes dangerous. The superannuation of symbols is an indispensable process which must not be too long delayed. 'We account him

<sup>1</sup> *Hero-Worship* : The Hero as Priest.

Legislator and wise who can so much as tell when a symbol has grown old, and gently remove it.' Carlyle's temptation was to hurry on too fast in this direction. Impetuous in temper and impatient of authority, he would hardly give a truth time to get itself decently dressed, before he was ready to tear the clothes from its back and fling them on the rubbish-heap of creeds outworn.

But there is a still deeper meaning than this in the Clothes-philosophy. Carlyle had adopted the Fichtean idealism, and it is of the essence of idealism that it 'commences from within and proceeds outwards; instead of commencing from without, and with various precautions and hesitations endeavouring to proceed inwards. . . . Instead of attempting, which they (the idealists) consider vain, to prove the existence of God, Virtue, an immaterial Soul, by inferences drawn, as the conclusion of all Philosophy, from the world of Sense, they find these things written, as the beginning of all Philosophy, in obscure but ineffaceable characters, within our inmost being; and themselves first affording any certainty and clear meaning to that very world of Sense by which we endeavour to demonstrate them'.<sup>1</sup> Holding such views, no idealist could be content to accept any external good as the end of life, least of all the mere material prosperity which was offered by the current philosophy of the day. Lingered on as a legacy from the eighteenth century—that 'withered, unbelieving, second-hand Eighteenth Century'<sup>2</sup>—the influence of common sense and individualism was still felt in England, and found its fullest expression in utilitarian doctrines. The 'mechanical Profit-and-Loss philosophy', Carlyle calls it in his less vituperative moments—'mechanical' because it regards society as an aggregate

<sup>1</sup> 'State of German Literature': *Miscellanies*, vol. i, p. 67.

<sup>2</sup> *Hero-Worship*, V.

of individuals, connected as parts of a machine, not as members of an organized whole, and conduct as determined by the necessary stimuli of pleasure and pain ; ' Profit-and-Loss ' because it takes the balance of pain and pleasure for the criterion of moral action. Associated inseparably, in England at any rate, with the name of Jeremy Bentham, utilitarianism professed to bring the whole duty of man within the jurisdiction of a single principle, ' the greatest happiness of the greatest number.' This principle was of universal application, and was so rigorously applied as to leave no room beside it for the claims of either creed or party. To this apparent simplicity of application it owed much of its success. It is founded on the assumption that all men do, as a fact, desire happiness, and that their conduct, consciously or unconsciously, whether they will or no, is based on self-interest. And though a man is only concerned indirectly with the happiness of others, yet experience teaches him that his well-being is bound up with that of society, which he will therefore promote as the best means of securing his individual advantage. Such a conception of society leads naturally to the policy of non-interference or *laisser-faire*, as Carlyle usually calls it, in the sphere of government. Men, it was said, are the best judges of their own interests, and should be left to pursue them as they please, provided that they do not interfere with the liberty of others to do the same. Their only obligation will be the obligation to perform their contracts, and the bond of union between them cash-payment. The principle of the Utilitarian school was not perhaps so ' wholly vile ' as Carlyle would make it out. There is a sense in which it may be said that there are but two ends possible to the pursuit of man, Happiness and Perfection, and that each is the complement of the other. The one is the object of his rational, as the other of his moral faculties. Carlyle

saw something of this side of the question when he laid it down that intellect and morality are but two aspects of one indivisible whole, the soul of man, and that the man of true intellect is necessarily also the supremely moral man. But he was utterly opposed to the idea of taking pleasure as in any sense the end of moral action. The notion of happiness carried always to his nostrils some taint of the Epicurean pig-sty. 'Foolish soul,' says Diogenes contemptuously, 'What act of Legislation was there that *thou* should'st be happy? A little while ago thou hadst no right to *be* at all. What if thou wert born and predestined not to be Happy, but to be Unhappy!' To which it might be retorted with equal reason that the right to *be* is in that case not one to be pressed. It is obviously unfair to confound happiness with pleasure, and then further to degrade pleasure by identifying it with pleasures of the senses. Carlyle apparently thinks to combine Happiness and Perfection in one idea by borrowing from Fichte the term *Seligkeit* or Blessedness; though it is difficult to see how this can mean much more than the highest form of Happiness. A more practical objection takes the form of asking 'how a multitude of individuals, each separately pursuing his own happiness, can so arrange matters that their joint action may secure the happiness of all'. Or, as Carlyle more racily puts it, 'Given a world of knaves, to produce an Honesty from their united action.'<sup>1</sup> Bentham shirks the question, leaving it to the consideration of his successors, who were not very successful in dealing with it.

To the idealist, who 'finds the ultimate realization of the Universe in mind or spirit, and its end in the perfecting of spiritual life',<sup>2</sup> an individualistic conception of society was clearly impossible. 'Reason', says Fichte again,

<sup>1</sup> 'Characteristics': *Miscellanies*, vol. iv, p. 36.

<sup>2</sup> *Man's Place in the Cosmos*, by Prof. Seth Pringle-Pattison, p. 10.

'embraces only the *One Life* which manifests itself as the Life of the Race. Were Reason taken away from human life there would remain only Individuality, and the love of Individuality. Hence the Life according to Reason consists herein—that the Individual forgets himself in the Race, places his own life in the life of the Race, and dedicates it thereto ;—the Life opposed to Reason, on the contrary, consists in this—that the Individual thinks of nothing but himself, loves nothing but himself, and sets his whole existence in his well-being alone,—and since we may briefly call that which is according to Reason *good*, and that which is opposed to Reason *evil*, so there is but One Virtue—to forget one's own personality ;—and but One Vice—to make self the object of our thoughts.' <sup>1</sup> Carlyle is of the same opinion. Firmly as he maintained the necessity of individual effort and the advantage of the personal rule of the strong, and bitterly opposed as he was to democratic usurpation in all its forms, yet his whole teaching is a protest against individualism. Renunciation is the rule of life, and willingness to govern only the supreme test of self-sacrifice. Society is for him 'the vital articulation of many individuals into a new collective individual : greatly the most important of man's attainments on this earth ; that in which, and by virtue of which, all his other attainments and attempts find their arena, and have their value. Considered well, Society is the standing wonder of our existence ; a true region of the Supernatural ; as it were a second all-embracing Life, wherein our first individual Life becomes doubly and trebly alive, and whatever of Infinitude was in us bodies itself forth and becomes visible and active'.<sup>2</sup> For a man to pretend indifference to the interests of his fellow man, except in-so far as they may affect his own,

<sup>1</sup> Fichte's *Popular Works*, by William Smith, vol. ii, p. 33.

<sup>2</sup> 'Characteristics': *Miscellanies*, vol. iv, p. 11.

is in this view not merely wrong but ridiculous, and a purely selfish standpoint not so much immoral as impossible. 'In vain thou deniest it,' says the Professor, 'thou *art* my brother. . . . I say there is not a red Indian, hunting by Lake Winnipic, can quarrel with his squaw, but the whole world must smart for it.' Society thus becomes an end, the only end, in fact, of which the individual members can be properly conscious; and has ceased altogether to be a temporary combination for the achievement of selfish purposes.

Carlyle's consciousness of the natural world as 'the vesture of God' is at the root also of his otherwise almost incomprehensible attitude towards science. 'Rightly viewed no meanest object is insignificant; all objects are windows through which the philosophic eye looks into Infinitude itself.' As the 'realized Thought of God' every speck of matter is entitled to respect, and so regarding it he sees in the treatment of science the sacrilegious hand stretched out to touch the Ark of the Covenant. Indifferent to the improvements effected by science in the standard of living, and oblivious of the services it has rendered to the physical and moral well-being of mankind, he rejects its aims and despises its discoveries. Wonder and reverence are the key to knowledge. 'Man cannot *know*, unless he can *worship* in some way. His knowledge is a pedantry, and dead thistle, otherwise.'<sup>1</sup> He speaks contemptuously of 'these scientific individuals' who 'have been nowhere but where we also are; have seen some handbreadths deeper than we see into the Deep which is infinite, without bottom as without shore'. So little does he make of their achievements that he compares man to a minnow exploring his little creek, and all unconscious of the tides, currents, winds, monsoons, eclipses in the great world beyond, which regulate

<sup>1</sup> *Hero-Worship*, II.

the supply of water to his narrow channel. But this attitude of humility, praiseworthy as it is, cannot be the permanent posture of man. If he is to be always on his knees what becomes of his day's work? Indifference to the wonders of nature may conceal want of thought as well as want of reverence, but there is such a thing as stupid wonder. The savage who falls prostrate before a flash of lightning is not necessarily more intelligent than the scientific inquirer who bottles it in a Leyden jar, or lights his house and drives his carriage with it. Carlyle begs the question when he says that 'scientific men think they have finished off all things in Heaven and Earth by merely giving them scientific names'. The scientific man is just as conscious of the limitations of his knowledge as the philosopher. Both proceed, in reality, upon the same assumption, a belief in natural order, or, in other words, a conviction that the world is governed by purpose and not by chance. But while philosophy is concerned with the proofs, science busies itself with the results. The principles of philosophy are the postulates of science. Content with the inductive certainty drawn from the comparison of a sufficient number of instances, it is not necessary for science to be always returning to the fountain-head to make sure of its base. By the discovery of fresh facts it proceeds to the establishment of new laws. Science is not on that account wanting in reverence. On the contrary 'this trust in the uniformity of nature is ultimately a belief in a morally trustworthy universe—that is to say, in a Being who will not capriciously or wantonly deceive those who put their trust in him'.<sup>1</sup> But intent upon its proper business science is content to investigate the practical consequences, leaving to philosophy the equally important task of making good the ground behind it. There should be no antagonism between the two.

<sup>1</sup> *Man's Place in the Cosmos*, by Prof. Seth Pringle-Pattison, p. 223.

But it was, perhaps, to his poetic imagination, and in its more fantastic and picturesque aspects, that the idealistic doctrine appealed most strongly. Specially was he attracted by the notion which denies the reality of Time and Space, regarding them as 'forms of thought', moulds into which man pours his experience, or conditions which his intellect imposes on the phenomenal world to make it intelligible to him. On this 'universal canvas' as he calls it, he paints magnificent word-pictures, full of gloomy and mysterious grandeur. These are 'the two grand fundamental world-enveloping Appearances . . . spun and woven for us before Birth itself', which during our life on earth we shall in vain endeavour to strip off. And indeed when he comes to close quarters with them in the attempt to tear them asunder and look through into the eternity beyond, it is clear that he has not grasped the full force of the problem. The Fortunatus's hat which instantaneously removes whosoever wears it to any place where he wishes to be does not really effect the annihilation of space. True, it transports the wearer immediately from one point in space to another, but the mind has no difficulty in conceiving such a journey. It is time, in this instance, if anything, not space that is annihilated. The spot from which the traveller starts and the spot at which he arrives remain still two separate points in space. The real difficulty is for the traveller to find himself in all points of space at the same moment. This would be the true omnipresent Here. Similarly with regard to Time; imagine if you will the threescore years and ten of man's allotted span compressed into three minutes. Here again the real difficulty is not touched; for there remains the succession of moments, however rapidly accelerated. Eternity, as the negative of Time, involves the absence of succession in all its different forms of before and after, cause and effect, growth and



decay. These must all be merged in the one simultaneity to produce the universal Now. Nor did he quite recognize the bearing of this treatment of Time and Space on the culminating issue of the idealist position ; which was, in effect, to restore man to the place in the Cosmos, or ordered scheme of things, of which the discoveries of Galileo and the scepticism of the eighteenth century had deprived him. So impressed was he with the sense of the 'otherness' of God, so conscious of the immeasurable littleness of man in comparison, that any attempt to bridge the gulf which separates the two would have seemed to him an impiety. But if Space and Time are but conditions imposed by man himself upon the world of phenomena it would surely be absurd to draw any conclusion as to his worth and value from the insignificance of his appearance whether in extension or duration ; and if, as Kant held, objects exist, and can exist, only for a conscious subject it would seem to follow that, whatever else he may be, man must be at least the central point of his own world, and not merely a minnow swimming blindly in a creek of a universe adapted to other uses.

Beneath Carlyle's philosophy lay a solid substratum of religion, which he considered of infinitely more importance. Of philosophy he had no special need, because what he believed he believed for reasons independent of it. His attitude towards it is fully disclosed in the essay on ' Characteristics ' contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* about this time. ' The mere existence and necessity of a philosophy is an evil. Man is sent hither not to question, but to work : " the end of man ", it was long ago written, " is an Action, not a Thought. " In the perfect state, all Thought were but the picture and inspiring symbol of Action ; Philosophy, except as Poetry and Religion, would have no being. ' Religion stands on a very different footing from

philosophy. 'A man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him,' and by his religion Carlyle means what a man 'does practically lay to heart and know for certain, concerning his vital relations to this mysterious Universe, and his duty and destiny there.'<sup>1</sup> It is not of the first importance what he believes. The main thing is that he should believe honestly and sincerely; and the very act of belief will raise him to a higher level, as it raised Mahomet, in Carlyle's opinion, above Bentham. 'A true man believes with his whole judgement, with all the illumination and discernment that is in him, and has always so believed. A false man, only struggling to "believe that he believes", will naturally manage it in some other way.'<sup>2</sup> Faith will often be independent of reason. 'Believe it thou must, understand it thou canst not,' is a true if a hard saying. Whatever a man believes, he must believe for himself, though it is not necessary that he 'should have himself *discovered* the truth he is to believe in, and never so *sincerely* to believe in'.<sup>3</sup> All that he need do is to make it consciously his own. Nor will his private judgement, so exercised, land him in isolation from his fellows. Rather he will find himself in deeper agreement with them, since such fundamental truths as the existence of God and the infinite nature of duty, reveal themselves naturally to all sincere men alike, who find themselves thereby in sympathy with each other and in harmony with their surroundings. What a man believes exactly it may be difficult or impossible for him to put into words, for "the highest cannot be spoken of in words", as Goethe truly says'. Carlyle himself would have found it impossible to formulate his creed. It was probably much more deeply tinged than he knew with the colour of early associations. 'He was original', it has been said, 'only in what he *omitted* from the faith

<sup>1</sup> *Hero-Worship*, I.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, IV.*Ibid.*, IV.

of his parents, for no man could have retained more vividly the impress of the religious type which they had handed down to him.' <sup>1</sup> Still he had omitted so much that his God could hardly be regarded any longer as a personal being. He recognized that articulate prayer was an impossibility, and religion seems to have meant for him, above all else, that attitude of wonder and reverence which is at the bottom of all knowledge. This would, of course, be quite an inadequate account of what Carlyle really believed. But he always laid more stress on the act of belief than on its content. Originality, moreover, he held to lie not in novelty, but in sincerity; and this virtue at least will not be denied to him.

The real enemy was unbelief, or in other words, common sense, and he fought it with any weapons that came to hand. Common sense is the habit of mind which is content to assume that things are what they seem to be, takes them at their face value, as Professor James says, and refuses to be disturbed by any contradictions into which it may be led by so regarding them. Common sense is essentially devoid of wonder and reverence; it does not believe in miracles, nor does it see anything miraculous in the course of Nature. Except for short intervals when philosophy itself has been out of fashion, common sense has been treated with little respect by thinkers of all schools. The sceptic laughs at it for its inconsistencies, the dogmatist scolds it for not accepting truth without evidence, and the idealist despises it for its gross and materialistic conception of the universe. Himself each of these by turns, Carlyle had the whole of their armoury at his disposal. 'Believe nothing which thou canst not understand,' is the dictate of common sense; 'Believe it thou must, understand it thou canst not,'

<sup>1</sup> *Leaders of Religious Thought in the Victorian Era*, by R. H. Hutton.

<sup>2</sup> Froude's *Life*, vol. ii, p. 21, Letter to George A. Duncan.

obedience  
 retorts Carlyle. Where common sense sees only matter, Carlyle sees only spirit. If common sense insists on liberty, Carlyle replies that the only freedom is the freedom to obey. If common sense asks to be happy, Carlyle declares that when a man deserves to be hanged in a hair-halter the substitution of hemp is happiness enough, and that the best way of getting what you want is to ask for nothing. We are reminded of Socrates, to whom the aspect of the Market-Place suggested merely the number of things that he did not need. It is no wonder that common sense was not satisfied. Even the Kantian conception of Duty involved some kind of happiness as a consequence, if not as a motive, and J. S. Mill was confident that virtue led to happiness in the long run. Man cannot live by Duty alone, or he will fail to see what interest he can have in the struggle to which he is born. 'Duty was to him' (Carlyle), says Professor Jones, 'a menace, like the duty of a slave. It lacks the element which alone can make it imperative to a free being, namely that it can be recognized as his good, and that the outer law become the inner motive.'<sup>1</sup> But if Carlyle exalted the duty at the expense of the freedom, it was on account of the low estimation in which he held the intelligence of the bulk of mankind. 'Faith', for the average man, 'consists in loyalty to some inspired Teacher, some spiritual Hero,' and he will find his best chance of salvation in submission to the guidance of a leader wiser than himself. Yet even common sense has its rights, of which the first is that if any one has a mission to convert it he must make his message intelligible. This both Fichte and Carlyle were too much inclined to deny, Fichte because he thought that the average man had no business with philosophy at all, Carlyle because he was conscious of gaps in his argument which he was unable to fill in. Hegel, at

<sup>1</sup> *Browning as a Religious Teacher.*

any rate, was of the contrary opinion, holding that Reason, the faculty which 'discerns Truth itself, the absolutely and primitively *True*', must at least not be set against Understanding whose 'proper province is all, strictly speaking, *real* practical and material knowledge'. 'If', writes Caird, 'its (the Hegelian system's) higher philosophical or religious truth was not brought down into the region of common sense, at least it must gain a clear conscience toward commonsense by fulfilling all its reasonable demands, and leaving it no excuse to deny the rationality of that which transcends it.'<sup>1</sup> It is for this reason, perhaps, that Carlyle more than once speaks slightly of Hegel, who, it will be remembered, was united by Teufelsdröckh with Bardili under a common ban.

We are in a position now to see how it was that *Sartor* assumed the form it did, though from the literary point of view it never quite satisfied Carlyle. It is, in fact, the most artistic, because the most appropriate, even perhaps the inevitable, form. With Things-in-general for his subject his treatment could not be other than fragmentary and incoherent. The very gaps and loosely constructed bridges of his method, the sudden twists of thought, and grotesque turns of metaphorical expression were necessary to his purpose. He takes a German Professor for his mouth-piece to indicate the extent of his debt to the poet-philosophers of Germany, whose mission it was to translate the language of metaphor into philosophic terms, to show that what had been brushed aside as mere poetic gossamer was in fact the true explanation of the world of sense, or in other words that the savage who

Sees God in clouds and hears Him in the wind  
is nearer the heart of things than the man of science who

<sup>1</sup> *Hegel*, by Edward Caird, p. 129.

analyses all natural effects into the terms of a mechanical cause. His Professor too must be something of a mystic, to hazard wild suggestions of deeper meanings than Carlyle would perhaps have ventured on his own authority. From behind so convenient a stalking-horse he launches trial trips of theories still in the experimental stage, and then emerging in his own person remonstrates gently with Teufelsdröckh for his extravagances. Carlyle presses into the book the sum-total of his experiences. He is writing for the first time in his own manner, and to please himself; and he is at last master of an instrument which is the most perfect expression of his thought. *Sartor* is the earliest and best example of Carlyle's mature style. Matter and manner are here so inextricably interwoven that it is impossible to think his thought without speaking his language. Complaint has been made that the style is lacking in the simplicity which is usually characteristic of great prose. But Carlyle's thought is equally lacking in simplicity, and his simplest statements contain something more than a common significance. Never were sentences packed so full of ideas. It is true, as one of his editors<sup>1</sup> has said, that the style is but ill adapted to the expression of the commonplace, as in long passages of plain narrative in such a book as *Frederick*. But to *Sartor* the objection does not apply, since in *Sartor* from beginning to end there is no commonplace page or passage. Its characteristics are sublimity and humour, and the harmonious combination of the two is sufficient vindication of the style. The essence of humour is incongruity, but an incongruity free from any hint of pain or coarseness. Humour harmonizes conflicting elements in a bond of sympathy. 'It is', as Carlyle has said, in his account of Richter, 'a sort of inverse sublimity; exalting, as it were, into our affections what is below us,

<sup>1</sup> H. D. Traill.

while sublimity draws down into our affections what is above us.' Carlyle's style may not have owed anything to Richter, but it must be confessed that this characterization drawn by him of 'Jean Paul' has striking points of resemblance to himself. 'Unite the sportfulness of Rabelais, and the best sensibility of Sterne, with the earnestness of Milton,' and you have a picture not of Richter only but of Carlyle.

The reception at first accorded to *Sartor* was what might have been expected. It went the round of scared and unsympathetic publishers till it found a lodging at last in *Fraser's Magazine* (1833-4), where it proved to be 'beyond measure unpopular'. Carlyle was to prove the truth of his own assertion that a new style must create its own demand. 'All strange things are apt, without fault of theirs, to estrange us at first view; unhappily scarcely anything is perfectly plain, but what is also perfectly common.'<sup>1</sup> The public which successfully repelled *Sartor* succumbed to the *French Revolution*, and thereafter Carlyle became the most powerful literary force of his age. But in the opinion of many good judges he never produced anything to surpass this, the earliest, and now, with the possible exception of *Hero-Worship*, the most widely read of his greater writings.

<sup>1</sup> 'Jean Paul Frederick Richter', *Miscellanies*, vol. i, p. 10.

# CONTENTS

## BOOK I

### CHAP. I. PRELIMINARY

	PAGE
No Philosophy of Clothes yet, notwithstanding all our Science. Strangely forgotten that Man is by nature a <i>naked</i> animal. The English mind all-too practically absorbed for any such inquiry. Not so, deep-thinking Germany. Advantage of Speculation having free course. Editor receives from Professor Teufelsdröckh his new Work on Clothes . . . . .	1

### CHAP. II. EDITORIAL DIFFICULTIES

How to make known Teufelsdröckh and his Book to English readers ; especially <i>such</i> a book ? Editor receives from the Hofrath Heuschrecke a letter promising Biographic Documents. Negotiations with Oliver Yorke. <i>Sartor Resartus</i> conceived. Editor's assurances and advice to his British reader . . . . .	5
--	---

### CHAP. III. REMINISCENCES

Teufelsdröckh at Weissnichtwo. Professor of Things in General at the University there : Outward aspect and character ; memorable coffee-house utterances ; domicile and watch-tower : Sights thence of City-Life by day and by night ; with reflections thereon. Old 'Liza and her ways. Character of Hofrath Heuschrecke, and his relation to Teufelsdröckh . . . . .	9
--	---

### CHAP. IV. CHARACTERISTICS

Teufelsdröckh and his Work* on Clothes : Strange freedom of speech ; transcendentalism ; force of insight and expression ; multifarious! earning : Style poetic, uncouth : Comprehensiveness of his humour and moral feeling. How the Editor once saw him laugh. Different kinds of Laughter and their significance . . .	19
---	----



# CONTENTS

XXXV

PAGE

## CHAP. V. THE WORLD IN CLOTHES

Futile cause-and-effect Philosophies. Teufelsdröckh's Orbis Vestitus. Clothes first invented for the sake of Ornament. Picture of our progenitor, the Aboriginal Savage. Wonders of growth and progress in mankind's history. Man defined as a Tool-using Animal 24

## CHAP. VI. APRONS

Divers Aprons in the world with divers uses. The Military and Police Establishment Society's working Apron. The Episcopal Apron with its corner tucked in. The Laystall. Journalists now our only Kings and Clergy 29

## CHAP. VII. MISCELLANEOUS-HISTORICAL

How Men and Fashions come and go. German Costume in the fifteenth century. By what strange chances do we live in History ! The costume of Bolivar's Cavalry 32

## CHAP. VIII. THE WORLD OUT OF CLOTHES

Teufelsdröckh's Theorem, 'Society founded upon Cloth ;' his Method, Intuition quickened by Experience.—The mysterious question, Who am I ? Philosophic systems all at fault : A deeper meditation has always taught, here and there an individual, that all visible things are appearances only ; but also emblems and revelations of God. Teufelsdröckh first comes upon the question of Clothes : Baseness to which Clothing may bring us 35

## CHAP. IX. ADAMITISM

The universal utility of Clothes, and their higher mystic virtue, illustrated. Conception of Mankind stripped naked ; and immediate consequent dissolution of civilised Society 40

## CHAP. X. PURE REASON

A Naked World possible, nay actually exists, under the clothed one. Man, in the eye of Pure Reason, a visible God's Presence. The beginning of all wisdom ; to look fixedly on Clothes till they become transparent. Wonder, the basis of Worship : Perennial in man. Modern Sciolists who cannot wonder : Teufelsdröckh's contempt for, and advice to them 44

## CHAP. XI. PROSPECTIVE

Nature not an Aggregate, but a Whole. All visible things are emblems, Clothes; and exist for a time only. The grand scope of the Philosophy of Clothes.—Biographic Documents arrive. Letter from Heuschrecke on the importance of Biography. Heterogeneous character of the documents: Editor sorely perplexed; but desperately grapples with his work . . . . . 49

## BOOK II

## CHAP. I. GENESIS

Old Andreas Futteral and Gretchen his wife: their quiet home. Advent of a mysterious stranger, who deposits with them a young infant, the future Herr Diogenes Teufelsdröckh. After-yearnings of the youth for his unknown Father. Sovereign power of Names and Naming. Diogenes a flourishing Infant . . . . . 57

## CHAP. II. IDYLLIC

Happy Childhood! Entepfuhl: Sights, hearings and experiences of the boy Teufelsdröckh; their manifold teaching. Education; what it can do, what cannot. Obedience our universal duty and destiny. Gneschen sees the good Gretchen pray . . . . . 63

## CHAP. III. PEDAGOGY

Teufelsdröckh's School. His Education. How the ever-flowing Kuhnach speaks of Time and Eternity. The Hinterschlag Gymnasium: rude Boys; and pedant Professors. The need of true Teachers, and their due recognition. Father Andreas dies; and Teufelsdröckh learns the secret of his birth: His reflections thereon. The Nameless University. Statistics of Imposture much wanted. Bitter fruits of Rationalism: Teufelsdröckh's religious difficulties. The young Englishman Herr Towgood. Modern Friendship . . . . . 71

## CHAP. IV. GETTING UNDER WAY

The grand thaumaturgic Art of Thought. Difficulty in fitting Capability to Opportunity, or of getting under way. The advantage of Hunger and Bread-Studies. Teufelsdröckh has to enact the stern

# CONTENTS

xxxvii

PAGE

monodrama of <i>No object and no rest</i> . Sufferings as Auscultator. Given up as a man of genius. Zähdarm House. Intolerable presumption of young men. Irony and its consequences. Teufelsdröckh's Epitaph on Count Zähdarm . . . . .	85
---	----

## CHAP. V. ROMANCE

Teufelsdröckh gives up his Profession. The heavenly mystery of Love. Teufelsdröckh's feeling of worship towards women. First and only love. Blumine. Happy hearts and free tongues. The infinite nature of Fantasy. Love's joyful progress; sudden dissolution and final catastrophe . . . . .	95
--	----

## CHAP. VI. SORROWS OF TEUFELSDRÖCKH

Teufelsdröckh's demeanour thereupon. Turns pilgrim. A last wistful look on native Entepfuhl: Sunset amongst primitive Mountains. Basilisk-glance of the Barouche-and-four. Thoughts on View-hunting. Wanderings and Sorrowings . . . . .	106
--	-----

## CHAP. VII. THE EVERLASTING NO

Loss of Hope, and of Belief. Profit-and-Loss Philosophy. Teufelsdröckh in his darkness and despair still clings to Truth and follows Duty. Inexpressible pains and fears of Unbelief. Fever-crisis: Protest against the Everlasting No: Baphometric Fire-baptism . . . . .	115
--	-----

## CHAP. VIII. CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE

Teufelsdröckh turns now outwardly to the <i>Not-me</i> ; and finds wholesomer food. Ancient Cities: Mystery of their origin and growth: Invisible inheritances and possessions. Power and virtue of a true Book. Wagram Battlefield: War. Great Scenes beheld by the Pilgrim: Great Events, and Great Men. Napoleon, a divine missionary, preaching <i>La carrière ouverte aux talens</i> . Teufelsdröckh at the North Cape: Modern means of self-defence. Gunpowder and Duelling. The Pilgrim, despising his miseries, reaches the Centre of Indifference . . . . .	121
--	-----

## CHAP. IX. THE EVERLASTING YEA

Temptations in the Wilderness: Victory over the Tempter. Annihilation of Self. Belief in God, and love to Man. The Origin of Evil, a problem ever requiring to be solved anew: Teufelsdröckh's	
--	--

solution. Love of Happiness a vain whim : A Higher in man than Love of Happiness. The Everlasting Yea. Worship of Sorrow. Voltaire : his task now finished. Conviction worthless, impossible, without Conduct. The true Ideal, the Actual : Up and work ! . . . . . 131

#### CHAP. X. PAUSE

Conversion ; a spiritual attainment peculiar to the modern Era. Teufelsdröckh accepts Authorship as his divine calling. The scope of the command *Thou shalt not steal*.—Editor begins to suspect the authenticity of the Biographical documents ; and abandons them for the great Clothes volume. Result of the preceding ten Chapters : Insight into the character of Teufelsdröckh : His fundamental beliefs, and how he was forced to seek and find them . . . 141

### BOOK III

#### CHAP. I. INCIDENT IN MODERN HISTORY

Story of George Fox the Quaker ; and his perennial suit of Leather. A man God-possessed, witnessing for spiritual freedom and manhood . . . . . 149

#### CHAP. II. CHURCH-CLOTHES

Church-Clothes defined ; the Forms under which the Religious Principle is temporarily embodied. Outward Religion originates by Society : Society becomes possible by Religion. The condition of Church-Clothes in our time . . . . . 153

#### CHAP. III. SYMBOLS

The benignant efficacies of Silence and Secrecy. Symbols ; revelations of the Infinite in the Finite : Man everywhere encompassed by them ; lives and works by them. Theory of Motive-millwrights, a false account of human nature. Symbols of an extrinsic value ; as Banners, Standards : Of intrinsic value ; as Works of Art, Lives and Deaths of Heroic men. Religious Symbols ; Christianity. Symbols hallowed by Time ; but finally defaced and desecrated. Many superannuated Symbols in our time, needing removal 156

# CONTENTS

xxxix

## CHAP. IV. HELOTAGE

PAGE

Heuschrecke's Malthusian Tract, and Teufelsdröckh's marginal notes thereon. The true workman, for daily bread, or spiritual bread, to be honoured; and no other. The real privation of the Poor not poverty or toil, but ignorance. Over-population: With a world like ours and wide as ours, can there be too many men? Emigration . . . . . 162

## CHAP. V. THE PHOENIX

Teufelsdröckh considers Society as *dead*; its soul (Religion) gone, its body (existing Institutions) going. Utilitarianism, needing little farther preaching, is now in full activity of destruction.—Teufelsdröckh would yield to the Inevitable, accounting that the best: Assurance of a fairer Living Society, arising, Phoenix-like, out of the ruins of the old dead one. Before that Phoenix death-birth is accomplished, long time, struggle, and suffering must intervene . . . . . 166

## CHAP. VI. OLD CLOTHES

Courtesy due from all men to all men: The Body of Man a Revelation in the Flesh. Teufelsdröckh's respect for Old Clothes, as the 'Ghosts of Life'. Walk in Monmouth Street, and meditations there . . . . . 171

## CHAP. VII. ORGANIC FILAMENTS

Destruction and Creation ever proceed together; and organic filaments of the Future are even now spinning. Wonderful connection of each man with all men; and of each generation with all generations, before and after: Mankind is One. Sequence and progress of all human work, whether of creation or destruction, from age to age.—Titles, hitherto derived from Fighting, must give way to others. Kings will remain and their title. Political Freedom, not to be attained by any mechanical contrivance. Hero-worship, perennial amongst men; the cornerstone of politics in the Future. Organic filaments of the New Religion: Newspapers and Literature. Let the faithful soul take courage! . . . . . 175

CHAP. VIII. NATURAL SUPERNATURALISM

Deep significance of Miracles. Littleness of human Science : Divine incomprehensibility of Nature. Custom blinds us to the miraculousness of daily-recurring miracles ; so do Names. Space and Time, appearances only ; forms of human Thought : A glimpse of Immortality. How Space hides from us the wondrousness of our commonest powers ; and Time, the divinely miraculous course of human history . . . . . 182

CHAP. IX. CIRCUMSPECTIVE

Recapitulation. Editor congratulates the few British readers who have accompanied Teufelsdröckh through all his speculations. The true use of the *Sartor Resartus*, to exhibit the Wonder of daily life and common things ; and to show that all Forms are but Clothes, and temporary. Practical inferences enough will follow . 192

CHAP. X. THE DANDIACAL BODY

The Dandy defined. The Dandiacal Sect a new modification of the primeval superstition Self-worship : How to be distinguished. Their Sacred Books (Fashionable Novels) unreadable. Dandyism's Articles of Faith.—Brotherhood of Poor-Slaves ; vowed to perpetual Poverty ; worshippers of Earth ; distinguished by peculiar costume and diet. Picture of a Poor-Slave Household ; and of a Dandiacal. Teufelsdröckh fears these two Sects may spread, till they part all England between them, and then frightfully collide . 195

CHAP. XI. TAILORS

Injustice done to Tailors, actual and metaphorical. Their rights and great services will one day be duly recognised . . . . 207

CHAP. XII. FAREWELL

Teufelsdröckh's strange manner of speech, but resolute, truthful character : His purpose seemingly to proselytise, to unite the wakeful earnest in these dark times. Letter from Hofrath Heuschrecke announcing that Teufelsdröckh has disappeared from Weissnichtwo. Editor guesses he will appear again. Friendly Farewell . . . 210

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APPENDIX : TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS . . . . . 215

EDITOR'S NOTES . . . . . 221

INDEX . . . . . 280

*Carlyle + John Donne .*

*Carlyle + Dr Johnson .*

## BOOK FIRST

### CHAPTER I

#### PRELIMINARY

CONSIDERING our present advanced state of culture, and how the Torch of Science has now been brandished and borne about, with more or less effect, for five-thousand years and upwards ; how, in these times especially, not only the Torch still burns, and perhaps more fiercely than ever, but innumerable Rushlights, and Sulphur-matches, kindled thereat, are also glancing in every direction, so that not the smallest cranny or doghole in Nature or Art can remain unilluminated,—it might strike the reflective mind with some surprise that hitherto little or nothing of a fundamental character, whether in the way of Philosophy or History, has been written on the subject of Clothes.

Our Theory of Gravitation is as good as perfect : Lagrange, it is well known, has proved that the Planetary System, on this scheme, will endure forever ; Laplace, still more cunningly, even guesses that it could not have been made on any other scheme. Whereby, at least, our nautical Logbooks can be better kept ; and water-transport of all kinds has grown more commodious. Of Geology and Geognosy we know enough : what with the labours of our Werners and Huttons, what with the ardent genius of their disciples, it has come about that now, to many a Royal Society, the Creation of a World is little more mysterious than the cooking of a dumpling ; concerning which last, indeed, there have been minds to whom the question, *How the apples were got in*, presented difficulties. Why mention our disquisitions on the Social Contract, on the Standard of Taste, on the Migrations of the Herring ? Then, have we not a Doctrine of Rent, a Theory of Value ; Philosophies of Language, of History, of Pottery, of Apparitions, of

Intoxicating Liquors ? Man's whole life and environment have been laid open and elucidated ; scarcely a fragment or fibre of his Soul, Body, and Possessions, but has been probed, dissected, distilled, desiccated, and scientifically decomposed : our spiritual Faculties, of which it appears there are not a few, have their Stewarts, Cousins, Royer Collards : every cellular, vascular, muscular Tissue glories in its Lawrences, Majendies, Bichâts.

How, then, comes it, may the reflective mind repeat, that the grand Tissue of all Tissues, the only real Tissue, should have been quite overlooked by Science,—the vestural Tissue, namely, of woollen or other cloth ; which Man's Soul wears as its outmost wrappage and overall ; wherein his whole other Tissues are included and screened, his whole Faculties work, his whole Self lives, moves, and has its being ? For if, now and then, some straggling broken-winged thinker has cast an owl's-glance into this obscure region, the most have soared over it altogether heedless ; regarding Clothes as a property, not an accident, as quite natural and spontaneous, like the leaves of trees, like the plumage of birds. In all speculations they have tacitly figured man as a *Clothed Animal* ; whereas he is by nature a *Naked Animal* ; and only in certain circumstances, by purpose and device, masks himself in Clothes. Shakespeare says, we are creatures that look before and after : the more surprising that we do not look round a little, and see what is passing under our very eyes.

But here, as in so many other cases, Germany, learned, indefatigable, deep-thinking Germany comes to our aid. It is, after all, a blessing that, in these revolutionary times, there should be one country where abstract Thought can still take shelter ; that while the din and frenzy of Catholic Emancipations, and Rotten Boroughs, and Revolts of Paris, deafen every French and every English ear, the German can stand peaceful on his scientific watch-tower ; and, to the raging, struggling multitude here and elsewhere, solemnly, from hour to hour, with preparatory blast of cow-horn, emit his *Höret ihr Herren und lasset's Euch sagen* ; in other words, tell the Universe, which so often forgets that fact, what o'clock it really is. Not unfrequently the Germans have been blamed for an unprofitable diligence ; as



if they struck into devious courses, where nothing was to be had but the toil of a rough journey ; as if, forsaking the gold-mines of finance and that political slaughter of fat oxen whereby a man himself grows fat, they were apt to run goose-hunting into regions of bilberries and crowberries, and be swallowed up at last in remote peat-bogs. Of that unwise science, which, as our Humorist expresses it,

‘By geometric scale

Doth take the size of pots of ale ;’

still more, of that altogether misdirected industry, which is seen vigorously thrashing mere straw, there can nothing defensive be said. In so far as the Germans are chargeable with such, let them take the consequence. Nevertheless be it remarked, that even a Russian steppe has tumuli and gold ornaments ; also many a scene that looks desert and rock-bound from the distance, will unfold itself, when visited, into rare valleys. Nay, in any case, would Criticism erect not only finger-posts and turnpikes, but spiked gates and impassable barriers, for the mind of man ? It is written, ‘Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.’ Surely the plain rule is, Let each considerate person have his way, and see what it will lead to. For not this man and that man, but all men make up mankind, and their united tasks the task of mankind. How often have we seen some such adventurous, and perhaps much-censured wanderer light on some out-lying, neglected, yet vitally momentous province ; the hidden treasures of which he first discovered, and kept proclaiming till the general eye and effort were directed thither, and the conquest was completed ;—thereby, in these his seemingly so aimless rambles, planting new standards, founding new habitable colonies, in the immeasurable circumambient realm of Nothingness and Night ! Wise man was he who counselled that Speculation should have free course, and look fearlessly towards all the thirty-two points of the compass, whithersoever and howsoever it listed.

Perhaps it is proof of the stunted condition in which pure Science, especially pure moral Science, languishes among us English ; and how our mercantile greatness, and

invaluable Constitution, impressing a political or other immediately practical tendency on all English culture and endeavour, cramps the free flight of Thought,—that this, not Philosophy of Clothes, but recognition even that we have no such Philosophy, stands here for the first time published in our language. What English intellect could have chosen such a topic, or by chance stumbled on it? But for that same unshackled, and even sequestered condition of the German Learned, which permits and induces them to fish in all manner of waters, with all manner of nets, it seems probable enough, this abstruse Inquiry might, in spite of the results it leads to, have continued dormant for indefinite periods. The Editor of these sheets, though otherwise boasting himself a man of confirmed speculative habits, and perhaps discursive enough, is free to confess, that never, till these last months, did the above very plain considerations, on our total want of a Philosophy of Clothes, occur to him; and then, by quite foreign suggestion. By the arrival, namely, of a new Book from Professor Teufelsdröckh of Weissnichtwo; treating expressly of this subject, and in a style which, whether understood or not, could not even by the blindest be overlooked. In the present Editor's way of thought, this remarkable Treatise, with its Doctrines, whether as judicially acceded to, or judicially denied, has not remained without effect.

*'Die Kleider, ihr Werden und Wirken (Clothes, their Origin and Influence): von Diog. Teufelsdröckh, J. U. D. etc. Stillschweigen und Co<sup>nie</sup>. Weissnichtwo, 1831.*

'Here,' says the *Weissnichtwo'sche Anzeiger*, 'comes a Volume of that extensive, close-printed, close-meditated sort, which, be it spoken with pride, is seen only in Germany, perhaps only in Weissnichtwo. Issuing from the hitherto irreproachable Firm of Stillschweigen and Company, with every external furtherance, it is of such internal quality as to set Neglect at defiance.' \* \* \* \* 'A work,' concludes the well-nigh enthusiastic Reviewer, 'interesting alike to the antiquary, the historian, and the philosophic thinker; a masterpiece of boldness, lynx-eyed acuteness, and rugged independent Germanism and Philanthropy (*derber Kern-deutschheit und Menschenliebe*); which will not, assuredly, pass current without opposition in high places; but must

and will exalt the almost new name of Teufelsdröckh to the first ranks of Philosophy, in our German Temple of Honour.'

Mindful of old friendship, the distinguished Professor, in this the first blaze of his fame, which however does not dazzle him, sends hither a Presentation-copy of his Book ; with compliments and encomiums which modesty forbids the present Editor to rehearse ; yet without indicated wish or hope of any kind, except what may be implied in the concluding phrase : *Möchte es* (this remarkable Treatise) *auch im Brittischen Boden gedeihen !*

## CHAPTER II

### EDITORIAL DIFFICULTIES

IF for a speculative man, ' whose seedfield,' in the sublime words of the Poet, ' is Time,' no conquest is important but that of new ideas, then might the arrival of Professor Teufelsdröckh's Book be marked with chalk in the Editor's calendar. It is indeed an ' extensive Volume ', of boundless, almost formless contents, a very Sea of Thought ; neither calm nor clear, if you will ; yet wherein the toughest pearl-diver may dive to his utmost depth, and return not only with sea-wreck but with true orients.

Directly on the first perusal, almost on the first deliberate inspection, it became apparent that here a quite new Branch of Philosophy, leading to as yet undescried ulterior results, was disclosed ; farther, what seemed scarcely less interesting, a quite new human Individuality, an almost unexampled personal character, that, namely, of Professor Teufelsdröckh the Discloser. Of both which novelties, as far as might be possible, we resolved to master the significance. But as man is emphatically a proselytising creature, no sooner was such mastery even fairly attempted, than the new question arose : How might this acquired good be imparted to others, perhaps in equal need thereof ; how could the Philosophy of Clothes, and the Author of such Philosophy, be brought home, in any measure, to the busi-

ness and bosoms of our own English Nation ? For if new-got gold is said to burn the pockets till it be cast forth into circulation, much more may new truth.

Here, however, difficulties occurred. The first thought naturally was to publish Article after Article on this remarkable Volume, in such widely-circulating Critical Journals as the Editor might stand connected with, or by money or love procure access to. But, on the other hand, was it not clear that such matter as must here be revealed, and treated of, might endanger the circulation of any Journal extant ? If, indeed, all party-divisions in the State could have been abolished, Whig, Tory, and Radical, embracing in discrepant union ; and all the Journals of the Nation could have been jumbled into one Journal, and the Philosophy of Clothes poured forth in incessant torrents therefrom, the attempt had seemed possible. But, alas, what vehicle of that sort have we, except *Fraser's Magazine* ? A vehicle all strewn (figuratively speaking) with the maddest Waterloo-Crackers, exploding distractively and destructively, wheresoever the mystified passenger stands or sits ; nay, in any case, understood to be, of late years, a vehicle full to overflowing, and inexorably shut ! Besides, to state the Philosophy of Clothes without the Philosopher, the ideas of Teufelsdröckh without something of his personality, was it not to insure both of entire misapprehension ? Now for Biography, had it been otherwise admissible, there were no adequate documents, no hope of obtaining such, but rather, owing to circumstances, a special despair. Thus did the Editor see himself, for the while, shut out from all public utterance of these extraordinary Doctrines, and constrained to revolve them, not without disquietude, in the dark depths of his own mind.

So had it lasted for some months ; and now the Volume on Clothes, read and again read, was in several points becoming lucid and lucent ; the personality of its Author more and more surprising, but, in spite of all that memory and conjecture could do, more and more enigmatic ; whereby the old disquietude seemed fast settling into fixed discontent,—when altogether unexpectedly arrives a Letter from Herr Hofrath Heuschrecke, our Professor's chief friend and associate in Weissnichtwo, with whom we had

not previously corresponded. The Hofrath, after much quite extraneous matter, began dilating largely on the 'agitation and attention' which the Philosophy of Clothes was exciting in its own German Republic of Letters; on the deep significance and tendency of his Friend's Volume; and then, at length, with great circumlocution, hinted at the practicability of conveying 'some knowledge of it, and of him, to England, and through England to the distant West': a work on Professor Teufelsdröckh 'were undoubtedly welcome to the *Family*, the *National*, or any other of those patriotic *Libraries*, at present the glory of British Literature'; might work revolutions in Thought; and so forth;—in conclusion, intimating not obscurely, that should the present Editor feel disposed to undertake a Biography of Teufelsdröckh, he, Hofrath Heuschrecke, had it in his power to furnish the requisite Documents.

As in some chemical mixture, that has stood long evaporating, but would not crystallise, instantly when the wire or other fixed substance is introduced, crystallisation commences, and rapidly proceeds till the whole is finished, so was it with the Editor's mind and this offer of Heuschrecke's. Form rose out of void solution and discontinuity; like united itself with like in definite arrangement: and soon either in actual vision and possession, or in fixed reasonable hope, the image of the whole Enterprise had shaped itself, so to speak, into a solid mass. Cautiously yet courageously, through the twopenny post, application to the famed redoubtable OLIVER YORKE was now made: an interview, interviews with that singular man have taken place; with more of assurance on our side, with less of satire (at least of open satire) on his, than we anticipated;—for the rest, with such issue as is now visible. As to those same 'patriotic *Libraries*', the Hofrath's counsel could only be viewed with silent amazement; but with his offer of Documents we joyfully and almost instantaneously closed. Thus, too, in the sure expectation of these, we already see our task begun; and this our *Sartor Resartus*, which is properly a 'Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh', hourly advancing.

Of our fitness for the Enterprise, to which we have such

title and vocation, it were perhaps uninteresting to say more. Let the British reader study and enjoy, in simplicity of heart, what is here presented him, and with whatever metaphysical acumen and talent for meditation he is possessed of. Let him strive to keep a free, open sense ; cleared from the mists of prejudice, above all from the paralysis of cant ; and directed rather to the Book itself than to the Editor of the Book. Who or what such Editor may be, must remain conjectural, and even insignificant : <sup>1</sup> it is a voice publishing tidings of the Philosophy of Clothes ; undoubtedly a Spirit addressing Spirits : whoso hath ears, let him hear.

On one other point the Editor thinks it needful to give warning : namely, that he is animated with a true though perhaps a feeble attachment to the Institutions of our Ancestors ; and minded to defend these, according to ability, at all hazards ; nay, it was partly with a view to such defence that he engaged in this undertaking. To stem, or if that be impossible, profitably to divert the current of Innovation, such a Volume as Teufelsdröckh's, if cunningly planted down, were no despicable pile, or floodgate, in the logical wear.

For the rest, be it nowise apprehended, that any personal connexion of ours with Teufelsdröckh, Heuschrecke, or this Philosophy of Clothes, can pervert our judgment, or sway us to extenuate or exaggerate. Powerless, we venture to promise, are those private Compliments themselves. Grateful they may well be ; as generous illusions of friendship ; as fair mementos of bygone unions, of those nights and suppers of the gods, when, lapped in the symphonies and harmonies of Philosophic Eloquence, though with baser accompaniments, the present Editor revelled in that feast of reason, never since vouchsafed him in so full measure ! But what then ? *Amicus Plato, magis amica veritas* ; Teufelsdröckh is our friend, Truth is our divinity. In our historical and critical capacity, we hope we are strangers to all the world ; have feud or favour with no one,—save indeed the Devil, with whom, as with the Prince of Lies and

<sup>1</sup> With us even he still communicates in some sort of mask, or muffler ; and, we have reason to think, under a feigned name !—O. Y.

Darkness, we do at all times wage internecine war. This assurance, at an epoch when puffery and quackery have reached a height unexampled in the annals of mankind, and even English Editors, like Chinese Shopkeepers, must write on their door-lintels *No cheating here*,—we thought it good to premise.

## CHAPTER III

### REMINISCENCES

To the Author's private circle the appearance of this singular Work on Clothes must have occasioned little less surprise than it has to the rest of the world. For ourselves, at least, few things have been more unexpected. Professor Teufelsdröckh, at the period of our acquaintance with him, seemed to lead a quite still and self-contained life : a man devoted to the higher Philosophies, indeed ; yet more likely, if he published at all, to publish a refutation of Hegel and Bardili, both of whom, strangely enough, he included under a common ban ; than to descend, as he has here done, into the angry noisy Forum, with an Argument that cannot but exasperate and divide. Not, that we can remember, was the Philosophy of Clothes once touched upon between us. If through the high, silent, meditative Transcendentalism of our Friend we detected any practical tendency whatever, it was at most Political, and towards a certain prospective, and for the present quite speculative, Radicalism ; as indeed some correspondence, on his part, with Herr Oken of Jena was now and then suspected ; though his special contributions to the *Isis* could never be more than surmised at. But, at all events, nothing Moral, still less anything Didactico-Religious, was looked for from him.

Well do we recollect the last words he spoke in our hearing ; which indeed, with the Night they were uttered in, are to be forever remembered. Lifting his huge tumbler of *Gukguk*,<sup>1</sup> and for a moment lowering his tobacco-pipe, he stood up in full coffeehouse (it was *Zur Grünen Gans*, the

<sup>1</sup> Gukguk is unhappily only an academical—beer.

largest in Weissnichtwo, where all the Virtuosity, and nearly all the Intellect of the place assembled of an evening) ; and there, with low, soul-stirring tone, and the look truly of an angel, though whether of a white or of a black one might be dubious, proposed this toast : *Die Sache der Armen in Gottes und Teufels Namen* (The Cause of the Poor, in Heaven's name and —s) ! One full shout, breaking the leaden silence ; then a gurgle of innumerable emptying bumpers, again followed by universal cheering, returned him loud acclaim. It was the finale of the night : resuming their pipes ; in the highest enthusiasm, amid volumes of tobacco-smoke ; triumphant, cloud-capt without and within, the assembly broke up, each to his thoughtful pillow. *Bleibt doch ein echter Spass- und Galgen-vogel*, said several ; meaning thereby that, one day, he would probably be hanged for his democratic sentiments. *Wo steckt doch der Schalk ?* added they, looking round : but Teufelsdröckh had retired by private alleys, and the Compiler of these pages beheld him no more.

In such scenes has it been our lot to live with this Philosopher, such estimate to form of his purposes and powers. And yet, thou brave Teufelsdröckh, who could tell what lurked in thee ? Under those thick locks of thine, so long and lank, overlapping roof-wise the gravest face we ever in this world saw, there dwelt a most busy brain. In thy eyes too, deep under their shaggy brows, and looking out so still and dreamy, have we not noticed gleams of an ethereal or else a diabolic fire, and half-fancied that their stillness was but the rest of infinite motion, the *sleep* of a spinning-top ? Thy little figure, there as, in loose ill-brushed threadbare habiliments, thou sattest, amid litter and lumber, whole days, to 'think and smoke tobacco', held in it a mighty heart. The secrets of man's Life were laid open to thee ; thou sawest into the mystery of the Universe, farther than another ; thou hadst *in petto* thy remarkable Volume on Clothes. Nay, was there not in that clear logically-founded Transcendentalism of thine ; still more, in thy meek, silent, deep-seated Sansculottism, combined with a true princely Courtesy of inward nature, the visible rudiments of such speculation ? But great men are too often unknown, or what is worse, misknown. Already, when we dreamed not of it,



the warp of thy remarkable Volume lay on the loom ; and silently, mysterious shuttles were putting-in the woof !

How the Hofrath Heuschrecke is to furnish biographical data, in this case, may be a curious question ; the answer of which, however, is happily not our concern, but his. To us it appeared, after repeated trial, that in Weissnichtwo, from the archives or memories of the best-informed classes, no Biography of Teufelsdröckh was to be gathered ; not so much as a false one. He was a stranger there, wafted thither by what is called the course of circumstances ; concerning whose parentage, birthplace, prospects, or pursuits, curiosity had indeed made inquiries, but satisfied herself with the most indistinct replies. For himself, he was a man so still and altogether unparticipating, that to question him even afar off on such particulars was a thing of more than usual delicacy : besides, in his sly way, he had ever some quaint turn, not without its satirical edge, wherewith to divert such intrusions, and deter you from the like. Wits spoke of him secretly as if he were a kind of Melchizedek, without father or mother of any kind ; sometimes, with reference to his great historic and statistic knowledge, and the vivid way he had of expressing himself like an eyewitness of distant transactions and scenes, they called him the *Ewige Jude*, Everlasting, or as we say, Wandering Jew.

To the most, indeed, he had become not so much a Man as a Thing ; which Thing doubtless they were accustomed to see, and with satisfaction ; but no more thought of accounting for than for the fabrication of their daily *Allgemeine Zeitung*, or the domestic habits of the Sun. Both were there and welcome ; the world enjoyed what good was in them, and thought no more of the matter. The man Teufelsdröckh passed and repassed, in his little circle, as one of those originals and nondescripts, more frequent in German Universities than elsewhere ; of whom, though you see them alive, and feel certain enough that they must have a History, no History seems to be discoverable ; or only such as men give of mountain rocks and antediluvian ruins : That they have been created by unknown agencies, are in a state of gradual decay, and for the present reflect light and resist pressure ; that is, are visible and tangible

objects in this phantasm world, where so much other mystery is.

It was to be remarked that though, by title and diploma, *Professor der Allerley-Wissenschaft*, or as we should say in English, 'Professor of Things in General,' he had never delivered any Course; perhaps never been incited thereto by any public furtherance or requisition. To all appearance, the enlightened Government of Weissnichtwo, in founding their New University, imagined they had done enough, if 'in times like ours', as the half-official Program expressed it, 'when all things are, rapidly or slowly, resolving themselves into Chaos, a Professorship of this kind had been established; whereby, as occasion called, the task of bodying somewhat forth again from such Chaos might be, even slightly, facilitated.' That actual Lectures should be held, and Public Classes for the 'Science of Things in General', they doubtless considered premature; on which ground too they had only established the Professorship, nowise endowed it; so that Teufelsdröckh, 'recommended by the highest Names,' had been promoted thereby to a Name merely.

Great, among the more enlightened classes, was the admiration of this new Professorship: how an enlightened Government had seen into the Want of the Age (*Zeitbedürfniss*); how at length, instead of Denial and Destruction, we were to have a science of Affirmation and Reconstruction; and Germany and Weissnichtwo were where they should be, in the vanguard of the world. Considerable also was the wonder at the new Professor, dropt opportunely enough into the nascent University; so able to lecture, should occasion call; so ready to hold his peace for indefinite periods, should an enlightened Government consider that occasion did not call. But such admiration and such wonder, being followed by no act to keep them living, could last only nine days; and, long before our visit to that scene, had quite died away. The more cunning heads thought it was all an expiring clutch at popularity, on the part of a Minister, whom domestic embarrassments, court intrigues, old age, and dropsy soon afterwards finally drove from the helm.

As for Teufelsdröckh, except by his nightly appearances at the *Grüne Gans*, Weissnichtwo saw little of him, felt little

of him. Here, over his tumbler of Gukguk, he sat reading Journals; sometimes contemplatively looking into the clouds of his tobacco-pipe, without other visible employment: always, from his mild ways, an agreeable phenomenon there; more especially when he opened his lips for speech; on which occasions the whole Coffee-house would hush itself into silence, as if sure to hear something noteworthy. Nay, perhaps to hear a whole series and river of the most memorable utterances; such as, when once thawed, he would for hours indulge in, with fit audience: and the more memorable, as issuing from a head apparently not more interested in them, not more conscious of them, than is the sculptured stone head of some public fountain, which through its brass mouth-tube emits water to the worthy and the unworthy; careless whether it be for cooking victuals or quenching conflagrations; indeed, maintains the same earnest assiduous look, whether any water be flowing or not.

To the Editor of these sheets, as to a young enthusiastic Englishman, however unworthy, Teufelsdröckh opened himself perhaps more than to the most. Pity only that we could not then half guess his importance, and scrutinise him with due power of vision! We enjoyed, what not three men in Weissnichtwo could boast of, a certain degree of access to the Professor's private domicile. It was the attic floor of the highest house in the Wahngasse; and might truly be called the pinnacle of Weissnichtwo, for it rose sheer up above the contiguous roofs, themselves rising from elevated ground. Moreover, with its windows it looked towards all the four *Orte*, or as the Scotch say, and we ought to say, *Airts*: the sitting-room itself commanded three; another came to view in the *Schlafgemach* (bed-room) at the opposite end; to say nothing of the kitchen, which offered two, as it were, *duplicates*, and showing nothing new. So that it was in fact the speculum or watch-tower of Teufelsdröckh; wherefrom, sitting at ease, he might see the whole life-circulation of that considerable City; the streets and lanes of which, with all their doing and driving (*Thun und Treiben*), were for the most part visible there.

'I look down into all that wasp-nest or bee-hive,' have we heard him say, 'and witness their wax-laying and honey-

making, and poison-brewing, and choking by sulphur. From the Palace esplanade, where music plays while Serene Highness is pleased to eat his victuals, down to the low lane, where in her door-sill the aged widow, knitting for a thin livelihood, sits to feel the afternoon sun, I see it all; for, except the Schlosskirche weather-cock, no biped stands so high. Couriers arrive bestrapped and bebooted, bearing Joy and Sorrow bagged-up in pouches of leather: there, topladen, and with four swift horses, rolls-in the country Baron and his household; here, on timber-leg, the lamed Soldier hops painfully along, begging alms: a thousand carriages, and wains, and cars, come tumbling-in with Food, with young Rusticity, and other Raw Produce, inanimate or animate, and go tumbling out again with Produce manufactured. That living flood, pouring through these streets, of all qualities and ages, knowest thou whence it is coming, whither it is going? *Aus der Ewigkeit, zu der Ewigkeit hin*: From Eternity, onwards to Eternity! These are Apparitions: what else? Are they not Souls rendered visible: in Bodies, that took shape and will lose it, melting into air? Their solid Pavement is a Picture of the Sense; they walk on the bosom of Nothing, blank Time is behind them and before them. Or fanciest thou, the red and yellow Clothes-screen yonder, with spurs on its heels and feather in its crown, is but of Today, without a Yesterday or a Tomorrow; and had not rather its Ancestor alive when Hengst and Horsa overran thy Island? Friend, thou seest here a living link in that Tissue of History, which inweaves all Being: watch well, or it will be past thee, and seen no more.'

*'Ach, mein Lieber!'* said he once, at midnight, when we had returned from the Coffee-house in rather earnest talk, 'it is a true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes of lamplight, struggling up through smoke and thousandfold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient reign of Night, what thinks Boötes of them, as he leads his Hunting-Dogs over the Zenith in their leash of sidereal fire? That stifled hum of Midnight, when Traffic has lain down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to Halls roofed-in, and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only Vice and

Misery, to prowl or to moan like nightbirds, are abroad : that hum, I say, like the stertorous, unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven ! Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapours, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a Fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid ! The joyful and the sorrowful are there ; men are dying there, men are being born ; men are praying,—on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing ; and around them all is the vast, void Night. The proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains ; Wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of straw : in obscure cellars, *Rouge-et-Noir* languidly emits its voice-of-destiny to haggard hungry Villains ; while Councillors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready ; and she, full of hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him over the borders : the Thief, still more silently, sets to his picklocks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts ; but, in the Condemned Cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and bloodshot eyes look-out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the morrow : comes no hammering from the *Rabenstein* ?—their gallows must even now be o' building. Upwards of five-hundred-thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie round us, in horizontal position ; their heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolishlest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame ; and the Mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten.—All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them ;—crammed in, like salted fish in their barrel ;—or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its head above the others : *such* work goes on under that smoke-counterpane !—But I, *mein Werther*, sit above it all ; I am alone with the Stars.'

We looked in his face to see whether, in the utterance

of such extraordinary Night-thoughts, no feeling might be traced there ; but with the light we had, which indeed was only a single tallow-light, and far enough from the window, nothing save that old calmness and fixedness was visible.

These were the Professor's talking seasons : most commonly he spoke in mere monosyllables, or sat altogether silent and smoked ; while the visitor had liberty either to say what he listed, receiving for answer an occasional grunt ; or to look round for a space, and then take himself away. It was a strange apartment ; full of books and tattered papers, and miscellaneous shreds of all conceivable substances, 'united in a common element of dust.' Books lay on tables, and below tables ; here fluttered a sheet of manuscript, there a torn handkerchief, or nightcap hastily thrown aside ; ink-bottles alternated with bread-crusts, coffee-pots, tobacco-boxes, Periodical Literature, and Blücher Boots. Old Lieschen ('Lisekin,' Liza), who was his bed-maker and stove-lighter, his washer and wringer, cook, errand-maid, and general lion's-provider, and for the rest a very orderly creature, had no sovereign authority in this last citadel of Teufelsdröckh ; only some once in the month she half-forcibly made her way thither, with broom and duster, and (Teufelsdröckh hastily saving his manuscripts) effected a partial clearance, a jail-delivery of such lumber as was not Literary. These were her *Erdbeben* (earthquakes), which Teufelsdröckh dreaded worse than the pestilence ; nevertheless, to such length he had been forced to comply. Glad would he have been to sit here philosophising forever, or till the litter, by accumulation, drove him out of doors : but Lieschen was his right-arm, and spoon, and necessary of life, and would not be flatly gainsayed. We can still remember the ancient woman ; so silent that some thought her dumb ; deaf also you would often have supposed her ; for Teufelsdröckh, and Teufelsdröckh only, would she serve or give heed to ; and with him she seemed to communicate chiefly by signs ; if it were not rather by some secret divination that she guessed all his wants, and supplied them. Assiduous old dame ! she scoured, and sorted, and swept, in her kitchen, with the least possible violence to the ear ; yet all was tight and right there : hot and black came the coffee ever at the due moment ; and the speechless Lieschen

herself looked out on you, from under her clean white coif with its lappets, through her clean withered face and wrinkles, with a look of helpful intelligence, almost of benevolence.

Few strangers, as above hinted, had admittance hither : the only one we ever saw there, ourselves excepted, was the Hofrath Heuschrecke, already known, by name and expectation, to the readers of these pages. To us, at that period, Herr Heuschrecke seemed one of those purse-mouthed, crane-necked, clean-brushed, pacific individuals, perhaps sufficiently distinguished in society by this fact, that, in dry weather or in wet, 'they never appear without their umbrella.' Had we not known with what 'little wisdom' the world is governed ; and how, in Germany as elsewhere, the ninety-and-nine Public Men can for most part be but mute train-bearers to the hundredth, perhaps but stalking-horses and willing or unwilling dupes,—it might have seemed wonderful how Herr Heuschrecke should be named a *Rath*, or Councillor, and Counsellor, even in Weissenichtwo. What counsel to any man, or to any woman, could this particular Hofrath give ; in whose loose, zigzag figure ; in whose thin visage, as it went jerking to and fro, in minute incessant fluctuation,—you traced rather confusion worse confounded ; at most, Timidity and physical Cold ? Some indeed said withal, he was 'the very Spirit of Love embodied' : blue earnest eyes, full of sadness and kindness ; purse ever open, and so forth ; the whole of which, we shall now hope, for many reasons, was not quite groundless. Nevertheless friend Teufelsdröckh's outline, who indeed handled the burin like few in these cases, was probably the best : *Er hat Gemüth und Geist, hat wenigstens gehabt, doch ohne Organ, ohne Schicksals-Gunst ; ist gegenwärtig aber halb-zerrüttet, halb-erstarret*, 'He has heart and talent, at least has had such, yet without fit mode of utterance, or favour of Fortune ; and so is now half-cracked, half-congealed.'—What the Hofrath shall think of this when he sees it, readers may wonder : we, safe in the stronghold of Historical Fidelity, are careless.

The main point, doubtless, for us all, is his love of Teufelsdröckh, which indeed was also by far the most decisive feature of Heuschrecke himself. We are enabled to assert

that he hung on the Professor with the fondness of a Boswell for his Johnson. And perhaps with the like return ; for Teufelsdröckh treated his gaunt admirer with little outward regard, as some half-rational or altogether irrational friend, and at best loved him out of gratitude and by habit. On the other hand, it was curious to observe with what reverent kindness, and a sort of fatherly protection, our Hofrath, being the elder, richer, and as he fondly imagined far more practically influential of the two, looked and tended on his little Sage, whom he seemed to consider as a living oracle. Let but Teufelsdröckh open his mouth, Heuschrecke's also unpuckered itself into a free doorway, besides his being all eye and all ear, so that nothing might be lost : and then, at every pause in the harangue, he gurgled-out his pursy chuckle of a cough-laugh (for the machinery of laughter took some time to get in motion, and seemed crank and slack), or else his twanging nasal, *Bravo ! Das glaub' ich* ; in either case, by way of heartiest approval. In short, if Teufelsdröckh was Dalai-Lama, of which, except perhaps in his self-seclusion, and god-like indifference, there was no symptom, then might Heuschrecke pass for his chief Talapoin, to whom no dough-pill he could knead and publish was other than medicinal and sacred.

In such environment, social, domestic, physical, did Teufelsdröckh, at the time of our acquaintance, and most likely does he still, live and meditate. Here, perched-up in his high Wahngasse watch-tower, and often, in solitude, outwatching the Bear, it was that the indomitable Inquirer fought all his battles with Dulness and Darkness ; here, in all probability, that he wrote this surprising Volume on *Clothes*. Additional particulars : of his age, which was of that standing middle sort you could only guess at ; of his wide surtout ; the colour of his trousers, fashion of his broad-brimmed steeple-hat, and so forth, we might report, but do not. The Wisest truly is, in these times, the Greatest ; so that an enlightened curiosity, leaving Kings and suchlike to rest very much on their own basis, turns more and more to the Philosophic Class : nevertheless, what reader expects that, with all our writing and reporting, Teufelsdröckh could be brought home to him, till once the Documents arrive ? His Life, Fortunes, and Bodily Presence, are as yet hidden



from us, or matter only of faint conjecture. But, on the other hand, does not his Soul lie enclosed in this remarkable Volume, much more truly than Pedro Garcia's did in the buried Bag of Doubloons ? To the soul of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, to his opinions, namely, on the ' Origin and Influence of Clothes ', we for the present gladly return.

## CHAPTER IV

### CHARACTERISTICS

It were a piece of vain flattery to pretend that this Work on Clothes entirely contents us ; that it is not, like all works of genius, like the very Sun, which, though the highest published creation, or work of genius, has nevertheless black spots and troubled nebulosities amid its effulgence,—a mixture of insight, inspiration, with dulness, double-vision, and even utter blindness.

Without committing ourselves to those enthusiastic praises and prophesyings of the *Weissnichtwo'sche Anzeiger*, we admitted that the Book had in a high degree excited us to self-activity, which is the best effect of any book ; that it had even operated changes in our way of thought ; nay, that it promised to prove, as it were, the opening of a new mine-shaft, wherein the whole world of Speculation might henceforth dig to unknown depths. More specially it may now be declared that Professor Teufelsdröckh's acquirements, patience of research, philosophic and even poetic vigour, are here made indisputably manifest ; and unhappily no less his prolixity and tortuosity and manifold ineptitude ; that, on the whole, as in opening new mine-shafts is not unreasonable, there is much rubbish in his Book, though likewise specimens of almost invaluable ore. A paramount popularity in England we cannot promise him. Apart from the choice of such a topic as Clothes, too often the manner of treating it betokens in the Author a rusticity and academic seclusion, unblamable, indeed inevitable in a German, but fatal to his success with our public.

Of good society Teufelsdröckh appears to have seen little,

or has mostly forgotten what he saw. He speaks-out with a strange plainness; calls many things by their mere dictionary names. To him the Upholsterer is no Pontiff, neither is any Drawing-room a Temple, were it never so begilt and overhung: 'a whole immensity of Brussels carpets, and pier-glasses, and or-molu,' as he himself expresses it, 'cannot hide from me that such Drawing-room is simply a section of Infinite Space, where so many God-created Souls do for the time meet together.' To Teufelsdröckh the highest Duchess is respectable, is venerable; but nowise for her pearl bracelets and Malines laces: in his eyes, the star of a Lord is little less and little more than the broad button of Birmingham spelter in a Clown's smock; 'each is an implement', he says, 'in its kind; a tag for *hooking-together*; and, for the rest, was dug from the earth, and hammered on a stithy before smith's fingers.' Thus does the Professor look in men's faces with a strange impartiality, a strange scientific freedom; like a man unversed in the higher circles, like a man dropped thither from the Moon. Rightly considered, it is in this peculiarity, running through his whole system of thought, that all these shortcomings, over-shootings, and multiform perversities, take rise: if indeed they have not a second source, also natural enough, in his Transcendental Philosophies, and humour of looking at all Matter and Material things as Spirit; whereby truly his case were but the more hopeless, the more lamentable.

To the Thinkers of this nation, however, of which class it is firmly believed there are individuals yet extant, we can safely recommend the Work: nay, who knows but among the fashionable ranks too, if it be true, as Teufelsdröckh maintains, that 'within the most starched cravat there passes a windpipe and weasand, and under the thickest embroidered waistcoat beats a heart,'—the force of that rapt earnestness may be felt, and here and there an arrow of the soul pierce through? In our wild Seer, shaggy, unkempt, like a Baptist living on locusts and wild honey, there is an untutored energy, a silent, as it were unconscious, strength, which, except in the higher walks of Literature, must be rare. Many a deep glance, and often with unspeakable precision, has he cast into mysterious Nature, and the

still more mysterious Life of Man. Wonderful it is with what cutting words, now and then, he severs asunder the confusion ; sheers down, were it furlongs deep, into the true centre of the matter ; and there not only hits the nail on the head, but with crushing force smites it home, and buries it. —On the other hand, let us be free to admit, he is the most unequal writer breathing. Often after some such feat, he will play truant for long pages, and go dawdling and dreaming, and mumbling and maundering the merest common-places, as if he were asleep with eyes open, which indeed he is.

Of his boundless Learning, and how all reading and literature in most known tongues, from *Sanchoniathon* to *Dr. Lingard*, from your *Oriental Shasters*, and *Talmuds*, and *Korans*, with Cassini's *Siamese Tables*, and Laplace's *Mécanique Céleste*, down to *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Belfast Town and Country Almanack*, are familiar to him,—we shall say nothing : for unexampled as it is with us, to the Germans such universality of study passes without wonder, as a thing commendable, indeed, but natural, indispensable, and there of course. A man that devotes his life to learning; shall he not be learned ?

In respect of style our Author manifests the same genial capability, marred too often by the same rudeness, inequality, and apparent want of intercourse with the higher classes. Occasionally, as above hinted, we find consummate vigour, a true inspiration ; his burning thoughts step forth in fit burning words, like so many full-formed Minervas, issuing amid flame and splendour from Jove's head ; a rich, idiomatic diction, picturesque allusions, fiery poetic emphasis, or quaint tricky turns ; all the graces and terrors of a wild Imagination, wedded to the clearest Intellect, alternate in beautiful vicissitude. Were it not that sheer sleeping and soporific passages ; circumlocutions, repetitions, touches even of pure doting jargon, so often intervene ! On the whole, Professor Teufelsdröckh is not a cultivated writer. Of his sentences perhaps not more than nine-tenths stand straight on their legs ; the remainder are in quite angular attitudes, buttressed-up by props (of parentheses and dashes), and ever with this or the other tagrag hanging from them ; a few even sprawl-out helplessly on all sides, quite

broken-backed and dismembered. Nevertheless, in almost his very worst moods, there lies in him a singular attraction. A wild tone pervades the whole utterance of the man, like its keynote and regulator ; now screwing itself aloft as into the Song of Spirits, or else the shrill mockery of Fiends ; now sinking in cadences, not without melodious heartiness, though sometimes abrupt enough, into the common pitch, when we hear it only as a monotonous hum ; of which hum the true character is extremely difficult to fix. Up to this hour we have never fully satisfied ourselves whether it is a tone and hum of real Humour, which we reckon among the very highest qualities of genius, or some echo of mere Insanity and Inanity, which doubtless ranks below the very lowest.

Under a like difficulty, in spite even of our personal intercourse, do we still lie with regard to the Professor's moral feeling. Gleams of an ethereal love burst forth from him, soft wailings of infinite pity ; he could clasp the whole Universe into his bosom, and keep it warm ; it seems as if under that rude exterior there dwelt a very seraph. Then again he is so sly and still, so imperturbably saturnine ; shows such indifference, malign coolness towards all that men strive after ; and ever with some half-visible wrinkle of a bitter sardonic humour, if indeed it be not mere stolid callousness,—that you look on him almost with a shudder, as on some incarnate Mephistopheles, to whom this great terrestrial and celestial Round, after all, were but some huge foolish Whirligig, where kings and beggars, and angels and demons, and stars and street-sweepings, were chaotically whirled, in which only children could take interest. His look, as we mentioned, is probably the gravest ever seen : yet it is not of that cast-iron gravity frequent enough among our own Chancery suitors ; but rather the gravity as of some silent, high-encircled mountain-pool, perhaps the crater of an extinct volcano ; into whose black deeps you fear to gaze : those eyes, those lights that sparkle in it, may indeed be reflexes of the heavenly Stars, but perhaps also glances from the region of Nether Fire !

Certainly a most involved, self-secluded, altogether enigmatic nature, this of Teufelsdröckh ! Here, however, we gladly recall to mind that once we saw him laugh ; once

Anti-Sirophe  
?

Bombardier  
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only, perhaps it was the first and last time in his life ; but then such a peal of laughter, enough to have awakened the Seven Sleepers ! It was of Jean Paul's doing : some single billow in that vast World-Mahlstrom of Humour, with its heaven-kissing coruscations, which is now, alas, all congealed in the frost of death ! The large-bodied Poet and the small, both large enough in soul, sat talking miscellaneously together, the present Editor being privileged to listen ; and now Paul, in his serious way, was giving one of those inimitable 'Extra-harangues' ; and, as it chanced, On the Proposal for a *Cast-metal King* : gradually a light kindled in our Professor's eyes and face, a beaming, mantling, loveliest light ; through those murky features, a radiant ever-young Apollo looked ; and he burst forth like the neighing of all Tattersall's,—tears streaming down his cheeks, pipe held aloft, foot clutched into the air,—loud, long-continuing, uncontrollable ; a laugh not of the face and diaphragm only, but of the whole man from head to heel. The present Editor, who laughed indeed, yet with measure, began to fear all was not right : however, Teufelsdröckh composed himself, and sank into his old stillness ; on his inscrutable countenance there was, if anything, a slight look of shame ; and Richter himself could not rouse him again. Readers who have any tincture of Psychology know how much is to be inferred from this ; and that no man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether irreclaimably bad. How much lies in Laughter : the cipher-key, wherewith we decipher the whole man ! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper ; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter as of ice : the fewest are able to laugh, what can be called laughing, but only sniff and titter and snigger from the throat outwards ; or at best, produce some whiffing husky cachinnation, as if they were laughing through wool : of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ; but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.

Considered as an Author, Herr Teufelsdröckh has one scarcely pardonable fault, doubtless his worst : an almost total want of arrangement. In this remarkable Volume, it is true, his adherence to the mere course of Time produces,

through the Narrative portions, a certain show of outward method ; but of true logical method and sequence there is too little. Apart from its multifarious sections and sub-divisions, the Work naturally falls into two Parts ; a Historical-Descriptive, and a Philosophical-Speculative : but falls, unhappily, by no firm line of demarcation ; in that labyrinthic combination, each Part overlaps, and indents, and indeed runs quite through the other. Many sections are of a debatable rubric, or even quite nondescript and unnameable ; whereby the Book not only loses in accessibility, but too often distresses us like some mad banquet, wherein all courses had been confounded, and fish and flesh, soup and solid, oyster-sauce, lettuces, Rhine-wine and French mustard, were hurled into one huge tureen or trough, and the hungry Public invited to help itself. To bring what order we can out of this Chaos shall be part of our endeavour.

## CHAPTER V

### THE WORLD IN CLOTHES

‘As Montesquieu wrote a *Spirit of Laws*,’ observes our Professor, ‘so could I write a *Spirit of Clothes* ; thus, with an *Esprit des Lois*, properly an *Esprit de Coutumes*, we should have an *Esprit de Costumes*. For neither in tailoring nor in legislating does man proceed by mere Accident, but the hand is ever guided on by mysterious operations of the mind. In all his Modes, and habilitory endeavours, an Architectural Idea will be found lurking ; his Body and the Cloth are the site and materials whereon and whereby his beautified edifice, of a Person, is to be built. Whether he flow gracefully out in folded mantles, based on light sandals ; tower-up in high headgear, from amid peaks, spangles and bell-girdles ; swell-out in starched ruffs, buckram stuffings, and monstrous tuberosities ; or girth himself into separate sections, and front the world an Agglomeration of four limbs,—will depend on the nature of such Architectural Idea : whether Grecian, Gothic, Later-Gothic, or altogether Modern, and Parisian or Anglo-Dandiacal.

Again, what meaning lies in Colour ! From the soberest drab to the high-flaming scarlet, spiritual idiosyncrasies unfold themselves in choice of Colour : if the Cut betoken Intellect and Talent, so does the Colour betoken Temper and Heart. In all which, among nations as among individuals, there is an incessant, indubitable, though infinitely complex working of Cause and Effect : every snip of the Scissors has been regulated and prescribed by ever-active Influences, which doubtless to Intelligences of a superior order are neither invisible nor illegible.

‘ For such superior Intelligences a Cause-and-Effect Philosophy of Clothes, as of Laws, were probably a comfortable winter-evening entertainment : nevertheless, for inferior Intelligences, like men, such Philosophies have always seemed to me uninformative enough. Nay, what is your Montesquieu himself but a clever infant spelling Letters from a hieroglyphical prophetic Book, the lexicon of which lies in Eternity, in Heaven ?—Let any Cause-and-Effect Philosopher explain, not why I wear such and such a Garment, obey such and such a Law ; but even why *I am here*, to wear and obey anything !—Much, therefore, if not the whole, of that same *Spirit of Clothes* I shall suppress, as hypothetical, ineffectual, and even impertinent : naked Facts, and Deductions drawn therefrom in quite another than that omniscient style, are my humbler and proper province.’

Acting on which prudent restriction, Teufelsdröckh has nevertheless contrived to take-in a well-nigh boundless extent of field ; at least, the boundaries too often lie quite beyond our horizon. Selection being indispensable, we shall here glance-over his First Part only in the most cursory manner. This First Part is, no doubt, distinguished by omnivorous learning, and utmost patience and fairness : at the same time, in its results and delineations, it is much more likely to interest the Compilers of some *Library of General, Entertaining, Useful, or even Useless Knowledge* than the miscellaneous readers of these pages. Was it this Part of the Book which Heuschrecke had in view, when he recommended us to that joint-stock vehicle of publication, ‘ at present the glory of British Literature ’ ? If so, the Library Editors are welcome to dig in it for their own behoof.

To the First Chapter, which turns on Paradise and Fig-leaves, and leads us into interminable disquisitions of a mythological, metaphorical, cabalistico-sartorial and quite antediluvian cast, we shall content ourselves with giving an unconcerned approval. Still less have we to do with 'Lilis, Adam's first wife, whom, according to the Talmudists, he had before Eve, and who bore him, in that wedlock, the whole progeny of aerial, aquatic, and terrestrial Devils',—very needlessly, we think. On this portion of the Work, with its profound glances into the *Adam-Kadmon*, or Primeval Element, here strangely brought into relation with the *Nifl* and *Muspel* (Darkness and Light) of the antique North, it may be enough to say, that its correctness of deduction, and depth of Talmudic and Rabbinical lore have filled perhaps not the worst Hebraist in Britain with something like astonishment.

But, quitting this twilight region, Teufelsdröckh hastens from the Tower of Babel, to follow the dispersion of Mankind over the whole habitable and habitable globe. Walking by the light of Oriental, Pelasgic, Scandinavian, Egyptian, Otaheitean, Ancient and Modern researches of every conceivable kind, he strives to give us in compressed shape (as the Nürnbergers give an *Orbis Pictus*) an *Orbis Vestitus*; or view of the costumes of all mankind, in all countries, in all times. It is here that to the Antiquarian, to the Historian, we can triumphantly say: Fall to! Here is learning: an irregular Treasury, if you will; but inexhaustible as the Hoard of King Nibelung, which twelve wagons in twelve days, at the rate of three journeys a day, could not carry off. Sheepskin cloaks and wampum belts; phylacteries, stoles, albs; chlamydes, togas, Chinese silks, Afghaun shawls, trunk-hose, leather breeches, Celtic philibegs (though breeches, as the name *Gallia Braccata* indicates, are the more ancient), Hussar cloaks, Vandyke tippets, ruffs, fardingales, are brought vividly before us,—even the Kilmarnock nightcap is not forgotten. For most part, too, we must admit that the Learning, heterogeneous as it is, and tumbled-down quite pell-mell, is true concentrated and purified Learning, the drossy parts smelted out and thrown aside.

Philosophical reflections intervene, and sometimes touching pictures of human life. Of this sort the following has



surprised us. The first purpose of Clothes, as our Professor imagines, was not warmth or decency, but ornament. 'Miserable indeed', says he, 'was the condition of the Aboriginal Savage, glaring fiercely from under his fleece of hair, which with the beard reached down to his loins, and hung round him like a matted cloak; the rest of his body sheeted in its thick natural fell. He loitered in the sunny glades of the forest, living on wild-fruits; or, as the ancient Caledonian, squatted himself in morasses, lurking for his bestial or human prey; without implements, without arms, save the ball of heavy Flint, to which, that his sole possession and defence might not be lost, he had attached a long cord of plaited thongs; thereby recovering as well as hurling it with deadly unerring skill. Nevertheless, the pains of Hunger and Revenge once satisfied, his next care was not Comfort but Decoration (*Putz*). Warmth he found in the toils of the chase; or amid dried leaves, in his hollow tree, in his bark shed, or natural grotto: but for Decoration he must have Clothes. Nay, among wild people, we find tattooing and painting even prior to Clothes. The first spiritual want of a barbarous man is Decoration, as indeed we still see among the barbarous classes in civilised countries.

'Reader, the heaven-inspired melodious Singer; loftiest Serene Highness; nay thy own amber-locked, snow-and-rosebloom Maiden, worthy to glide sylphlike almost on air, whom thou lovest, worshippest as a divine Presence, which, indeed, symbolically taken, she is,—has descended, like thyself, from that same hair-mantled, flint-hurling Aboriginal Anthropophagus! Out of the eater cometh forth meat; out of the strong cometh forth sweetness. What changes are wrought, not by Time, yet in Time! For not Mankind only, but all that Mankind does or beholds, is in continual growth, re-gensis and self-perfecting vitality. Cast forth thy Act, thy Word, into the ever-living, ever-working Universe: it is a seed-grain that cannot die; unnoticed today (says one), it will be found flourishing as a Banyan-grove (perhaps, alas, as a Hemlock-forest!) after a thousand years.

'He who first shortened the labour of Copyists by device of *Movable Types* was disbanding hired Armies, and cashiering most Kings and Senates, and creating a whole new

Democratic world : he had invented the Art of Printing. The first ground handful of Nitre, Sulphur, and Charcoal drove Monk Schwartz's pestle through the ceiling : what will the last do ? Achieve the final undisputed prostration of Force under Thought, of Animal courage under Spiritual. A simple invention it was in the old-world Grazier,—sick of lugging his slow Ox about the country till he got it bartered for corn or oil,—to take a piece of Leather, and thereon scratch or stamp the mere Figure of an Ox (or *Pecus*) ; put it in his pocket, and call it *Pecunia*, Money. Yet hereby did Barter grow Sale, the Leather Money is now Golden and Paper, and all miracles have been out-miracled : for there are Rothschilds and English National Debts ; and whoso has sixpence is sovereign (to the length of sixpence) over all men ; commands cooks to feed him, philosophers to teach him, kings to mount guard over him, —to the length of sixpence.—Clothes too, which began in foolishness love of Ornament, what have they not become ! Increased Security and pleasurable Heat soon followed : but what of these ? Shame, divine Shame (*Schaam*, Modesty), as yet a stranger to the Anthropophagous bosom, arose there mysteriously under Clothes ; a mystic grove-encircled shrine for the Holy in man. Clothes gave us individuality, distinctions, social polity ; Clothes have made Men of us ; they are threatening to make Clothes-screens of us.

'But, on the whole,' continues our eloquent Professor, 'Man is a Tool-using Animal (*Handthierendes Thier*). Weak in himself, and of small stature, he stands on a basis, at most for the flattest-soled, of some half-square foot, insecurely enough ; has to straddle out his legs, lest the very wind supplant him. Feeblest of bipeds ! Three quintals are a crushing load for him ; the steer of the meadow tosses him aloft, like a waste rag. Nevertheless he can use Tools, can devise Tools : with these the granite mountain melts into light dust before him ; he kneads glowing iron, as if it were soft paste ; seas are his smooth highway, winds and fire his unwearying steeds. Nowhere do you find him without Tools ; without Tools he is nothing, with Tools he is all.'

Here may we not, for a moment, interrupt the stream of

Oratory with a remark, that this Definition of the Tool-using Animal appears to us, of all that Animal-sort, considerably the precisest and best? Man is called a Laughing Animal: but do not the apes also laugh, or attempt to do it; and is the manliest man the greatest and oftenest laugher? Teufelsdröckh himself, as we said, laughed only once. Still less do we make of that other French Definition of the Cooking Animal; which, indeed, for rigorous scientific purposes, is as good as useless. Can a Tartar be said to cook, when he only readies his steak by riding on it? Again, what Cookery does the Greenlander use, beyond stowing-up his whale-blubber, as a marmot, in the like case, might do? Or how would Monsieur Ude prosper among those Orinocco Indians who, according to Humboldt, lodge in crow-nests, on the branches of trees; and, for half the year, have no victuals but pipe-clay, the whole country being under water? But, on the other hand, show us the human being, of any period or climate, without his Tools: those very Caledonians, as we saw, had their Flint-ball, and Thong to it, such as no brute has or can have.

'Man is a Tool-using Animal,' concludes Teufelsdröckh in his abrupt way; 'of which truth Clothes are but one example: and surely if we consider the interval between the first wooden Dibble fashioned by man, and those Liverpool Steam-carriages, or the British House of Commons, we shall note what progress he has made. He digs up certain black stones from the bosom of the earth, and says to them, *Transport me and this luggage at the rate of five-and-thirty miles an hour*; and they do it: he collects, apparently by lot, six-hundred and fifty-eight miscellaneous individuals, and says to them, *Make this nation toil for us, bleed for us, hunger and sorrow and sin for us*; and they do it.'

clot to (mis) XVI

## CHAPTER VI

### APRONS

ONE of the most unsatisfactory Sections in the whole Volume is that on *Aprons*. What though stout old Gao, the Persian Blacksmith, whose Apron, now indeed hidden under jewels, because raised in revolt which proved successful,

Iranian  
mythical  
historical  
rebellious  
against the  
King

is still the royal standard of that country ; ' what though John Knox's Daughter, ' who threatened Sovereign Majesty that she would catch her husband's head in her Apron, rather than he should lie and be a bishop ; ' what though the Landgrave Elizabeth, with many other Apron worthies,—figure here ? An idle wire-drawing spirit, sometimes even a tone of levity, approaching to conventional satire, is too clearly discernible. What, for example, are we to make of such sentences as the following ?

' Aprons are Defences ; against injury to cleanliness, to safety, to modesty, sometimes to roguery. From the thin slip of notched silk (as it were, the emblem and beatified ghost of an Apron), which some highest-bred housewife, sitting at Nürnberg Workboxes and Toyboxes, has gracefully fastened on ; to the thick-tanned hide, girt round him with thongs, wherein the Builder builds, and at evening sticks his trowel ; or to those jingling sheet-iron Aprons, wherein your otherwise half-naked Vulcans hammer and smelt in their smelt-furnace,—is there not range enough in the fashion and uses of this Vestment ? How much has been concealed, how much has been defended in Aprons ! Nay, rightly considered, what is your whole Military and Police Establishment, charged at uncalculated millions, but a huge scarlet-coloured, iron-fastened Apron, wherein Society works (uneasily enough) ; guarding itself from some soil and stithy-sparks, in this Devil's-smithy (*Teufels-schmiede*) of a world ? But of all Aprons the most puzzling to me hitherto has been the Episcopal or Cassock. Wherein consists the usefulness of this Apron ? The Overseer (*Episcopus*) of Souls, I notice, has tucked-in the corner of it, as if his day's work were done : what does he shadow forth thereby ? ' &c. &c.

Or again, has it often been the lot of our readers to read such stuff as we shall now quote ?

' I consider those printed Paper Aprons, worn by the Parisian Cooks, as a new vent, though a slight one, for Typography ; therefore as an encouragement to modern Literature, and deserving of approval : nor is it without satisfaction that I hear of a celebrated London Firm having in view to introduce the same fashion, with important extensions, in England.'—We who are on the spot hear of

Print  
139 cent

Printing

no such thing ; and indeed have reason to be thankful that hitherto there are other vents for our Literature, exuberant as it is.—Teufelsdröckh continues : ‘ If such supply of printed Paper should rise so far as to choke-up the highways and public thoroughfares, new means must of necessity be had recourse to. In a world existing by Industry, we grudge to employ fire as a destroying element, and not as a creating one. However, Heaven is omnipotent, and will find us an outlet. In the mean while, is it not beautiful to see five-million quintals of Rags picked annually from the Laystall ; and annually, after being macerated, hot-pressed, printed-on, and sold,—returned thither ; filling so many hungry mouths by the way ? Thus is the Laystall, especially with its Rags or Clothes-rubbish, the grand Electric Battery, and Fountain-of-motion, from which and to which the Social Activities (like vitreous and resinous Electricities) circulate, in larger or smaller circles, through the mighty, billowy, stormtost Chaos of Life, which they keep alive ! ’—Such passages fill us, who love the man, and partly esteem him, with a very mixed feeling.

Farther down we meet with this : ‘ The Journalists are now the true Kings and Clergy : henceforth Historians, unless they are fools, must write not of Bourbon Dynasties, and Tudors and Hapsburgs ; but of Stamped Broad-sheet Dynasties, and quite new successive Names, according as this or the other Able Editor, or Combination of Able Editors, gains the world’s ear. Of the British Newspaper Press, perhaps the most important of all, and wonderful enough in its secret constitution and procedure, a valuable descriptive History already exists, in that language, under the title of *Satan’s Invisible World Displayed* ; which, however, by search in all the Weissnichtwo Libraries, I have not yet succeeded in procuring (*vermöchte nicht aufzutreiben*).’

Thus does the good Homer not only nod, but snore. Thus does Teufelsdröckh, wandering in regions where he had little business, confound the old authentic Presbyterian Witchfinder with a new, spurious, imaginary Historian of the *Brittische Journalistik* ; and so stumble on perhaps the most egregious blunder in Modern Literature !

## CHAPTER VII

## MISCELLANEOUS-HISTORICAL

HAPPIER is our Professor, and more purely scientific and historic, when he reaches the Middle Ages in Europe, and down to the end of the Seventeenth Century ; the true era of extravagance in Costume. It is here that the Antiquary and Student of Modes comes upon his richest harvest. Fantastic garbs, beggaring all fancy of a Teniers or a Callot, succeed each other, like monster devouring monster in a Dream. The whole too in brief authentic strokes, and touched not seldom with that breath of genius which makes even old raiment live. Indeed, so learned, precise, graphical, and everyway interesting have we found these Chapters, that it may be thrown-out as a pertinent question for parties concerned, Whether or not a good English Translation thereof might henceforth be profitably incorporated with Mr. Merrick's valuable Work *On Ancient Armour* ? Take, by way of example, the following sketch ; as authority for which Paulinus's *Zeitkürzende Lust* (ii. 678) is, with seeming confidence, referred to :

‘ Did we behold the German fashionable dress of the Fifteenth Century, we might smile ; as perhaps those by-gone Germans, were they to rise again, and see our haberdashery, would cross themselves, and invoke the Virgin. But happily no bygone German, or man, rises again ; thus the Present is not needlessly trammelled with the Past ; and only grows out of it, like a Tree, whose roots are not intertangled with its branches, but lie peaceably underground. Nay it is very mournful, yet not useless, to see and know, how the Greatest and Dearest, in a short while, would find his place quite filled-up here, and no room for him ; the very Napoleon, the very Byron, in some seven years, has become obsolete, and were now a foreigner to his Europe. Thus is the Law of Progress secured ; and in Clothes, as in all other external things whatsoever, no fashion will continue.

‘ Of the military classes in those old times, whose buff-belts, complicated chains and gorgets, huge churn-boots,

Antich. and  
French painters

signatures

2. 1024

and other riding and fighting gear have been bepainted in modern Romance, till the whole has acquired somewhat of a sign-post character,—I shall here say nothing: the civil and pacific classes, less touched upon, are wonderful enough for us.

‘Rich men, I find, have *Teusinke*’ (a perhaps untranslatable article); ‘also a silver girdle, whereat hang little bells; so that when a man walks, it is with continual jingling. Some few, of musical turn, have a whole chime of bells (*Glockenspiel*) fastened there; which, especially in sudden whirls, and the other accidents of walking, has a grateful effect. Observe too how fond they are of peaks, and Gothic-arch intersections. The male world wears peaked caps, an ell long, which hang bobbing over the side (*schief*): their shoes are peaked in front, also to the length of an ell, and laced on the side with tags; even the wooden shoes have their ell-long noses: some also clap bells on the peak. Further, according to my authority, the men have breeches without seat (*ohne Gesäss*): these they fasten peakwise to their shirts; and the long round doublet must overlap them.

‘Rich maidens, again, flit abroad in gowns scolloped out behind and before, so that back and breast are almost bare. Wives of quality, on the other hand, have train-gowns four or five ells in length; which trains there are boys to carry. Brave Cleopatras, sailing in their silk-cloth Galley, with a Cupid for steersman! Consider their welts, a handbreadth *bornen* thick, which waver round them by way of hem; the long flood of silver buttons, or rather silver shells, from throat to shoe, wherewith these same welt-gowns are buttoned. The maidens have bound silver snoods about their hair, with gold spangles, and pendent flames (*Flammen*), that is, sparkling hair-drops: but of their mother’s headgear who shall speak? Neither in love of grace is comfort forgotten. In winter weather you behold the whole fair creation (that can afford it) in long mantles, with skirts wide below, and, for hem, not one but two sufficient handbroad welts; all ending atop in a thick well-starched Ruff, some twenty inches broad: these are their Ruff-mantles (*Kragenmäntel*).

‘As yet among the womankind hoop-petticoats are not; but the men have doublets of fustian, under which lie multiple ruffs of cloth, pasted together with batter (*mit Teig zusammengekleistert*), which create protuberance enough.

Thus do the two sexes vie with each other in the art of Decoration ; and as usual the stronger carries it.'

Our Professor, whether he have humour himself or not, manifests a certain feeling of the Ludicrous, a sly observance of it, which, could emotion of any kind be confidently predicated of so still a man, we might call a real love. None of those bell-girdles, bushel-breeches, cornuted shoes, or other the like phenomena, of which the History of Dress offers so many, escape him : more especially the mischances, or striking adventures, incident to the wearers of such, are noticed with due fidelity. Sir Walter Raleigh's fine mantle, which he spread in the mud under Queen Elizabeth's feet, appears to provoke little enthusiasm in him ; he merely asks, Whether at that period the Maiden Queen 'was red-painted on the nose, and white-painted on the cheeks, as her tire-women, when from spleen and wrinkles she would no longer look in any glass, were wont to serve her ?' We can answer that Sir Walter knew well what he was doing, and had the Maiden Queen been stuffed parchment dyed in verdigris, would have done the same.

Thus too, treating of those enormous habiliments, that were not only slashed and galooned, but artificially swollen-out on the broader parts of the body, by introduction of Bran,—our Professor fails not to comment on that luckless Courtier, who having seated himself on a chair with some projecting nail on it, and therefrom rising, to pay his *devoir* on the entrance of Majesty, instantaneously emitted several pecks of dry wheat-dust : and stood there diminished to a spindle, his galoons and slashes dangling sorrowful and flabby round him. Whereupon the Professor publishes this reflection :

'By what strange chances do we live in History ? Erostratus by a torch ; Milo by a bullock ; Henry Darnley, an unfledged booby and bustard, by his limbs ; most Kings and Queens by being born under such and such a bed-tester ; Boileau Despréaux (according to Helvetius) by the peck of a turkey ; and this ill-starred individual by a rent in his breeches,—for no Memoirist of Kaiser Otto's Court omits him. Vain was the prayer of Themistocles for a talent of Forgetting : my Friends, yield cheerfully to Destiny, and read since it is written.'—Has Teufelsdröckh



to be put in mind that, nearly related to the impossible talent of Forgetting, stands that talent of Silence, which even travelling Englishmen manifest ?

'The simplest costume', observes our Professor, 'which I anywhere find alluded to in History, is that used as regimental, by Bolivar's Cavalry, in the late Columbian wars. A square Blanket, twelve feet in diagonal, is provided (some were wont to cut-off the corners, and make it circular) : in the centre a slit is effected eighteen inches long ; through this the mother-naked Trooper introduces his head and neck ; and so rides shielded from all weather, and in battle from many strokes (for he rolls it about his left arm) ; and not only dressed, but harnessed and draperied.'

With which picture of a State of Nature, affecting by its singularity, and Old-Roman contempt of the superfluous, we shall quit this part of our subject.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE WORLD OUT OF CLOTHES

IF in the Descriptive-Historical portion of this Volume, Teufelsdröckh, discussing merely the *Werden* (Origin and successive Improvement) of Clothes, has astonished many a reader, much more will he in the Speculative-Philosophical portion, which treats of their *Wirken*, or Influences. It is here that the present Editor first feels the pressure of his task ; for here properly the higher and new Philosophy of Clothes commences : an untried, almost inconceivable region, or chaos ; in venturing upon which, how difficult, yet how unspeakably important is it to know what course, of survey and conquest, is the true one ; where the footing is firm substance and will bear us, where it is hollow, or mere cloud, and may engulf us ! Teufelsdröckh undertakes no less than to expound the moral, political, even religious Influences of Clothes ; he undertakes to make manifest, in its thousandfold bearings, this grand Proposition, that Man's earthly interests 'are all hooked and buttoned together, and held up, by Clothes'. He says in so many words,

'Society is founded upon Cloth'; and again, 'Society sails through the Infinitude on Cloth, as on a Faust's Mantle, or rather like the Sheet of clean and unclean beasts in the Apostle's Dream; and without such Sheet or Mantle, would sink to endless depths, or mount to inane limboes, and in either case be no more.'

By what chains, or indeed infinitely complected tissues, of Meditation this grand Theorem is here unfolded, and innumerable practical Corollaries are drawn therefrom, it were perhaps a mad ambition to attempt exhibiting. Our Professor's method is not, in any case, that of common school Logic, where the truths all stand in a row, each holding by the skirts of the other; but at best that of practical Reason, proceeding by large Intuition over whole systematic groups and kingdoms; whereby, we might say, a noble complexity, almost like that of Nature, reigns in his Philosophy, or spiritual Picture of Nature: a mighty maze, yet, as faith whispers, not without a plan. Nay we complained above, that a certain ignoble complexity, what we must call mere confusion, was also discernible. Often, also, we have to exclaim: Would to Heaven those same Biographical Documents were come! For it seems as if the demonstration lay much in the Author's individuality; as if it were not Argument that had taught him, but Experience. At present it is only in local glimpses, and by significant fragments, picked often at wide-enough intervals from the original Volume, and carefully collated, that we can hope to impart some outline or foreshadow of this Doctrine. Readers of any intelligence are once more invited to favour us with their most concentrated attention: let these, after intense consideration, and not till then, pronounce, Whether on the utmost verge of our actual horizon there is not a looming as of Land; a promise of new Fortunate Islands, perhaps whole undiscovered Americas, for such as have canvas to sail thither?—As exordium to the whole, stand here the following long citation:

'With men of a speculative turn', writes Teufelsdröckh, 'there come seasons, meditative, sweet, yet awful hours, when in wonder and fear you ask yourself that unanswerable question: Who am I; the thing that can say "I" (*das Wesen, das sich ICH nennt*)? The world, with its loud

trafficking, retires into the distance ; and, through the paper-hangings, and stone-walls, and thick-plyed tissues of Commerce and Polity, and all the living and lifeless integuments (of Society and a Body), wherewith your Existence sits surrounded,—the sight reaches forth into the void Deep, and you are alone with the Universe, and silently commune with it, as one mysterious Presence with another.

'Who am I ; what is this ME ? A Voice, a Motion, an Appearance ;—some embodied, visualised Idea in the Eternal Mind ? *Cogito, ergo sum*. Alas, poor Cogitator, this takes us but a little way. Sure enough, I am ; and lately was not : but Whence ? How ? Whereto ? The answer lies around, written in all colours and motions, uttered in all tones of jubilee and wail, in thousand-figured, thousand-voiced, harmonious Nature : but where is the cunning eye and ear to whom that God-written Apocalypse will yield articulate meaning ? We sit as in a boundless Phantasmagoria and Dream-grotto ; boundless, for the faintest star, the remotest century, lies not even nearer the verge thereof : sounds and many-coloured visions flit round our sense ; but Him, the Unslumbering, whose work both Dream and Dreamer are, we see not ; except in rare half-waking moments, suspect not. Creation, says one, lies before us, like a glorious Rainbow ; but the Sun that made it lies behind us, hidden from us. Then, in that strange Dream, how we clutch at shadows as if they were substances ; and sleep deepest while fancying ourselves most awake ! Which of your Philosophical Systems is other than a dream-theorem ; a net quotient, confidently given out, where divisor and dividend are both unknown ? What are all your national Wars, with their Moscow Retreats, and sanguinary hate-filled Revolutions, but the Somnambulism of uneasy Sleepers ? This Dreaming, this Somnambulism is what we on Earth call Life ; wherein the most indeed undoubtingly wander, as if they knew right hand from left ; yet they only are wise who know that they know nothing.

'Pity that all Metaphysics had hitherto proved so inexpressibly unproductive ! The secret of Man's Being is still like the Sphinx's secret : a riddle that he cannot rede ;

*I think therefore I am. the philosophy of existence.*

*flat*

*Detached*

and for ignorance of which he suffers death, the worst death, a spiritual. What are your Axioms, and Categories, and Systems, and Aphorisms? Words, words. High Air-castles are cunningly built of Words, the Words well bedded also in good Logic-mortar; wherein, however, no Knowledge will come to lodge. *The whole is greater than the part*: how exceedingly true! *Nature abhors a vacuum*: how exceedingly false and calumnious! Again, *Nothing can act but where it is*: with all my heart; only, WHERE is it? Be not the slave of Words: is not the Distant, the Dead, while I love it, and long for it, and mourn for it, Here, in the genuine sense, as truly as the floor I stand on? But that same WHERE, with its brother WHEN, are from the first the master-colours of our Dream-grotto; say rather, the Canvas (the warp and woof thereof) whereon all our Dreams and Life-visions are painted. Nevertheless, has not a deeper meditation taught certain of every climate and age, that the WHERE and WHEN, so mysteriously inseparable from all our thoughts, are but superficial terrestrial adhesions to thought; that the Seer may discern them where they mount up out of the celestial EVERYWHERE and FOREVER: have not all nations conceived their God as Omnipresent and Eternal; as existing in a universal HERE, an everlasting Now? Think well, thou too wilt find that Space is but a mode of our human Sense, so likewise Time; there is no Space and no Time: WE are—we know not what;—light-sparkles floating in the æther of Deity!

So that this so solid-seeming World, after all, were but an air-image, our ME the only reality: and Nature, with its thousandfold production and destruction, but the reflex of our own inward Force, the "phantasy of our Dream"; or what the Earth-Spirit in *Faust* names it, *the living visible Garment of God*:

"In Being's floods, in Action's storm,  
I walk and work, above, beneath,  
Work and weave in endless motion!  
Birth and Death,  
An infinite ocean;  
A seizing and giving  
The fire of Living:

'Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,  
And weave for God the Garment thou seest Him by."

A  
imagines  
his  
being  
imagination  
reception

'Of twenty millions that have read and spouted this thunder-speech of the *Erdgeist*, are there yet twenty units of us that have learned the meaning thereof ?

'It was in some such mood, when wearied and fordone with these high speculations, that I first came upon the question of Clothes. Strange enough, it strikes me, is this same fact of there being Tailors and Tailored. The Horse I ride has his own whole fell : strip him of the girths and flaps and extraneous tags I have fastened round him, and the noble creature is his own sempster and weaver and spinner ; nay his own bootmaker, jeweller, and man-milliner ; he bounds free through the valleys, with a perennial rainproof court-suit on his body ; wherein warmth and easiness of fit have reached perfection ; nay, the graces also have been considered, and frills and fringes, with gay variety of colour, featly appended, and ever in the right place, are not wanting. While I—good Heaven!—have thatched myself over with the dead fleeces of sheep, the bark of vegetables, the entrails of worms, the hides of oxen or seals, the felt of furred beasts ; and walk abroad a moving Rag-screen, overheaped with shreds and tatters raked from the Charnel-house of Nature, where they would have rotted, to rot on me more slowly ! Day after day, I must thatch myself anew ; day after day, this despicable thatch must lose some film of its thickness ; some film of it, frayed away by tear and wear, must be brushed-off into the Ashpit, into the Laystall ; till by degrees the whole has been brushed thither, and I, the dust-making, patent Rag-grinder, get new material to grind down. O subter-brutish ! vile ! most vile ! For have not I too a compact all-enclosing Skin, whiter or dingier ? Am I a botched mass of tailors' and cobblers' shreds, then ; or a tightly-articulated, homogeneous little Figure, automatic, nay alive ?

'Strange enough how creatures of the human-kind shut their eyes to plainest facts ; and by the mere inertia of Oblivion and Stupidity, live at ease in the midst of Wonders and Terrors. But indeed man is, and was always, a block-head and dullard ; much readier to feel and digest, than to think and consider. Prejudice, which he pretends to hate, is his absolute lawgiver ; mere use-and-wont every-

where leads him by the nose ; thus let but a Rising of the Sun, let but a Creation of the World happen *twice*, and it ceases to be marvellous, to be noteworthy, or noticeable. Perhaps not once in a lifetime does it occur to your ordinary biped, of any country or generation, be he gold-mantled Prince or russet-jerkined Peasant, that his Vestments and his Self are not one and indivisible ; that *he* is naked, without vestments, till he buy or steal such, and by fore thought sew and button them.

‘ For my own part, these considerations, of our Clothes-thatch, and how, reaching inwards even to our heart of hearts, it tailorises and demoralises us, fill me with a certain horror at myself and mankind ; almost as one feels at those Dutch Cows, which, during the wet season, you see grazing deliberately with jackets and petticoats (of striped sacking), in the meadows of Gouda. Nevertheless there is something great in the moment when a man first strips himself of adventitious wrappages ; and sees indeed that he is naked, and, as Swift has it, “ a forked straddling animal with bandy legs ” ; yet also a Spirit, and unutterable Mystery of Mysteries.’

## CHAPTER IX

### ADAMITISM

LET no courteous reader take offence at the opinions broached in the conclusion of the last Chapter. The Editor himself, on first glancing over that singular passage, was inclined to exclaim : What, have we got not only a Sansculottist, but an enemy to Clothes in the abstract ? A new Adamite, in this century, which flatters itself that it is the Nineteenth, and destructive both to Superstition and Enthusiasm ?

Consider, thou foolish Teufelsdröckh, what benefits unspeakable all ages and sexes derive from Clothes. For example, when thou thyself, a watery, pulpy, slobbery freshman and new-comer in this Planet, sattest muling and puking in thy nurse’s arms ; sucking thy coral, and looking forth into the world in the blankest manner, what hadst

thou been without thy blankets, and bibs, and other nameless hulls ? A terror to thyself and mankind ! Or hast thou forgotten the day when thou first receivedst breeches, and thy long clothes became short ? The village where thou livedst was all apprised of the fact ; and neighbour after neighbour kissed thy pudding-cheek, and gave thee, as handsel, silver or copper coins, on that the first gala-day of thy existence. Again, wert not thou, at one period of life, a Buck, or Blood, or Macaroni, or Incroyable, or Dandy, or by whatever name, according to year and place, such phenomenon is distinguished ? In that one word lie included mysterious volumes. Nay, now when the reign of folly is over, or altered, and thy clothes are not for triumph but for defence, hast thou always worn them perforce, and as a consequence of Man's Fall ; never rejoiced in them as in a warm movable House, a Body round thy Body, wherein that strange *THEE* of thine sat snug, defying all variations of Climate ? Girt with thick double-milled kerseys ; half-buried under shawls and broadbrims, and overalls and mud-boots, thy very fingers cased in doeskin and mittens, thou hast bestrode that ' Horse I ride ' ; and, though it were in wild winter, dashed through the world, glorying in it as if thou wert its lord. In vain did the sleet beat round thy temples ; it lighted only on thy impenetrable, felted or woven, case of wool. In vain did the winds howl,—forests sounding and creaking, deep calling unto deep,—and the storms heap themselves together into one huge Arctic whirlpool : thou flewest through the middle thereof, striking fire from the highway ; wild music hummed in thy ears, thou too wert as a ' sailor of the air ' ; the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds was thy element and propitiously wafting tide. Without Clothes, without bit or saddle, what hadst thou been ; what had thy fleet quadruped been ?—Nature is good, but she is not the best : here truly was the victory of Art over Nature. A thunderbolt indeed might have pierced thee ; all short of this thou couldst defy.

Or, cries the courteous reader, has your Teufelsdröckh forgotten what he said lately about ' Aboriginal Savages ', and their ' condition miserable indeed ' ? Would he have all this unsaid ; and us betake ourselves again to the ' matted cloak ', and go sheeted in a ' thick natural fell ' ?

Nowise, courteous reader ! The Professor knows full well what he is saying ; and both thou and we, in our haste, do him wrong. If Clothes, in these times, ' so tailorise and demoralise us,' have they no redeeming value ; can they not be altered to serve better ; must they of necessity be thrown to the dogs ? The truth is, Teufelsdröckh, though a Sansculottist, is no Adamite ; and much perhaps as he might wish to go forth before this degenerate age ' as a Sign,' would nowise wish to do it, as those old Adamites did, in a state of Nakedness. The utility of Clothes is altogether apparent to him : nay perhaps he has an insight into their more recondite, and almost mystic qualities, what we might call the omnipotent virtue of Clothes, such as was never before vouchsafed to any man. For example :

' You see two individuals,' he writes, ' one dressed in fine Red, the other in coarse threadbare Blue : Red says to Blue, " Be hanged and anatomised " ; Blue hears with a shudder, and (O wonder of wonders !) marches sorrowfully to the gallows ; is there noosed-up, vibrates his hour, and the surgeons dissect him, and fit his bones into a skeleton for medical purposes. How is this ; or what make ye of your *Nothing can act but where it is* ? Red has no physical hold of Blue, no *clutch* of him, is nowise in *contact* with him : neither are those ministering Sheriffs and Lord-Lieutenants and Hangmen and Tipstaves so related to commanding Red, that he can tug them hither and thither ; but each stands distinct within his own skin. Nevertheless, as it is spoken, so is it done : the articulated Word sets all hands in Action ; and Rope and Improved-drop perform their work.

' Thinking reader, the reason seems to me twofold : First, that *Man is a Spirit*, and bound by invisible bonds to *All Men* ; secondly, that *he wears Clothes*, which are the visible emblems of that fact. Has not your Red hanging-individual a horsehair wig, squirrel-skins, and a plush-gown ; whereby all mortals know that he is a JUDGE ?—Society, which the more I think of it astonishes me the more, is founded upon Cloth.

' Often in my atrabiliar moods, when I read of pompous ceremonials, Frankfort Coronations, Royal Drawing-rooms, Levees, Couchees ; and how the ushers and macers and



pursuivants are all in waiting ; how Duke this is presented by Archduke that, and Colonel A by General B, and innumerable Bishops, Admirals, and miscellaneous Functionaries, are advancing gallantly to the Anointed Presence ; and I strive, in my remote privacy, to form a clear picture of that solemnity,—on a sudden, as by some enchanter's wand, the—shall I speak it ?—the Clothes fly-off the whole dramatic corps ; and Dukes, Grandees, Bishops, Generals, Anointed Presence itself, every mother's son of them, stand straddling there, not a shirt on them ; and I know not whether to laugh or weep. This physical or psychical infirmity, in which perhaps I am not singular, I have, after hesitation, thought right to publish, for the solace of those afflicted with the like.'

Would to Heaven, say we, thou hadst thought right to keep it secret ! Who is there now that can read the five columns of Presentations in his Morning Newspaper without a shudder ? Hypochondriac men, and all men are to a certain extent hypochondriac, should be more gently treated. With what readiness our fancy, in this shattered state of the nerves, follows out the consequences which Teufelsdröckh, with a devilish coolness, goes on to draw :

'What would Majesty do, could such an accident befall in reality ; should the buttons all simultaneously start, and the solid wool evaporate, in very Deed, as here in Dream ? *Ach Gott !* How each skulks into the nearest hiding-place ; their high State Tragedy (*Haupt- und Staats-Action*) becomes a Pickleherring-Farce to weep at, which is the worst kind of Farce ; *the tables* (according to Horace), and with them, the whole fabric of Government, Legislation, Property, Police, and Civilised Society, *are dissolved*, in wails and howls.'

Lives the man that can figure a naked Duke of Windlestraw addressing a naked House of Lords ? Imagination, choked as in mephitic air, recoils on itself, and will not forward with the picture. The Woolsack, the Ministerial, the Opposition Benches—*infandum ! infandum !* And yet why is the thing impossible ? Was not every soul, or rather every body, of these Guardians of our Liberties, naked, or nearly so, last night ; 'a forked Radish with a head fantastically carved' ? And why might he not, did our stern fate

so order it, walk out to St. Stephen's, as well as into bed, in that no-fashion ; and there, with other similar Radishes, hold a Bed of Justice ? ' Solace of those afflicted with the like ! ' Unhappy Teufelsdröckh, had man ever such a ' physical or psychical infirmity ' before ? And now how many, perhaps, may thy unparalleled confession (which we, even to the sounder British world, and goaded-on by Critical and Biographical duty, grudge to reimpart) incurably infect therewith ! Art thou the malignest of Sansculottists, or only the maddest ?

' It will remain to be examined ', adds the inexorable Teufelsdröckh, ' in how far the SCARECROW, as a Clothed Person, is not also entitled to benefit of clergy, and English trial by jury : nay perhaps, considering his high function (for is not he too a Defender of Property, and Sovereign armed with the *terrors* of the Law ? ), to a certain royal Immunity and Inviolability ; which, however, misers and the meaner class of persons are not always voluntarily disposed to grant him. ' \* \* \*

\* \* ' O my Friends, we are (in Yorick Sterne's words) but as " turkeys driven, with a stick and red clout, to the market " : or if some drivers, as they do in Norfolk, take a dried bladder and put peas in it, the rattle thereof terrifies the boldest ! '

## CHAPTER X

### PURE REASON

It must now be apparent enough that our Professor, as above hinted, is a speculative Radical, and of the very darkest tinge ; acknowledging, for most part, in the solemnities and paraphernalia of civilised Life, which we make so much of, nothing but so many Cloth-rags, turkey-poles, and ' bladders with dried peas '. To linger among such speculations, longer than mere Science requires, a discerning public can have no wish. For our purposes the simple fact that such a *Naked World* is possible, nay actually exists (under the Clothed one), will be sufficient. Much, therefore, we omit about ' Kings wrestling naked on the green with

Carmen', and the Kings being thrown : 'dissect them with scalpels', says Teufelsdröckh ; 'the same viscera, tissues, livers, lights, and other life-tackle, are there : examine their spiritual mechanism ; the same great Need, great Greed, and little Faculty ; nay ten to one but the Carman, who understands draught-cattle, the rimming of wheels, something of the laws of unstable and stable equilibrium, with other branches of wagon-science, and has actually put forth his hand and operated on Nature, is the more cunningly gifted of the two. Whence, then, their so unspeakable difference ? From Clothes.' Much also we shall omit about confusion of Ranks, and Joan and My Lady, and how it would be everywhere 'Hail fellow well met', and Chaos were come again : all which to any one that has once fairly pictured-out the grand mother-idea, *Society in a state of Nakedness*, will spontaneously suggest itself. Should some sceptical individual still entertain doubts whether in a world without Clothes, the smallest Politeness, Polity, or even Police, could exist, let him turn to the original Volume, and view there the boundless Serbonian Bog of Sansculottism, stretching sour and pestilential : over which we have lightly flown ; where not only whole armies but whole nations might sink ! If indeed the following argument, in its brief riveting emphasis, be not of itself incontrovertible and final :

'Are we Opossums ; have we natural Pouches, like the Kangaroo ? Or how, without Clothes, could we possess the master-organ, soul's seat, and true pineal gland of the Body Social : I mean, a PURSE ?'

Nevertheless it is impossible to hate Professor Teufelsdröckh ; at worst, one knows not whether to hate or to love him. For though, in looking at the fair tapestry of human Life, with its royal and even sacred figures, he dwells not on the obverse alone, but here chiefly on the reverse ; and indeed turns out the rough seams, tatters, and manifold thrums of that unsightly wrong-side, with an almost diabolic patience and indifference, which must have sunk him in the estimation of most readers,—there is that within which unspeakably distinguishes him from all other past and present Sansculottists. The grand unparalleled peculiarity of Teufelsdröckh is, that with all this Descendentalism, he

combines a Transcendentalism, no less superlative ; whereby if on the one hand he degrade man below most animals, except those jacketed Gouda Cows, he, on the other, exalts him beyond the visible Heavens, almost to an equality with the Gods.

‘ To the eye of vulgar Logic ’, says he, ‘ what is man ? An omnivorous Biped that wears Breeches. To the eye of Pure Reason what is he ? A Soul, a Spirit, and divine Apparition. Round his mysterious ME, there lies, under all those wool-rags, a Garment of Flesh (or of Senses), contextured in the Loom of Heaven ; whereby he is revealed to his like, and dwells with them in UNION and DIVISION ; and sees and fashions for himself a Universe, with azure Starry Spaces, and long Thousands of Years. Deep-hidden is he under that strange Garment ; amid Sounds and Colours and Forms, as it were, swathed-in, and inextricably over-shrouded : yet it is skywoven, and worthy of a God. Stands he not thereby in the centre of Immensities, in the conflux of Eternities ? He feels ; power has been given him to know, to believe ; nay does not the spirit of Love, free in its celestial primeval brightness, even here, though but for moments, look through ? Well said Saint Chrysostom, with his lips of gold, “ the true SHEKINAH is Man ” : where else is the GOD’S-PRESENCE manifested not to our eyes only, but to our hearts, as in our fellow-man ? ’

In such passages, unhappily too rare, the high Platonic Mysticism of our Author, which is perhaps the fundamental element of his nature, bursts forth, as it were, in full flood ; and, through all the vapour and tarnish of what is often so perverse, so mean in his exterior and environment, we seem to look into a whole inward Sea of Light and Love ;—though, alas, the grim coppery clouds soon roll together again, and hide it from view.

Such tendency to Mysticism is everywhere traceable in this man ; and indeed, to attentive readers, must have been long ago apparent. Nothing that he sees but has more than a common meaning, but has two meanings : thus, if in the highest Imperial Sceptre and Charlemagne-Mantle, as well as in the poorest Ox-goad and Gipsy-Blanket, he finds Prose, Decay, Contemptibility ; there is in each sort

Poetry also, and a reverend Worth. For Matter, were it never so despicable, is Spirit, the manifestation of Spirit : were it never so honourable, can it be more ? The thing Visible, nay the thing Imagined, the thing in any way conceived as Visible, what is it but a Garment, a Clothing of the higher, celestial Invisible, 'unimaginable, formless, dark with excess of bright' ? Under which point of view the following passage, so strange in purport, so strange in phrase, seems characteristic enough :

'The beginning of all Wisdom is to look fixedly on Clothes, or even with armed eyesight, till they become *transparent*. "The Philosopher", says the wisest of this age, "must station himself in the middle" : how true ! The Philosopher is he to whom the Highest has descended, and the Lowest has mounted up ; who is the equal and kindly brother of all.

'Shall we tremble before clothwebs and cobwebs, whether woven in Arkwright looms, or by the silent Arachnes that weave unrestingly in our Imagination ? Or, on the other hand, what is there that we cannot love ; since all was created by God ?

'Happy he who can look through the Clothes of a Man (the woollen, and fleshly, and official Bank-paper and State-paper Clothes) into the Man himself ; and discern, it may be, in this or the other Dread Potentate, a more or less incompetent Digestive-apparatus ; yet also an inscrutable venerable Mystery, in the meanest Tinker that sees with eyes !'

For the rest, as is natural to a man of this kind, he deals much in the feeling of Wonder ; insists on the necessity and high worth of universal Wonder ; which he holds to be the only reasonable temper for the denizen of so singular a Planet as ours. 'Wonder', says he, 'is the basis of Worship : the reign of wonder is perennial, indestructible in Man ; only at certain stages (as the present), it is, for some short season, a reign *in partibus infidelium*.' That progress of Science, which is to destroy Wonder, and in its stead substitute Mensuration and Numeration, finds small favour with Teufelsdröckh, much as he otherwise venerates these two latter processes.

'Shall your Science', exclaims he, 'proceed in the small

chink-lighted, or even oil-lighted, underground workshop of Logic alone ; and man's mind become an Arithmetical Mill, whereof Memory is the Hopper, and mere Tables of Sines and Tangents, Codification, and Treatises of what you call Political Economy, are the Meal ? And what is that Science, which the scientific head alone, were it screwed off, and (like the Doctor's in the Arabian Tale) set in a basin to keep it alive, could prosecute without shadow of a heart,—but one other of the mechanical and menial handicrafts, for which the Scientific Head (having a Soul in it) is too noble an organ ? I mean that Thought without Reverence is barren, perhaps poisonous ; at best, dies like cookery with the day that called it forth ; does not live, like sowing, in successive tilths and wider-spreading harvests, bringing food and plenteous increase to all Time.'

In such wise does Teufelsdröckh deal hits, harder or softer, according to ability ; yet ever, as we would fain persuade ourselves, with charitable intent. Above all, that class of ' Logic-choppers, and treble-pipe Scoffers, and professed Enemies to Wonder ; who, in these days, so numerously patrol as night-constables about the Mechanics' Institute of Science, and cackle, like true Old-Roman geese and goslings round their Capitol, on any alarm, or on none ; nay who often, as illuminated Sceptics, walk abroad into peaceable society, in full daylight, with rattle and lantern, and insist on guiding you and guarding you therewith, though the Sun is shining, and the street populous with mere justice-loving men ' : that whole class is inexpressibly wearisome to him. Hear with what uncommon animation he perorates :

' The man who cannot wonder, who does not habitually wonder (and worship), were he President of innumerable Royal Societies, and carried the whole *Mécanique Céleste* and *Hegel's Philosophy*, and the epitome of all Laboratories and Observatories with their results, in his single head,—is but a Pair of Spectacles behind which there is no Eye. Let those who have Eyes look through him, then he may be useful.

' Thou wilt have no Mystery and Mysticism ; wilt walk through thy world by the sunshine of what thou callest Truth, or even by the hand-lamp of what I call Attorney-

Logic ; and “ explain ” all, “ account ” for all, or believe nothing of it ? Nay, thou wilt attempt laughter ; whoso recognises the unfathomable, all-pervading domain of Mystery, which is everywhere under our feet and among our hands ; to whom the Universe is an Oracle and Temple, as well as a Kitchen and Cattle-stall,—he shall be a delirious Mystic ; to him thou, with sniffing charity, wilt protrusively proffer thy hand-lamp, and shriek, as one injured, when he kicks his foot through it ?—*Armer Teufel !* Doth not thy cow calve, doth not thy bull gender ? Thou thyself, wert thou not born, wilt thou not die ? “ Explain ” me all this, or do one of two things : Retire into private places with thy foolish cackle ; or, what were better, give it up, and weep, not that the reign of wonder is done, and God’s world all disembellished and prosaic, but that thou hitherto art a Dilettante and sandblind Pedant.’

## CHAPTER XI

### PROSPECTIVE

THE Philosophy of Clothes is now to all readers, as we predicted it would do, unfolding itself into new boundless expansions, of a cloudcapt, almost chimerical aspect, yet not without azure loomings in the far distance, and streaks as of an Elysian brightness ; the highly questionable purport and promise of which it is becoming more and more important for us to ascertain. Is that a real Elysian brightness, cries many a timid wayfarer, or the reflex of Pandemonian lava ? Is it of a truth leading us into beatific Asphodel meadows, or the yellow-burning marl of a Hell-on-Earth ?

Our Professor, like other Mystics, whether delirious or inspired, gives an Editor enough to do. Ever higher and dizzier are the heights he leads us to ; more piercing, all-comprehending, all-confounding are his views and glances. For example, this of Nature being not an Aggregate but a Whole :

‘ Well sang the Hebrew Psalmist : “ If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the universe, God is there.” Thou thyself, O cultivated reader, who too probably art no Psalmist, but a Prosaist, knowing

God only by tradition, knowest thou any corner of the world where at least FORCE is not ? The drop which thou shakest from thy wet hand, rests not where it falls, but tomorrow thou findest it swept away ; already on the wings of the Northwind, it is nearing the Tropic of Cancer. How came it to evaporate, and not lie motionless ? Think-est thou there is aught motionless ; without Force, and utterly dead ?

‘As I rode through the Schwarzwald, I said to myself : That little fire which glows star-like across the dark-growing (*nachtende*) moor, where the sooty smith bends over his anvil, and thou hopest to replace thy lost horse-shoe,—is it a detached, separated speck, cut-off from the whole Universe ; or indissolubly joined to the whole ? Thou fool, that smithy-fire was (primarily) kindled at the Sun ; is fed by air that circulates from before Noah’s Deluge, from beyond the Dogstar ; therein, with Iron Force, and Coal Force, and the far stranger Force of Man, are cunning affinities and battles and victories of Force brought about ; it is a little ganglion, or nervous centre, in the great vital system of Immensity. Call it, if thou wilt, an unconscious Altar, kindled on the bosom of the All ; whose iron sacrifice, whose iron smoke and influence reach quite through the All ; whose dingy Priest, not by word, yet by brain and sinew, preaches forth the mystery of Force ; nay preaches forth (exoterically enough) one little textlet from the Gospel of Freedom, the Gospel of Man’s Force, commanding, and one day to be all-commanding.

‘Detached, separated ! I say there is no such separation : nothing hitherto was ever stranded, cast aside ; but all, were it only a withered leaf, works together with all ; is borne forward on the bottomless, shoreless flood of Action, and lives through perpetual metamorphoses. The withered leaf is not dead and lost, there are Forces in it and around it, though working in inverse order ; else how could it *rot* ? Despise not the rag from which man makes Paper, or the litter from which the earth makes Corn. Rightly viewed no meanest object is insignificant ; all objects are as windows, through which the philosophic eye looks into Infinitude itself.

Again, leaving that wondrous Schwarzwald Smithy-Altar,



what vacant, high-sailing air-ships are these, and whither will they sail with us ?

‘ All visible things are emblems ; what thou seest is not there on its own account ; strictly taken, is not there at all : Matter exists only spiritually, and to represent some Idea, and *body* it forth. Hence Clothes, as despicable as we think them, are so unspeakably significant. Clothes, from the King’s mantle downwards, are emblematic, not of want only, but of a manifold cunning Victory over Want. On the other hand, all Emblematic things are properly Clothes, thought-woven or hand-woven : must not the Imagination weave Garments, visible Bodies, wherein the else invisible creations and inspirations of our Reason are, like Spirits, revealed, and first become all-powerful ;—the rather if, as we often see, the Hand too aid her, and (by wool Clothes or otherwise) reveal such even to the outward eye ?

‘ Men are properly said to be clothed with Authority, clothed with Beauty, with Curses, and the like. Nay, if you consider it, what is Man himself, and his whole terrestrial Life, but an Emblem ; a Clothing or visible Garment for that divine ME of his, cast hither, like a light-particle, down from Heaven ? Thus is he said also to be clothed with a Body.

‘ Language is called the Garment of Thought : however, it should rather be, Language is the Flesh-Garment, the Body, of Thought. I said that Imagination wove this Flesh-Garment ; and does not she ? Metaphors are her stuff : examine Language ; what, if you except some few primitive elements (of natural sound), what is it all but Metaphors, recognised as such, or no longer recognised ; still fluid and florid, or now solid-grown and colourless ? If those same primitive elements are the osseous fixtures in the Flesh-Garment, Language,—then are Metaphors its muscles and tissues and living integuments. An unmetaphorical style you shall in vain seek for : is not your very *Attention a Stretching-to* ? The difference lies here : some styles are lean, adust, wiry, the muscle itself seems osseous ; some are even quite pallid, hunger-bitten and dead-looking ; while others again glow in the flush of health and vigorous self-growth, sometimes (as in my own case) not without an apoplectic tendency. Moreover, there are sham Metaphors

which overhanging that same Thought's-Body (best naked), and deceptively bedizening, or bolstering it out, may be called its false stuffings, superfluous show-cloaks (*Putz-Mäntel*), and tawdry woollen rags : whereof he that runs and reads may gather whole hampers,—and burn them.'

Than which paragraph on Metaphors did the reader ever chance to see a more surprisingly metaphorical ? However, that is not our chief grievance ; the Professor continues :

'Why multiply instances ? It is written, the Heavens and the Earth shall fade away like a Vesture ; which indeed they are : the Time-vesture of the Eternal. Whatsoever sensibly exists, whatsoever represents Spirit to Spirit, is properly a Clothing, a suit of Raiment, put on for a season, and to be laid off. Thus in this one pregnant subject of CLOTHES, rightly understood, is included all that men have thought, dreamed, done, and been : the whole External Universe and what it holds is but Clothing ; and the essence of all Science lies in the PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES.'

Towards these dim infinitely-expanded regions, close-bordering on the impalpable Inane, it is not without apprehension, and perpetual difficulties, that the Editor sees himself journeying and struggling. Till lately a cheerful daystar of hope hung before him, in the expected Aid of Hofrath Heuschrecke ; which daystar, however, melts now, not into the red of morning, but into a vague, gray half-light, uncertain whether dawn of day or dusk of utter darkness. For the last week, these so-called Biographical Documents are in his hand. By the kindness of a Scottish Hamburg Merchant, whose name, known to the whole mercantile world, he must not mention ; but whose honourable courtesy, now and often before spontaneously manifested to him, a mere literary stranger, he cannot soon forget,—the bulky Weissnichtwo Packet, with all its Customhouse seals, foreign hieroglyphs, and miscellaneous tokens of Travel, arrived here in perfect safety, and free of cost. The reader shall now fancy with what hot haste it was broken up, with what breathless expectation glanced over ; and, alas, with what unquiet disappointment it has, since then, been often thrown down, and again taken up.

Hofrath Heuschrecke, in a too long-winded Letter, full of compliments, Weissnichtwo politics, dinners, dining re-

partees, and other ephemeral trivialities, proceeds to remind us of what we knew well already : that however it may be with Metaphysics, and other abstract Science originating in the Head (*Verstand*) alone, no Life-Philosophy (*Lebensphilosophie*), such as this of Clothes pretends to be, which originates equally in the Character (*Gemüth*), and equally speaks thereto, can attain its significance till the Character itself is known and seen ; 'till the Author's View of the World (*Weltansicht*), and how he actively and passively came by such view, are clear : in short till a Biography of him has been philosophico-poetically written, and philosophico-poetically read.' 'Nay,' adds he, 'were the speculative scientific Truth even known, you still, in this inquiring age, ask yourself, Whence came it, and Why, and How ?—and rest not, till, if no better may be, Fancy have shaped-out an answer ; and either in the authentic lineaments of Fact, or the forged ones of Fiction, a complete picture and Genetical History of the Man and his spiritual Endeavour lies before you. But why,' says the Hofrath, and indeed say we, 'do I dilate on the uses of our Teufelsdröckh's Biography ? The great Herr Minister von Goethe has penetratingly remarked that "Man is properly the *only* object that interests man" : thus I too have noted, that in Weissnichtwo our whole conversation is little or nothing else but Biography or Auto-Biography ; ever humano-anecdotal (*menschlich-anekdotisch*). Biography is by nature the most universally profitable, universally pleasant of all things : especially Biography of distinguished individuals.

'By this time, *mein Verehrtester* (my Most Esteemed),' continues he, with an eloquence which, unless the words be purloined from Teufelsdröckh, or some trick of his, as we suspect, is well-nigh unaccountable, 'by this time you are fairly plunged (*vertieft*) in that mighty forest of Clothes-Philosophy ; and looking round, as all readers do, with astonishment enough. Such portions and passages as you have already mastered, and brought to paper, could not but awaken a strange curiosity touching the mind they issued from ; the perhaps unparalleled psychological mechanism, which manufactured such matter, and emitted it to the light of day. Had Teufelsdröckh also a father and mother ; did he, at one time, wear drivel-bibs, and live on

spoon-meat ? Did he ever, in rapture and tears, clasp a friend's bosom to his ; looks he also wistfully into the long burial-aisle of the Past, where only winds, and their low harsh moan, give inarticulate answer ? Has he fought duels ;—good Heaven ! how did he comport himself when in Love ? By what singular stair-steps, in short, and subterranean passages, and sloughs of Despair, and steep Pisgah hills, has he reached this wonderful prophetic Hebron (a true Old-Clothes Jewry) where he now dwells ?

' To all these natural questions the voice of public History is as yet silent. Certain only that he has been, and is, a Pilgrim, and Traveller from a far Country ; more or less footsore and travel-soiled ; has parted with road-companions ; fallen among thieves, been poisoned by bad cookery, blistered with bugbites ; nevertheless, at every stage (for they have let him pass), has had the Bill to discharge. But the whole particulars of his Route, his Weather-observations, the picturesque Sketches he took, though all regularly jotted down (in indelible sympathetic-ink by an invisible interior Penman), are these nowhere forthcoming ? Perhaps quite lost : one other leaf of that mighty Volume (of human Memory) left to fly abroad, unprinted, unpublished, unbound up, as waste paper ; and to rot, the sport of rainy winds ?

' No, *verehrtester Herr Herausgeber*, in no wise ! I here, by the unexampled favour you stand in with our Sage, send not a Biography only, but an Autobiography : at least the materials for such ; wherefrom, if I misreckon not, your perspicacity will draw fullest insight : and so the whole Philosophy and Philosopher of Clothes will stand clear to the wondering eyes of England, nay thence, through America, through Hindostan, and the antipodal New Holland, finally conquer (*einnehmen*) great part of this terrestrial Planet !'

And now let the sympathising reader judge of our feeling when, in place of this same Autobiography with ' fullest insight ', we find—Six considerable PAPER-BAGS, carefully sealed, and marked successively, in gilt China-ink, with the symbols of the Six southern Zodiacal Signs, beginning at Libra ; in the inside of which sealed Bags lie miscellaneous masses of Sheets, and oftener Shreds and Snips, written in

Professor Teufelsdröckh's scarce legible *cursiv-schrift* ; and treating of all imaginable things under the Zodiac and above it, but of his own personal history only at rare intervals, and then in the most enigmatic manner.

Whole fascicles there are, wherein the Professor, or, as he here, speaking in the third person, calls himself, 'the Wanderer', is not once named. Then again, amidst what seems to be a Metaphysico-theological Disquisition, 'Detached Thoughts on the Steam-engine', or, 'The continued Possibility of Prophecy', we shall meet with some quite private, not unimportant Biographical fact. On certain sheets stand Dreams, authentic or not, while the circumjacent waking Actions are omitted. Anecdotes, oftenest without date of place or time, fly loosely on separate slips, like Sibylline leaves. Interspersed also are long purely Autobiographical delineations ; yet without connexion, without recognisable coherence ; so unimportant, so superfluously minute, they almost remind us of 'P.P. Clerk of this Parish'. Thus does famine of intelligence alternate with waste. Selection, order, appears to be unknown to the Professor. In all Bags the same imbroglío ; only perhaps in the Bag *Capricorn*, and those near it, the confusion a little worse confounded. Close by a rather eloquent Oration, 'On receiving the Doctor's-Hat', lie wash-bills, marked *bezahlt* (settled). His Travels are indicated by the Street-Advertisements of the various cities he has visited ; of which Street-Advertisements, in most living tongues, here is perhaps the completest collection extant.

So that if the Clothes-Volume itself was too like a Chaos, we have now instead of the solar Luminary that should still it, the airy Limbo which by intermixture will farther volatilise and discompose it ! As we shall perhaps see it our duty ultimately to deposit these Six Paper-Bags in the British Museum, farther description, and all vituperation of them, may be spared. Biography or Autobiography of Teufelsdröckh there is, clearly enough, none to be gleaned here : at most some sketchy, shadowy fugitive likeness of him may, by unheard-of efforts, partly of intellect, partly of imagination, on the side of Editor and of Reader, rise up between them. Only as a gaseous-chaotic Appendix to that aqueous-chaotic Volume can the contents of the Six Bags

hover round us, and portions thereof be incorporated with our delineation of it.

Daily and nightly does the Editor sit (with green spectacles) deciphering these unimaginable Documents from their perplexed *cursiv-schrift*; collating them with the almost equally unimaginable Volume, which stands in legible print. Over such a universal medley of high and low, of hot, cold, moist and dry, is he here struggling (by union of like with like, which is Method) to build a firm Bridge for British travellers. Never perhaps since our first Bridge-builders, Sin and Death, built that stupendous Arch from Hell-gate to the Earth, did any Pontifex, or Pontiff, undertake such a task as the present Editor. For in this Arch too, leading, as we humbly presume, far otherwards than that grand primeval one, the materials are to be fished-up from the weltering deep, and down from the simmering air, here one mass, there another, and cunningly cemented, while the elements boil beneath : nor is there any supernatural force to do it with ; but simply the Diligence and feeble thinking Faculty of an English Editor, endeavouring to evolve printed Creation out of a German printed and written Chaos, wherein, as he shoots to and fro in it, gathering, clutching, piecing the Why to the far-distant Wherefore, his whole Faculty and Self are like to be swallowed up.

Patiently, under these incessant toils and agitations, does the Editor, dismissing all anger, see his otherwise robust health declining ; some fraction of his allotted natural sleep nightly leaving him, and little but an inflamed nervous-system to be looked for. What is the use of health, or of life, if not to do some work therewith ? And what work nobler than transplanting foreign Thought into the barren domestic soil ; except indeed planting Thought of your own, which the fewest are privileged to do ? Wild as it looks, this Philosophy of Clothes, can we ever reach its real meaning, promises to reveal new-coming Eras, the first dim rudiments and already-budding germs of a nobler Era, in Universal History. Is not such a prize worth some striving ? Forward with us, courageous reader ; be it towards failure, or towards success ! The latter thou sharest with us ; the former also is not all our own.

## BOOK SECOND

### CHAPTER I

#### GENESIS

IN a psychological point of view, it is perhaps questionable whether from birth and genealogy, how closely scrutinised soever, much insight is to be gained. Nevertheless, as in every phenomenon the Beginning remains always the most notable moment ; so, with regard to any great man, we rest not till, for our scientific profit or not, the whole circumstances of his first appearance in this Planet, and what manner of Public Entry he made, are with utmost completeness rendered manifest. To the Genesis of our Clothes-Philosopher, then, be this First Chapter consecrated. Unhappily, indeed, he seems to be of quite obscure extraction ; uncertain, we might almost say, whether of any : so that this Genesis of his can properly be nothing but an Exodus (or transit out of Invisibility into Visibility) ; whereof the preliminary portion is nowhere forthcoming.

‘ In the village of Entepfuhl ’, thus writes he, in the *Bag Libra*, on various Papers, which we arrange with difficulty, ‘ dwelt Andreas Futteral and his wife ; childless, in still seclusion, and cheerful though now verging towards old age. Andreas had been grenadier Sergeant, and even regimental Schoolmaster under Frederick the Great ; but now, quitting the halbert and ferule for the spade and pruning-hook, cultivated a little Orchard, on the produce of which he, Cincinnatus-like, lived not without dignity. Fruits, the peach, the apple, the grape, with other varieties came in their season ; all which Andreas knew how to sell : on evenings he smoked largely, or read (as beseeemed a regimental Schoolmaster), and talked to neighbours that would listen about the Victory of Rossbach ; and how Fritz the Only (*der Einzige*) had once with his own royal lips

spoken to him, had been pleased to say, when Andreas as camp-sentinel demanded the pass-word, "*Schweig Hund* (Peace, hound)!" before any of his staff-adjutants could answer. "*Das nenn' ich mir einen König*, There is what I call a King," would Andreas exclaim: "but the smoke of Kunersdorf was still smarting his eyes."

Gretchen, the housewife, won like Desdemona by the deeds rather than the looks of her now veteran Othello, lived not in altogether military subordination; for, as Andreas said, "the womankind will not drill (*wer kann die Weiberchen dressiren*):" nevertheless she at heart loved him both for valour and wisdom; to her a Prussian grenadier Sergeant and Regiment's Schoolmaster was little other than a Cicero and Cid: what you see, yet cannot see over, is as good as infinite. Nay, was not Andreas in very deed a man of order, courage, downrightness (*Geradheit*); that understood Büsching's *Geography*, had been in the victory of Rossbach, and left for dead in the camisade of Hochkirch? The good Gretchen, for all her fretting, watched over him and hovered round him as only a true house-mother can: assiduously she cooked and sewed and scoured for him; so that not only his old regimental sword and grenadier-cap, but the whole habitation and environment, where on pegs of honour they hung, looked ever trim and gay: a roomy painted Cottage, embowered in fruit-trees and forest-trees, evergreens and honeysuckles; rising many-coloured from amid shaven grass-plots, flowers struggling-in through the very windows; under its long projecting eaves nothing but garden-tools in methodic piles (to screen them from rain), and seats where, especially on summer nights, a King might have wished to sit and smoke, and call it his. Such a *Bauergut* (Copyhold) had Gretchen given her veteran; whose sinewy arms, and long-disused garden-talent, had made it what you saw.

Into this umbrageous Man's-nest, one meek yellow evening or dusk, when the Sun, hidden indeed from terrestrial Entepfuhl, did nevertheless journey visible and radiant along the celestial Balance (*Libra*), it was that a Stranger of reverend aspect entered; and, with grave salutation, stood before the two rather astonished housemates. He was close-muffled in a wide mantle; which without farther



parley unfolding, he deposited therefrom what seemed some Basket, overhung with green Persian silk ; saying only : *Ihr lieben Leute, hier bringe ein unschätzbares Verleihen ; nehmt es in aller Acht, sorgfältigst benützt es : mit hohem Lohn, oder wohl mit schweren Zinsen, wird's einst zurückgefordert.* " Good Christian people, here lies for you an invaluable Loan ; take all heed thereof, in all carefulness employ it : with high recompense, or else with heavy penalty, will it one day be required back." Uttering which singular words, in a clear, bell-like, forever memorable tone, the Stranger gracefully withdrew ; and before Andreas or his wife, gazing in expectant wonder, had time to fashion either question or answer, was clean gone. Neither out of doors could aught of him be seen or heard ; he had vanished in the thickets, in the dusk ; the Orchard-gate stood quietly closed : the Stranger was gone once and always. So sudden had the whole transaction been, in the autumn stillness and twilight, so gentle, noiseless, that the Futterals could have fancied it all a trick of Imagination, or some visit from an authentic Spirit. Only that the green-silk Basket, such as neither Imagination nor authentic Spirits are wont to carry, still stood visible and tangible on their little parlour-table. Towards this the astonished couple, now with lit candle, hastily turned their attention. Lifting the green veil, to see what invaluable it hid, they descried there, amid down and rich white wrappages, no Pitt Diamond or Hapsburg Regalia, but, in the softest sleep, a little red-coloured Infant ! Beside it, lay a roll of gold Friedrichs, the exact amount of which was never publicly known ; also a *Taufschein* (baptismal certificate), wherein unfortunately nothing but the Name was decipherable ; other document or indication none whatever.

' To wonder and conjecture was unavailing, then and always thenceforth. Nowhere in Entepfuhl, on the morrow or next day, did tidings transpire of any such figure as the Stranger ; nor could the Traveller, who had passed through the neighbouring Town in coach-and-four, be connected with this Apparition, except in the way of gratuitous surmise. Meanwhile, for Andreas and his wife, the grand practical problem was : What to do with this little sleeping red-coloured Infant ? Amid amazements and curiosities,

which had to die away without external satisfying, they resolved, as in such circumstances charitable prudent people needs must, on nursing it, though with spoon-meat, into whiteness, and if possible into manhood. The Heavens smiled on their endeavour : thus has that same mysterious Individual ever since had a status for himself in this visible Universe, some modicum of victual and lodging and parade-ground ; and now expanded in bulk, faculty and knowledge of good and evil, he, as HERR DIOGENES TEUFELSDRÜCKH, professes or is ready to profess, perhaps not altogether without effect, in the new University of Weissnichtwo, the new Science of Things in General.'

Our Philosopher declares here, as indeed we should think he well might, that these facts, first communicated, by the good Gretchen Futteral, in his twelfth year, 'produced on the boyish heart and fancy a quite indelible impression. Who this reverend Personage,' he says, 'that glided into the Orchard Cottage when the Sun was in Libra, and then, as on spirit's wings, glided out again, might be ? An inexpressible desire, full of love and of sadness, has often since struggled within me to shape an answer. Ever, in my distresses and my loneliness, has Fantasy turned, full of longing (*sehnsuchtsvoll*), to that unknown Father, who perhaps far from me, perhaps near, either way invisible, might have taken me to his paternal bosom, there to lie screened from many a woe. Thou beloved Father, dost thou still, shut out from me only by thin penetrable curtains of earthly Space, wend to and fro among the crowd of the living ? Or art thou hidden by those far thicker curtains of the Everlasting Night, or rather of the Everlasting Day, through which my mortal eye and outstretched arms need not strive to reach ? Alas, I know not, and in vain vex myself to know. More than once, heart-deluded, have I taken for thee this and the other noble-looking Stranger ; and approached him wistfully, with infinite regard ; but he too had to repel me, he too was not thou.

'And yet, O Man born of Woman,' cries the Autobiographer, with one of his sudden whirls, 'wherein is my case peculiar ? Hadst thou, any more than I, a Father whom thou knowest ? The Andreas and Gretchen, or the Adam and Eve, who led thee into Life, and for a time suckled and

pap-fed thee there, whom thou namest Father and Mother ; these were, like mine, but thy nursing-father and nursing-mother : thy true Beginning and Father is in Heaven, whom with the bodily eye thou shalt never behold, but only with the spiritual.'

'The little green veil', adds he, among much similar moralising, and embroiled discoursing, 'I yet keep ; still more inseparably the Name, Diogenes Teufelsdröckh. From the veil can nothing be inferred : a piece of now quite faded Persian silk, like thousands of others. On the Name I have many times meditated and conjectured ; but neither in this lay there any clue. That it was my unknown Father's name I must hesitate to believe. To no purpose have I searched through all the Herald's Books, in and without the German Empire, and through all manner of Subscriber-Lists (*Pränumeranten*), Militia-Rolls, and other Name-catalogues ; extraordinary names as we have in Germany, the name Teufelsdröckh, except as appended to my own person, nowhere occurs. Again, what may the unchristian rather than Christian "Diogenes" mean ? Did that reverend Basket-bearer intend, by such designation, to shadow-forth my future destiny, or his own present malign humour ? Perhaps the latter, perhaps both. Thou ill-starred Parent, who like an Ostrich hadst to leave thy ill-starred offspring to be hatched into self-support by the mere sky-influences of Chance, can thy pilgrimage have been a smooth one ? Beset by Misfortune thou doubtless hast been ; or indeed by the worst figure of Misfortune, by Misconduct. Often have I fancied how, in thy hard life-battle, thou wert shot at, and slung at, wounded, hand-fettered, hamstrung, browbeaten and bedevilled by the Time-Spirit (*Zeitgeist*) in thyself and others, till the good soul first given thee was seered into grim rage ; and thou hadst nothing for it but to leave in me an indignant appeal to the Future, and living speaking Protest against the Devil, as that same Spirit not of the Time only, but of Time itself, is well named ! Which Appeal and Protest, may I now modestly add, was not perhaps quite lost in air.

'For indeed, as Walter Shandy often insisted, there is much, nay almost all, in Names. The Name is the earliest Garment you wrap round the earth-visiting ME ; to which

it thenceforth cleaves, more tenaciously (for there are Names that have lasted nigh thirty centuries) than the very skin. And now from without, what mystic influences does it not send inwards, even to the centre ; especially in those plastic first-times, when the whole soul is yet infantine, soft, and the invisible seedgrain will grow to be an all overshadowing tree ! Names ? Could I unfold the influence of Names, which are the most important of all Clothings, I were a second greater Trismegistus. Not only all common Speech, but Science, Poetry itself is no other, if thou consider it, than a right *Naming*. Adam's first task was giving names to natural Appearances : what is ours still but a continuation of the same ; be the Appearances exotic-vegetable, organic, mechanic, stars, or starry movements (as in Science) ; or (as in Poetry) passions, virtues, calamities, God-attributes, Gods ?—In a very plain sense the Proverb says, *Call one a thief, and he will steal* ; in an almost similar sense may we not perhaps say, *Call one Diogenes Teufelsdrückh, and he will open the Philosophy of Clothes ?* '

' Meanwhile the incipient Diogenes, like others, all ignorant of his Why, his How or Whereabout, was opening his eyes to the kind Light ; sprawling-out his ten fingers and toes ; listening, tasting, feeling ; in a word, by all his Five Senses, still more by his Sixth Sense of Hunger, and a whole infinitude of inward, spiritual, half-awakened Senses, endeavouring daily to acquire for himself some knowledge of this strange Universe where he had arrived, be his task therein what it might. Infinite was his progress ; thus in some fifteen months, he could perform the miracle of—Speech ! To breed a fresh Soul, is it not like brooding a fresh (celestial) Egg ; wherein as yet all is formless, powerless ; yet by degrees organic elements and fibres shoot through the watery albumen ; and out of vague Sensation grows Thought, grows Fantasy and Force, and we have Philosophies, Dynasties, nay Poetries and Religions !

' Young Diogenes, or rather young Gneschen, for by such diminutive had they in their fondness named him, travelled forward to those high consummations, by quick yet easy stages. The Futterals, to avoid vain talk, and moreover keep the roll of gold Friedrichs safe, gave-out

that he was a grand-nephew ; the orphan of some sister's daughter, suddenly deceased, in Andreas's distant Prussian birthland ; of whom, as of her indigent sorrowing widower, little enough was known at Entepfuhl. Heedless of all which, the Nurseling took to his spoon-meat, and thrive. I have heard him noted as a still infant, that kept his mind much to himself ; above all, that seldom or never cried. He already felt that time was precious ; that he had other work cut-out for him than whimpering.'

Such, after utmost painful search and collation among these miscellaneous Paper-masses, is all the notice we can gather of Herr Teufelsdröckh's genealogy. More imperfect, more enigmatic it can seem to few readers than to us. The Professor, in whom truly we more and more discern a certain satirical turn, and deep under-currents of roguish whim, for the present stands pledged in honour, so we will not doubt him : but seems it not conceivable that, by the ' good Gretchen Futteral ', or some other perhaps interested party, he has himself been deceived ? Should these sheets, translated or not, ever reach the Entepfuhl Circulating Library, some cultivated native of that district might feel called to afford explanation. Nay, since Books, like invisible scouts, permeate the whole habitable globe, and Timbuctoo itself is not safe from British Literature, may not some Copy find out even the mysterious basket-bearing Stranger, who in a state of extreme senility perhaps still exists ; and gently force even him to disclose himself ; to claim openly a son, in whom any father may feel pride ?

## CHAPTER II

### IDYLLIC

' HAPPY season of Childhood ! ' exclaims Teufelsdröckh : ' Kind Nature, that art to all a bountiful mother ; that visitest the poor man's hut with auroral radiance ; and for thy Nurseling hast provided a soft swathing of Love and infinite Hope, wherein he waxes and slumbers, danced-round

(*umgarkelt*) by sweetest Dreams ! If the paternal Cottage still shuts us in, its roof still screens us ; with a Father we have as yet a prophet, priest and king, and an Obedience that makes us free. The young spirit has awakened out of Eternity, and knows not what we mean by Time ; as yet Time is no fast-hurrying stream, but a sportful sunlit ocean ; years to the child are as ages : ah ! the secret of Vicissitude, of that slower or quicker decay and ceaseless down-rushing of the universal World-fabric, from the granite mountain to the man or day-moth, is yet unknown ; and in a motionless Universe, we taste, what afterwards in this quick-whirling Universe is forever denied us, the balm of Rest. Sleep on, thou fair Child, for thy long rough journey is at hand ! A little while, and thou too shalt sleep no more, but thy very dreams shall be mimic battles ; thou too, with old Arnauld, wilt have to say in stern patience : " Rest ? Rest ? Shall I not have all Eternity to rest in ? " Celestial Nepenthe ! though a Pyrrhus conquer empires, and an Alexander sack the world, he finds thee not ; and thou hast once fallen gently, of thy own accord, on the eyelids, on the heart of every mother's child. For as yet, sleep and waking are one : the fair Life-garden rustles infinite around, and everywhere is dewy fragrance, and the budding of Hope ; which budding, if in youth, too frostnipt, it grow to flowers, will in manhood yield no fruit, but a prickly, bitter-rinded stone-fruit, of which the fewest can find the kernel.'

In such rose-coloured light does our Professor, as Poets are wont, look back on his childhood ; the historical details of which (to say nothing of much other vague oratorical matter) he accordingly dwells on with an almost wearisome minuteness. We hear of Entepfuhl standing 'in trustful derangement' among the woody slopes ; the paternal Orchard flanking it as extreme outpost from below ; the little Kuhbach gushing kindly by, among beech-rows, through river after river, into the Donau, into the Black Sea, into the Atmosphere and Universe ; and how 'the brave old Linden', stretching like a parasol of twenty ells in radius, overtopping all other rows and clumps, towered up from the central *Agora* and *Campus Martius* of the Village, like its Sacred Tree ; and how the old men sat talking under its shadow (Gneschen often greedily listening),

and the wearied labourers reclined, and the unwearied children sported, and the young men and maidens often danced to flute-music. 'Glorious summer twilights,' cries Teufelsdröckh, 'when the Sun, like a proud Conqueror and Imperial Taskmaster, turned his back, with his gold-purple emblazonry, and all his fireclad bodyguard (of Prismatic Colours); and the tired brickmakers of this clay Earth might steal a little frolic, and those few meek Stars would not tell of them!'

Then we have long details of the *Weinlesen* (Vintage), the Harvest-Home, Christmas, and so forth; with a whole cycle of the Entepfuhr Children's-games, differing apparently by mere superficial shades from those of other countries. Concerning all which, we shall here, for obvious reasons, say nothing. What cares the world for our as yet miniature Philosopher's achievements under that 'brave old Linden'? Or even where is the use of such practical reflections as the following? 'In all the sports of Children, were it only in their wanton breakages and defacements, you shall discern a creative instinct (*schaffenden Trieb*): the Mankin feels that he is a born Man, that his vocation is to work. The choicest present you can make him is a Tool; be it knife or pen-gun, for construction or for destruction; either way it is for Work, for Change. In gregarious sports of skill or strength, the Boy trains himself to Coöperation, for war or peace, as governor or governed: the little Maid again, provident of her domestic destiny, takes with preference to Dolls.'

Perhaps, however, we may give this anecdote, considering who it is that relates it: 'My first short-clothes were of yellow serge; or rather, I should say, my first short-cloth, for the vesture was one and indivisible, reaching from neck to ankle, a mere body with four limbs: of which fashion how little could I then divine the architectural, how much less the moral significance!'

More graceful is the following little picture: 'On fine evenings I was wont to carry-forth my supper (bread-crumbs boiled in milk), and eat it out-of-doors. On the coping of the Orchard-wall, which I could reach by climbing, or still more easily if Father Andreas would set-up the pruning-ladder, my porringer was placed: there, many a sunset,

have I, looking at the distant western Mountains, consumed, not without relish, my evening meal. Those hues of gold and azure, that hush of World's expectation as Day died, were still a Hebrew Speech for me; nevertheless I was looking at the fair illuminated Letters, and had an eye for their gilding.'

With 'the little one's friendship for cattle and poultry' we shall not much intermeddle. It may be that hereby he acquired a 'certain deeper sympathy with animated Nature': but when, we would ask, saw any man, in a collection of Biographical Documents, such a piece as this: 'Impressive enough (*bedeutungsvoll*) was it to hear, in early morning, the Swineherd's horn; and know that so many hungry happy quadrupeds were, on all sides, starting in hot haste to join him, for breakfast on the Heath. Or to see them at eventide, all marching-in again, with short squeak, almost in military order; and each, topographically correct, trotting-off in succession to the right or left, through its own lane, to its own dwelling; till old Kunz, at the Village-head, now left alone, blew his last blast, and retired for the night. We are wont to love the Hog chiefly in the form of Ham; yet did not these bristly thick-skinned beings here manifest intelligence, perhaps humour of character; at any rate, a touching, trustful submissiveness to Man,—who, were he but a Swineherd, in darned gabardine, and leather breeches more resembling slate or discoloured-tin breeches, is still the Hierarch of this lower world?'

It is maintained, by Helvetius and his set, that an infant of genius is quite the same as any other infant, only that certain surprisingly favourable influences accompany him through life, especially through childhood, and expand him, while others lie closefolded and continue dunces. Herein, say they, consists the whole difference between an inspired Prophet and a double-barrelled Game-preserver: the inner man of the one has been fostered into generous development; that of the other, crushed-down perhaps by vigour of animal digestion, and the like, has exuded and evaporated, or at best sleeps now irresuscitably stagnant at the bottom of his stomach. 'With which opinion', cries Teufelsdröckh, 'I should as soon agree as with this other, that an acorn might, by favourable or unfavourable influences of



soil and climate, be nursed into a cabbage, or the cabbage-seed into an oak.

‘Nevertheless,’ continues he, ‘I too acknowledge the all-but omnipotence of early culture and nurture : hereby we have either a doddered dwarf bush, or a high-towering, wide-shadowing tree ; either a sick yellow cabbage, or an edible luxuriant green one. Of a truth, it is the duty of all men, especially of all philosophers, to note-down with accuracy the characteristic circumstances of their Education, what furthered, what hindered, what in any way modified it : to which duty, nowadays so pressing for many a German Autobiographer, I also zealously address myself.’ —Thou rogue ! Is it by short-clothes of yellow serge, and swineherd horns, that an infant of genius is educated ? And yet, as usual, it ever remains doubtful whether he is laughing in his sleeve at these Autobiographical times of ours, or writing from the abundance of his own fond ineptitude. For he continues : ‘If among the ever-streaming currents of Sights, Hearings, Feelings for Pain or Pleasure, whereby, as in a Magic Hall, young Gneschen went about environed, I might venture to select and specify, perhaps these following were also of the number :

‘Doubtless, as childish sports call forth Intellect, Activity, so the young creature’s Imagination was stirred up, and a Historical tendency given him by the narrative habits of Father Andreas ; who, with his battle-reminiscences, and gray austere yet hearty patriarchal aspect, could not but appear another Ulysses and “much-enduring Man”. Eagerly I hung upon his tales, when listening neighbours enlivened the hearth ; from these perils and these travels, wild and far almost as Hades itself, a dim world of Adventure expanded itself within me. Incalculable also was the knowledge I acquired in standing by the Old Men under the Linden-tree : the whole of Immensity was yet new to me ; and had not these reverend seniors, talkative enough, been employed in partial surveys thereof for nigh fourscore years ? With amazement I began to discover that Entepfuhl stood in the middle of a Country, of a World ; that there was such a thing as History, as Biography ; to which I also, one day, by hand and tongue, might contribute.

‘In a like sense worked the *Postwagen* (Stage-coach),

which, slow-rolling under its mountains of men and luggage, wended through our Village : northwards, truly, in the dead of night ; yet southwards visibly at eventide. Not till my eighth year did I reflect that this Postwagen could be other than some terrestrial Moon, rising and setting by mere Law of Nature, like the heavenly one ; that it came on made highways, from far cities towards far cities ; weaving them like a monstrous shuttle into closer and closer union. It was then that, independently of Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, I made this not quite insignificant reflection (so true also in spiritual things) : *Any road, this simple Entepfuhr road, will lead you to the end of the World !*

Why mention our Swallows, which, out of far Africa, as I learned, threading their way over seas and mountains, corporate cities and belligerent nations, yearly found themselves, with the month of May, snug-lodged in our Cottage Lobby ? The hospitable Father (for cleanliness' sake) had fixed a little bracket plumb under their nest : there they built, and caught flies, and twittered, and bred ; and all, I chiefly, from the heart loved them. Bright, nimble creatures, who taught *you* the mason-craft ; nay, stranger still, gave you a masonic incorporation, almost social police ? For if, by ill chance, and when time pressed, your House fell, have I not seen five neighbourly Helpers appear next day ; and swashing to and fro, with animated, loud, long-drawn chirpings, and activity almost super-hirundine, complete it again before nightfall ?

But undoubtedly the grand summary of Entepfuhr child's-culture, where as in a funnel its manifold influences were concentrated and simultaneously poured-down on us, was the annual Cattle-fair. Here, assembling from all the four winds, came the elements of an unspeakable hurly-burly. Nutbrown maids and nutbrown men, all clear-washed, loud-laughing, bedizened and beribanded ; who came for dancing, for treating, and if possible, for happiness. Topbooted Graziers from the North ; Swiss Brokers, Italian Drovers, also topbooted, from the South ; these with their subalterns in leather jerkins, leather skull-caps, and long oxgoads ; shouting in half-articulate speech, amid the inarticulate barking and bellowing. Apart stood Potters from far Saxony, with their crockery in fair rows ;

Nürnberg Pedlars, in booths that to me seemed richer than Ormuz bazaars; Showmen from the Lago Maggiore; detachments of the *Wiener Schub* (Offscourings of Vienna) vociferously superintending games of chance. Ballad-singers brayed, Auctioneers grew hoarse; cheap New Wine (*heuriger*) flowed like water, still worse confounding the confusion; and high over all, vaulted, in ground-and-lofty tumbling, a particoloured Merry-Andrew, like the genius of the place and of Life itself.

‘ Thus encircled by the mystery of Existence; under the deep heavenly Firmament; waited-on by the four golden Seasons, with their vicissitudes of contribution, for even grim Winter brought its skating-matches and shooting-matches, its snow-storms and Christmas-carols,—did the Child sit and learn. These things were the Alphabet, whereby in after-time he was to syllable and partly read the grand Volume of the World: what matters it whether such Alphabet be in large gilt letters or in small ungilt ones, so you have an eye to read it? For Gneschen, eager to learn, the very act of looking thereon was a blessedness that gilded all: his existence was a bright, soft element of Joy; out of which, as in Prospero’s Island, wonder after wonder bodied itself forth, to teach by charming.

‘ Nevertheless, I were but a vain dreamer to say, that even then my felicity was perfect. I had, once for all, come down from Heaven into the Earth. Among the rainbow colours that glowed on my horizon, lay even in childhood a dark ring of Care, as yet no thicker than a thread, and often quite overshadowed; yet always it reappeared, nay ever waxing broader and broader; till in after-years it almost over-shadowed my whole canopy, and threatened to engulf me in final night. It was the ring of Necessity whereby we are all begirt; happy he for whom a kind heavenly Sun brightens it into a ring of Duty, and plays round it with beautiful prismatic diffractions; yet ever, as basis and as bourne for our whole being, it is there.

‘ For the first few years of our terrestrial Apprenticeship, we have not much work to do; but, boarded and lodged gratis, are set down mostly to look about us over the workshop, and see others work, till we have understood the

tools a little, and can handle this and that. If good Passivity alone, and not good Passivity and good Activity together, were the thing wanted, then was my early position favourable beyond the most. In all that respects openness of Sense, affectionate Temper, ingenuous Curiosity, and the fostering of these, what more could I have wished ? On the other side, however, things went not so well. My Active Power (*Thatkraft*) was unfavourably hemmed-in ; of which misfortune how many traces yet abide with me ! In an orderly house, where the litter of children's sports is hateful enough, your training is too stoical ; rather to bear and forbear than to make and do. I was forbid much : wishes in any measure bold I had to renounce ; everywhere a strait bond of Obedience inflexibly held me down. Thus already Freewill often came in painful collision with Necessity ; so that my tears flowed, and at seasons the Child itself might taste that root of bitterness, wherewith the whole fruitage of our life is mingled and tempered.

*Wagner*  
*Boy*  
' In which habituation to Obedience, truly, it was beyond measure safer to err by excess than by defect. Obedience is our universal duty and destiny ; wherein whoso will not bend must break : too early and too thoroughly we cannot be trained to know that Would, in this world of ours, is as mere zero to Should, and for most part as the smallest of fractions even to Shall. Hereby was laid for me the basis of worldly Discretion, nay of Morality itself. Let me not quarrel with my upbringing. It was rigorous, too frugal, compressively secluded, everyway unscientific : yet in that very strictness and domestic solitude might there not lie the root of deeper earnestness, of the stem from which all noble fruit must grow ? Above all, how unskilful soever, it was loving, it was well-meant, honest ; whereby every deficiency was helped. My kind Mother, for as such I must ever love the good Gretchen, did me one altogether invaluable service : she taught me, less indeed by word than by act and daily reverent look and habitude, her own simple version of the Christian Faith. Andreas too attended Church ; yet more like a parade-duty, for which he in the other world expected pay with arrears,—as, I trust, he has received ; but my Mother, with a true woman's heart, and fine though uncultivated sense,

was in the strictest acceptation Religious. How indestructibly the Good grows, and propagates itself, even among the weedy entanglements of Evil! The highest whom I knew on Earth I here saw bowed down, with awe unspeakable, before a Higher in Heaven: such things, especially in infancy, reach inwards to the very core of your being; mysteriously does a Holy of Holies build itself into visibility in the mysterious deeps; and Reverence, the divinest in man, springs forth undying from its mean envelopment of Fear. Wouldst thou rather be a peasant's son that knew, were it never so rudely, there was a God in Heaven and in Man; or a duke's son that only knew there were two-and-thirty quarters on the family-coach?'

To which last question we must answer: Beware, O Teufelsdröckh, of spiritual pride!

## CHAPTER III

### PEDAGOGY

HITHERTO we see young Gneschen, in his indivisible case of yellow serge, borne forward mostly on the arms of kind Nature alone; seated, indeed, and much to his mind, in the terrestrial workshop, but (except his soft hazel eyes, which we doubt not already gleamed with a still intelligence) called upon for little voluntary movement there. Hitherto, accordingly, his aspect is rather generic, that of an incipient Philosopher and Poet in the abstract; perhaps it would puzzle Herr Heuschrecke himself to say wherein the special Doctrine of Clothes is as yet foreshadowed or betokened. For with Gneschen, as with others, the Man may indeed stand pictured in the Boy (at least all the pigments are there); yet only some half of the Man stands in the Child, or young Boy, namely, his Passive endowment, not his Active. The more impatient are we to discover what figure he cuts in this latter capacity; how, when, to use his own words, 'he understands the tools a little, and can handle this or that,' he will proceed to handle it.

Here, however, may be the place to state that, in much of our Philosopher's history, there is something of an almost

Hindoo character : may perhaps in that so well-fostered and everyway excellent ' Passivity ' of his, which, with no free development of the antagonist Activity, distinguished his childhood, we may detect the rudiments of much that, in after days, and still in these present days, astonishes the world. For the shallow-sighted, Teufelsdröckh is oftenest a man without Activity of any kind, a No-man ; for the deep-sighted, again, a man with Activity almost superabundant, yet so spiritual, close-hidden, enigmatic, that no mortal can foresee its explosions, or even when it has exploded, so much as ascertain its significance. A dangerous, difficult temper for the modern European ; above all, disadvantageous in the hero of a Biography ! Now as heretofore it will behove the Editor of these pages, were it never so unsuccessfully, to do his endeavour.

Among the earliest tools of any complicity which a man, especially a man of letters, gets to handle, are his Class-books. On this portion of his History, Teufelsdröckh looks down professedly as indifferent. Reading he ' cannot remember ever to have learned ' ; so perhaps had it by nature. He says generally : ' Of the insignificant portion of my Education, which depended on Schools, there need almost no notice be taken. I learned what others learn ; and kept it stored-by in a corner of my head, seeing as yet no manner of use in it. My Schoolmaster, a downbent, broken-hearted, underfoot martyr, as others of that guild are, did little for me, except discover that he could do little : he, good soul, pronounced me a genius, fit for the learned professions ; and that I must be sent to the Gymnasium, and one day to the University. Meanwhile, what printed thing soever I could meet with I read. My very copper pocket-money I laid-out on stall-literature ; which, as it accumulated, I with my own hands sewed into volumes. By this means was the young head furnished with a considerable miscellany of things and shadows of things : History in authentic fragments lay mingled with Fabulous chimeras, wherein also was reality ; and the whole not as dead stuff, but as living pabulum, tolerably nutritive for a mind as yet so peptic.'

That the Entepfuhl Schoolmaster judged well, we now know. Indeed, already in the youthful Gneschen, with all

his outward stillness, there may have been manifest an inward vivacity that promised much ; symptoms of a spirit singularly open, thoughtful, almost poetical. Thus, to say nothing of his Suppers on the Orchard-wall, and other phenomena of that earlier period, have many readers of these pages stumbled, in their twelfth year, on such reflections as the following ? ‘ It struck me much, as I sat by the Kuhbach, one silent noontide, and watched it flowing, gurgling, to think how this same streamlet had flowed and gurgled, through all changes of weather and of fortune, from beyond the earliest date of History. Yes, probably on the morning when Joshua forded Jordan ; even as at the mid-day when Cæsar, doubtless with difficulty, swam the Nile, yet kept his *Commentaries* dry,—this little Kuhbach, assiduous as Tiber, Eurotas or Siloa, was murmuring on across the wilderness, as yet unnamed, unseen : here, too, as in the Euphrates and the Ganges, is a vein or veinlet of the grand World-circulation of Waters, which, with its atmospheric arteries, has lasted and lasts simply with the World. Thou fool ! Nature alone is antique, and the oldest art a mushroom ; that idle crag thou sittest on is six-thousand years of age.’ In which little thought, as in a little fountain, may there not lie the beginning of those well-nigh unutterable meditations on the grandeur and mystery of TIME, and its relation to ETERNITY, which play such a part in this Philosophy of Clothes ?

Over his Gymnastic and Academic years the Professor by no means lingers so lyrical and joyful as over his childhood. Green sunny tracts there are still ; but intersected by bitter rivulets of tears, here and there stagnating into sour marshes of discontent. ‘ With my first view of the Hinterschlag Gymnasium,’ writes he, ‘ my evil days began. Well do I still remember the red sunny Whitsuntide morning, when, trotting full of hope by the side of Father Andreas, I entered the main street of the place, and saw its steeple-clock (then striking Eight) and *Schuldthurm* (Jail), and the aproned or disaproned Burghers moving-in to breakfast : a little dog, in mad terror, was rushing past ; for some human imps had tied a tin-kettle to its tail ; thus did the agonised creature, loud-jingling, career through the whole length of the Borough, and become notable

enough. Fit emblem of many a Conquering Hero, to whom Fate (wedding Fantasy to Sense, as it often elsewhere does) has malignantly appended a tin-kettle of Ambition, to chase him on ; which the faster he runs, urges him the faster, the more loudly and more foolishly ! Fit emblem also of much that awaited myself, in that mischievous Den ; as in the World, whereof it was a portion and epitome !

‘ Alas, the kind beech-rows of Entepfuhl were hidden in the distance : I was among strangers, harshly, at best indifferently, disposed towards me ; the young heart felt, for the first time, quite orphaned and alone.’ His school-fellows, as is usual, persecuted him : ‘ They were Boys,’ he says, ‘ mostly rude Boys, and obeyed the impulse of rude Nature, which bids the deer-herd fall upon any stricken hart, the duck-flock put to death any broken-winged brother or sister, and on all hands the strong tyrannise over the weak.’ He admits, that though ‘ perhaps in an unusual degree morally courageous ’, he succeeded ill in battle, and would fain have avoided it ; a result, as would appear, owing less to his small personal stature (for in passionate seasons he was ‘ incredibly nimble ’), than to his ‘ virtuous principles ’ : ‘ if it was disgraceful to be beaten,’ says he, ‘ it was only a shade less disgraceful to have so much as fought ; thus was I drawn two ways at once, and in this important element of school-history, the war-element, had little but sorrow.’ On the whole, that same excellent ‘ Passivity ’, so notable in Teufelsdröckh’s childhood, is here visibly enough again getting nourishment. ‘ He wept often ; indeed to such a degree that he was nicknamed *Der Weinende* (the Tearful), which epithet, till towards his thirteenth year, was indeed not quite unmerited. Only at rare intervals did the young soul burst-forth into fire-eyed rage, and, with a stormfulness (*Ungestüm*) under which the boldest quailed, assert that he too had Rights of Man, or at least of Mankin.’ In all which, who does not discern a fine flower-tree and cinnamon-tree (of genius) nigh choked among pumpkins, reed-grass and ignoble shrubs ; and forced if it would live, to struggle upwards only, and not outwards ; into a *height* quite sickly, and disproportioned to its *breadth* ?



We find, moreover, that his Greek and Latin were 'mechanically' taught; Hebrew scarce even mechanically; much else which they called History, Cosmography, Philosophy, and so forth, no better than not at all. So that, except inasmuch as Nature was still busy; and he himself 'went about, as was of old his wont, among the Craftsmen's workshops, there learning many things'; and farther lighted on some small store of curious reading, in Hans Wachtel the Cooper's house, where he lodged,—his time, it would appear, was utterly wasted. Which facts the Professor has not yet learned to look upon with any contentment. Indeed, throughout the whole of this Bag *Scorpio*, where we now are, and often in the following Bag, he shows himself unusually animated on the matter of Education, and not without some touch of what we might presume to be anger.

'My Teachers', says he, 'were hide-bound Pedants, without knowledge of man's nature, or of boy's; or of aught save their lexicons and quarterly account-books. Innumerable dead Vocables (no dead Language, for they themselves knew no Language) they crammed into us, and called it fostering the growth of mind. How can an inanimate, mechanical Gerund-grinder, the like of whom will, in a subsequent century, be manufactured at Nürnberg out of wood and leather, foster the growth of anything; much more of Mind, which grows, not like a vegetable (by having its roots littered with etymological compost), but like a spirit, by mysterious contact of Spirit; Thought kindling itself at the fire of living Thought? How shall *he* give kindling, in whose own inward man there is no live coal, but all is burnt-out to a dead grammatical cinder? The Hinterschlag Professors knew syntax enough; and of the human soul thus much: that it had a faculty called Memory, and could be acted-on through the muscular integument by appliance of birch-rods.

'Alas, so is it everywhere, so will it ever be; till the Hodman is discharged, or reduced to hodbearing; and an Architect is hired, and on all hands fitly encouraged: till communities and individuals discover, not without surprise, that fashioning the souls of a generation by Knowledge can rank on a level with blowing their bodies to pieces

*x of the power of the*  
*sublime*

by Gunpowder ; that with Generals and Fieldmarshals for killing, there should be world-honoured Dignitaries, and were it possible, true God-ordained Priests, for teaching. But as yet, though the Soldier wears openly, and even parades, his butchering-tool, nowhere, far as I have travelled, did the Schoolmaster make show of his instructing-tool : nay, were he to walk abroad with birch girt on thigh, as if he therefrom expected honour, would there not, among the idler class, perhaps a certain levity be excited ?

In the third year of this Gymnasic period, Father Andreas seems to have died : the young Scholar, otherwise so maltreated, saw himself for the first time clad outwardly in sables, and inwardly in quite inexpressible melancholy. 'The dark bottomless Abyss, that lies under our feet, had yawned open ; the pale kingdoms of Death, with all their innumerable silent nations and generations, stood before him ; the inexorable word, NEVER ! now first showed its meaning. My Mother wept, and her sorrow got vent ; but in my heart there lay a whole lake of tears, pent-up in silent desolation. Nevertheless the unworn Spirit is strong ; Life is so healthful that it even finds nourishment in Death : these stern experiences, planted down by Memory in my Imagination, rose there to a whole cypress-forest, sad but beautiful ; waving, with not unmelodious sighs, in dark luxuriance, in the hottest sunshine, through long years of youth :—as in manhood also it does, and will do ; for I have now pitched my tent under a Cypress-tree ; the Tomb is now my inexpugnable Fortress, ever close by the gate of which I look upon the hostile armaments, and pains and penalties of tyrannous Life placidly enough, and listen to its loudest threatenings with a still smile. O ye loved ones, that already sleep in the noiseless Bed of Rest, whom in life I could only weep for and never help ; and ye, who wide-scattered still toil lonely in the monster-bearing Desert, dyeing the flinty ground with your blood,—yet a little while, and we shall all meet THERE, and our Mother's bosom will screen us all ; and Oppression's harness, and Sorrow's fire-whip, and all the Gehenna Bailiffs that patrol and inhabit ever-vexed Time, cannot henceforth harm us any more !'

Close by which rather beautiful apostrophe, lies a laboured

Character of the deceased Andreas Futteral ; of his natural ability, his deserts in life (as Prussian Sergeant) ; with long historical inquiries into the genealogy of the Futteral Family, here traced back as far as Henry the Fowler : the whole of which we pass over, not without astonishment. It only concerns us to add, that now was the time when Mother Gretchen revealed to her foster-son that he was not at all of this kindred ; or indeed of any kindred, having come into historical existence in the way already known to us. 'Thus was I doubly orphaned,' says he ; 'bereft not only of Possession, but even of Remembrance. Sorrow and Wonder, here suddenly united, could not but produce abundant fruit. Such a disclosure, in such a season, struck its roots through my whole nature : ever till the years of mature manhood, it mingled with my whole thoughts, was as the stem whereon all my day-dreams and night-dreams grew. A certain poetic elevation, yet also a corresponding civic depression, it naturally imparted : *I was like no other* ; in which fixed-idea, leading sometimes to highest, and oftener to frightfullest results, may there not lie the first spring of tendencies, which in my Life have become remarkable enough ? As in birth, so in action, speculation, and social position, my fellows are perhaps not numerous.'

In the Bag *Sagittarius*, as we at length discover, Teufelsdröckh has become a University man ; though how, when, or of what quality, will nowhere disclose itself with the smallest certainty. Few things, in the way of confusion and capricious indistinctness, can now surprise our readers ; not even the total want of dates, almost without parallel in a Biographical work. So enigmatic, so chaotic we have always found, and must always look to find, these scattered Leaves. In *Sagittarius*, however, Teufelsdröckh begins to show himself even more than usually Sibylline : fragments of all sorts ; scraps of regular Memoir, College-Exercises, Programs, Professional Testimoniums, Milkscores, torn Billets, sometimes to appearance of an amatory cast ; all blown together as if by merest chance, henceforth bewilder the sane Historian. To combine any picture of these University, and the subsequent, years ; much more, to decipher therein any illustrative primordial elements of the

Clothes-Philosophy, becomes such a problem as the reader may imagine.

So much we can see ; darkly, as through the foliage of some wavering thicket : a youth of no common endowment, who has passed happily through Childhood, less happily yet still vigorously through Boyhood, now at length perfect in 'dead vocables', and set down, as he hopes, by the living Fountain, there to superadd Ideas and Capabilities. From such Fountain he draws, diligently, thirstily, yet never or seldom with his whole heart, for the water nowise suits his palate ; discouragements, entanglements, aberrations are discoverable or supposable. Nor perhaps are even pecuniary distresses wanting ; for 'the good Gretchen, who in spite of advices from not disinterested relatives has sent him hither, must after a time withdraw her willing but too feeble hand'. Nevertheless in an atmosphere of Poverty and manifold Chagrin, the Humour of that young Soul, what character is in him, first decisively reveals itself ; and, like strong sunshine in weeping skies, gives out variety of colours, some of which are prismatic. Thus, with the aid of Time and of what Time brings, has the stripling Diogenes Teufelsdröckh waxed into manly stature ; and into so questionable an aspect, that we ask with new eagerness, How he specially came by it, and regret anew that there is no more explicit answer. Certain of the intelligible and partially significant fragments, which are few in number, shall be extracted from that Limbo of a Paper-bag, and presented with the usual preparation.

As if, in the Bag *Scorpio*, Teufelsdröckh had not already expectorated his antipedagogic spleen ; as if, from the name *Sagittarius*, he had thought himself called upon to shoot arrows, we here again fall-in with such matter as this : 'The University where I was educated still stands vivid enough in my remembrance, and I know its name well ; which name, however, I, from tenderness to existing interests and persons, shall in nowise divulge. It is my painful duty to say that, out of England and Spain, ours was the worst of all hitherto discovered Universities. This is indeed a time when right Education is, as nearly as may be, impossible : however, in degrees of wrongness there is no limit : nay, I can conceive a worse system than that of the Nameless

itself ; as poisoned victual may be worse than absolute hunger.

‘ It is written, When the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch : wherefore, in such circumstances, may it not sometimes be safer, if both leader and led simply—sit still ? Had you, anywhere in Crim Tartary, walled-in a square enclosure ; furnished it with a small, ill-chosen Library ; and then turned loose into it eleven-hundred Christian striplings, to tumble about as they listed, from three to seven years : certain persons, under the title of Professors, being stationed at the gates, to declare aloud that it was a University, and exact considerable admission-fees,—you had, not indeed in mechanical structure, yet in spirit and result, some imperfect resemblance of our High Seminary. I say, imperfect ; for if our mechanical structure was quite other, so neither was our result altogether the same : unhappily, we were not in Crim Tartary, but in a corrupt European city, full of smoke and sin ; moreover, in the middle of a Public, which, without far costlier apparatus than that of the Square Enclosure, and Declaration aloud, you could not be sure of gulling.

‘ Gullible, however, by fit apparatus, all Publics are ; and gulled, with the most surprising profit. Towards anything like a *Statistics of Imposture*, indeed, little as yet has been done : with a strange indifference, our Economists, nigh buried under Tables for minor Branches of Industry, have altogether overlooked the grand all-overtopping Hypocrisy Branch ; as if our whole arts of Puffery, of Quackery, Priestcraft, Kingcraft, and the innumerable other crafts and mysteries of that genus, had not ranked in Productive Industry at all ! Can any one, for example, so much as say, What moneys, in Literature and Shoeblacking, are realised by actual Instruction and actual jet Polish ; what by fictitious-persuasive Proclamation of such ; specifying, in distinct items, the distributions, circulations, disbursements, incomings of said moneys, with the smallest approach to accuracy ? But to ask, How far, in all the several infinitely-completed departments of social business, in government, education, in manual, commercial, intellectual fabrication of every sort, man’s Want is supplied by true Ware ; how far by the mere Appearance of true Ware :—in other words,

To what extent, by what methods, with what effects, in various times and countries, Deception takes the place of wages of Performance : here truly is an Inquiry big with results for the future time, but to which hitherto only the vaguest answer can be given. If for the present, in our Europe, we estimate the ratio of Ware to Appearance of Ware so high even as at One to a Hundred (which, considering the Wages of a Pope, Russian Autocrat, or English Game-Preserver, is probably not far from the mark),—what almost prodigious saving may there not be anticipated, as the *Statistics of Imposture* advances, and so the manufacturing of Shams (that of Realities rising into clearer and clearer distinction therefrom) gradually declines, and at length becomes all but wholly unnecessary !

‘ This for the coming golden ages. What I had to remark, for the present brazen one, is, that in several provinces, as in Education, Polity, Religion, where so much is wanted and indispensable, and so little can as yet be furnished, probably Imposture is of sanative, anodyne nature, and man’s Gullibility not his worst blessing. Suppose your sinews of war quite broken ; I mean your military chest insolvent, forage all but exhausted ; and that the whole army is about to mutiny, disband, and cut your and each other’s throat,—then were it not well could you, as if by miracle, pay them in any sort of fairy-money, feed them on coagulated water, or mere imagination of meat ; whereby, till the real supply came up, they might be kept together and quiet ? Such perhaps was the aim of Nature, who does nothing without aim, in furnishing her favourite, Man, with this his so omnipotent or rather omnipatient Talent of being Gulled.

‘ How beautifully it works, with a little mechanism ; nay, almost makes mechanism for itself ! These Professors in the Nameless lived with ease, with safety, by a mere Reputation, constructed in past times, and then too with no great effort, by quite another class of persons. Which Reputation, like a strong brisk-going undershot wheel, sunk into the general current, bade fair, with only a little annual repainting on their part, to hold long together, and of its own accord assiduously grind for them. Happy that it was so, for the Millers ! They themselves needed not to work ;

their attempts at working, at what they called Educating, now when I look back on it, fill me with a certain mute admiration.

'Besides all this, we boasted ourselves a Rational University; in the highest degree hostile to Mysticism; thus was the young vacant mind furnished with much talk about Progress of the Species, Dark Ages, Prejudice, and the like; so that all were quickly enough blown out into a state of windy argumentativeness; whereby the better sort had soon to end in sick, impotent Scepticism; the worser sort explode (*crepiren*) in finished Self-conceit, and to all spiritual intents become dead.—But this too is portion of mankind's lot. If our era is the Era of Unbelief, why murmur under it; is there not a better coming, nay come? As in longdrawn systole and longdrawn diastole, must the period of Faith alternate with the period of Denial; must the vernal growth, the summer luxuriance of all Opinions, Spiritual Representations and Creations, be followed by, and again follow, the autumnal decay, the winter dissolution. For man lives in Time, has his whole earthly being, endeavour and destiny shaped for him by Time: only in the transitory Time-Symbol is the ever-motionless Eternity we stand on made manifest. And yet, in such winter-seasons of Denial, it is for the nobler-minded perhaps a comparative misery to have been born, and to be awake and work; and for the duller a felicity, if, like hibernating animals, safe-lodged in some Salamanca University, or Sybaris City, or other superstitious or voluptuous Castle of Indolence, they can slumber-through, in stupid dreams, and only awaken when the loud-roaring hailstorms have all done their work, and to our prayers and martyrdoms the new Spring has been vouchsafed.'

That in the environment, here mysteriously enough shadowed forth, Teufelsdröckh must have felt ill at ease, cannot be doubtful. 'The hungry young', he says, 'looked up to their spiritual Nurses; and, for food, were bidden eat the east-wind. What vain jargon of controversial Metaphysic, Etymology, and mechanical Manipulation falsely named Science, was current there, I indeed learned, better perhaps than the most. Among eleven-hundred Christian youths, there will not be wanting some eleven



eager to learn. By collision with such, a certain warmth, a certain polish was communicated; by instinct and happy accident, I took less to rioting (*renommiren*), than to thinking and reading, which latter also I was free to do. Nay from the chaos of that Library, I succeeded in fishing-up more books perhaps than had been known to the very keepers thereof. The foundation of a Literary Life was hereby laid: I learned, on my own strength, to read fluently in almost all cultivated languages, on almost all subjects and sciences; farther, as man is ever the prime object to man, already it was my favourite employment to read character in speculation, and from the Writing to construe the Writer. A certain groundplan of Human Nature and Life began to fashion itself in me; wondrous enough, now when I look back on it; for my whole Universe, physical and spiritual, was as yet a Machine! However, such a conscious, recognised groundplan, the truest I had, *was* beginning to be there, and by additional experiments might be corrected and indefinitely extended.'

Thus from poverty does the strong educe nobler wealth; thus in the destitution of the wild desert does our young Ishmael acquire for himself the highest of all possessions, that of Self-help. Nevertheless a desert this was, waste, and howling with savage monsters. Teufelsdröckh gives us long details of his 'fever-paroxysms of Doubt'; his Inquiries concerning Miracles, and the Evidences of religious Faith; and how 'in the silent night-watches, still darker in his heart than over sky and earth, he has cast himself before the All-seeing, and with audible prayers cried vehemently for Light, for deliverance from Death and the Grave. Not till after long years, and unspeakable agonies, did the believing heart surrender; sink into spell-bound sleep, under the nightmare, Unbelief; and, in this hag-ridden dream, mistake God's fair living world for a pallid, vacant Hades and extinct Pandemonium. But through such Purgatory pain', continues he, 'it is appointed us to pass; first must the dead Letter of Religion own itself dead, and drop piecemeal into dust, if the living Spirit of Religion, freed from this its charnel-house, is to arise on us, newborn of Heaven, and with new healing under its wings.'



To which Purgatory pains, seemingly severe enough, if we add a liberal measure of Earthly distresses, want of practical guidance, want of sympathy, want of money, want of hope ; and all this in the fervid season of youth, so exaggerated in imagining, so boundless in desires, yet here so poor in means,—do we not see a strong incipient spirit oppressed and overloaded from without and from within ; the fire of genius struggling-up among fuel-wood of the greenest, and as yet with more of bitter vapour than of clear flame ?

From various fragments of Letters and other documentary scraps, it is to be inferred that Teufelsdröckh, isolated, shy, retiring as he was, had not altogether escaped notice : certain established men are aware of his existence ; and, if stretching-out no helpful hand, have at least their eyes on him. He appears, though in dreary enough humour, to be addressing himself to the Profession of Law ;—whereof, indeed, the world has since seen him a public graduate. But omitting these broken, unsatisfactory thrums of Economical relation, let us present rather the following small thread of Moral relation ; and therewith, the reader for himself weaving it in at the right place, conclude our dim arras-picture of these University years.

‘ Here also it was that I formed acquaintance with Herr Towgood, or, as it is perhaps better written, Herr Toughgut ; a young person of quality (*von Adel*), from the interior parts of England. He stood connected, by blood and hospitality, with the Counts von Zähdarm, in this quarter of Germany ; to which noble Family I likewise was, by his means, with all friendliness, brought near. Towgood had a fair talent, unspeakably ill-cultivated ; with considerable humour of character : and, bating his total ignorance, for he knew nothing except Boxing and a little Grammar, showed less of that aristocratic impassivity, and silent fury, than for most part belongs to Travellers of his nation. To him I owe my first practical knowledge of the English and their ways ; perhaps also something of the partiality with which I have ever since regarded that singular people. Towgood was not without an eye, could he have come at any light. Invited doubtless by the presence of the Zähdarm Family, he had travelled hither, in the almost frantic

hope of perfecting his studies ; he, whose studies had as yet been those of infancy, hither to a University where so much as the notion of perfection, not to say the effort after it, no longer existed ! Often we would condole over the hard destiny of the Young in this era : how, after all our toil, we were to be turned-out into the world, with beards on our chins indeed, but with few other attributes of manhood ; no existing thing that we were trained to Act on, nothing that we could so much as Believe. “ How has our head on the outside a polished Hat ”, would Towgood exclaim, “ and in the inside Vacancy, or a froth of Vocables and Attorney-Logic ! At a small cost men are educated to make leather into shoes ; but at a great cost, what am I educated to make ? By Heaven, Brother ! what I have already eaten and worn, as I came thus far, would endow a considerable Hospital of Incurables.”—“ Man, indeed,” I would answer, “ has a Digestive Faculty, which must be kept working, were it even partly by stealth. But as for our Miseducation, make not bad worse ; waste not the time yet ours, in trampling on thistles because they have yielded us no figs. *Frisch zu, Bruder !* Here are Books, and we have brains to read them ; here is a whole Earth and a whole Heaven, and we have eyes to look on them : *Frisch zu !* ”

‘ Often also our talk was gay ; not without brilliancy, and even fire. We looked-out on Life, with its strange scaffolding, where all at once harlequins dance, and men are beheaded and quartered : motley, not unterrific was the aspect ; but we looked on it like brave youths. For myself, these were perhaps my most genial hours. Towards this young warmhearted, strongheaded and wrongheaded Herr Towgood I was even near experiencing the now obsolete sentiment of Friendship. Yes, foolish Heathen that I was, I felt that, under certain conditions, I could have loved this man, and taken him to my bosom, and been his brother once and always. By degrees, however, I understood the new time, and its wants. If man’s *Soul* is indeed, as in the Finnish Language, and Utilitarian Philosophy, a kind of *Stomach*, what else is the true meaning of Spiritual Union but an Eating together ? Thus we, instead of Friends, are Dinner-guests ; and here as elsewhere have cast away chimeras.’

*A. S.*

So ends, abruptly as is usual, and enigmatically, this little incipient romance. What henceforth becomes of the brave Herr Towgood, or Toughgut? He has dived-under, in the Autobiographical Chaos, and swims we see not where. Does any reader 'in the interior parts of England' know of such a man?

## CHAPTER IV

### GETTING UNDER WAY

'THUS nevertheless', writes our Autobiographer, apparently as quitting College, 'was there realised Somewhat; namely, I, Diogenes Teufelsdröckh: a visible Temporary Figure (*Zeitbild*), occupying some cubic feet of Space, and containing within it Forces both physical and spiritual; hopes, passions, thoughts; the whole wondrous furniture, in more or less perfection, belonging to that mystery, a Man. Capabilities there were in me to give battle, in some small degree, against the great Empire of Darkness: does not the very Ditcher and Delves, with his spade, extinguish many a thistle and puddle; and so leave a little Order, where he found the opposite? Nay your very Daymoth has capabilities in this kind; and ever organises something (into its own Body, if no otherwise), which was before Inorganic; and of mute dead air makes living music, though only of the faintest, by humming.

'How much more, one whose capabilities are spiritual; who has learned, or begun learning, the grand thaumaturgic art of Thought! Thaumaturgic I name it; for hitherto all Miracles have been wrought thereby, and henceforth innumerable will be wrought; whereof we, even in these days, witness some. Of the Poet's and Prophet's inspired Message, and how it makes and unmakes whole worlds, I shall forbear mention: but cannot the dullest hear Steam-engines clanking around him? Has he not seen the Scottish Brassmith's IDEA (and this but a mechanical one) travelling on fire-wings round the Cape, and across two

Oceans ; and stronger than any other Enchanter's Familiar, on all hands unweariedly fetching and carrying : at home, not only weaving Cloth ; but rapidly enough overturning the whole old system of Society ; and, for Feudalism and Preservation of the Game, preparing us, by indirect but sure methods, Industrialism and the Government of the Wisest ? Truly a Thinking Man is the worst enemy the Prince of Darkness can have ; every time such a one announces himself, I doubt not, there runs a shudder through the Nether Empire ; and new Emissaries are trained, with new tactics, to, if possible, entrap him, and hoodwink and handcuff him.

'With such high vocation had I too, as denizen of the Universe, been called. Unhappy it is, however, that though born to the amplest Sovereignty, in this way, with no less than sovereign right of Peace and War against the Time-Prince (*Zeitfürst*), or Devil, and all his Dominions, your coronation-ceremony costs such trouble, your sceptre is so difficult to get at, or even to get eye on !'

By which last wiredrawn similitude does Teufelsdröckh mean no more than that young men find obstacles in what we call 'getting under way' ? 'Not what I Have,' continues he, 'but what I Do is my Kingdom. To each is given a certain inward Talent, a certain outward Environment of Fortune ; to each, by wisest combination of these two, a certain maximum of Capability. But the hardest problem were ever this first : To find by study of yourself, and of the ground you stand on, what your combined inward and outward Capability specially is. For, alas, our young soul is all budding with Capabilities, and we see not yet which is the main and true one. Always too the new man is in a new time, under new conditions ; his course can be the *fac-simile* of no prior one, but is by its nature original. And then how seldom will the outward Capability fit the inward : though talented wonderfully enough, we are poor, unfriended, dyspeptical, bashful ; nay what is worse than all, we are foolish. Thus, in a whole imbroglio of Capabilities, we go stupidly groping about, to grope which is ours, and often clutch the wrong one : in this mad work must several years of our small term be spent, till the

*Similitudo*  
*fac-simile*

purblind Youth, by practice, acquire notions of distance, and become a seeing Man. Nay, many so spend their whole term, and in ever-new expectation, ever-new disappointment, shift from enterprise to enterprise, and from side to side : till at length, as exasperated striplings of threescore-and-ten, they shift into their last enterprise, that of getting buried.

‘Such, since the most of us are too ophthalmic, would be the general fate ; were it not that one thing saves us : our Hunger. For on this ground, as the prompt nature of Hunger is well known, must a prompt choice be made : hence have we, with wise foresight, Indentures and Apprenticeships for our irrational young ; whereby, in due season, the vague universality of a Man shall find himself ready-moulded into a specific Craftsman ; and so thenceforth work, with much or with little waste of Capability as it may be ; yet not with the worst waste, that of time. Nay even in matters spiritual, since the spiritual artist too is born blind, and does not, like certain other creatures, receive sight in nine days, but far later, sometimes never,—is it not well that there should be what we call Professions, or Bread-studies (*Brodzwecke*), preappointed us ? Here, circling like the gin-horse, for whom partial or total blindness is no evil, the Bread-artist can travel contentedly round and round, still fancying that it is forward and forward ; and realise much : for himself victual ; for the world an additional horse’s power in the grand corn-mill or hemp-mill of Economic Society. For me too had such a leading-string been provided ; only that it proved a neck-halter, and had nigh throttled me, till I broke it off. Then, in the words of Ancient Pistol, did the world generally become mine oyster, which I, by strength or cunning, was to open, as I would and could. Almost had I deceased (*fast wär ich umgekommen*), so obstinately did it continue shut.’

We see here, significantly foreshadowed, the spirit of much that was to befall our Autobiographer ; the historical embodiment of which, as it painfully takes shape in his Life, lies scattered, in dim disastrous details, through this *Bag Pisces*, and those that follow. A young man of high talent, and high though still temper, like a young mettled colt,

'breaks-off his neck-halter,' and bounds forth, from his peculiar manger, into the wide world ; which, alas, he finds all rigorously fenced-in. Richest clover-fields tempt his eye ; but to him they are forbidden pasture : either pining in progressive starvation, he must stand ; or, in mad exasperation, must rush to and fro, leaping against sheer stone-walls, which he cannot leap over, which only lacerate and lame him ; till at last, after thousand attempts and endurances, he, as if by miracle, clears his way ; not indeed into luxuriant and luxurious clover, yet into a certain bosky wilderness where existence is still possible, and Freedom, though waited on by Scarcity, is not without sweetness. In a word, Teufelsdröckh having thrown-up his legal Profession, finds himself without landmark of outward guidance ; whereby his previous want of decided Belief, or inward guidance, is frightfully aggravated. Necessity urges him on ; Time will not stop, neither can he, a Son of Time ; wild passions without solacement, wild faculties without employment, ever vex and agitate him. He too must enact that stern Monodrama, *No Object and no Rest* ; must front its successive destinies, work through to its catastrophe, and deduce therefrom what moral he can.

Yet let us be just to him, let us admit that his 'neck-halter' sat nowise easy on him ; that he was in some degree forced to break it off. If we look at the young man's civic position, in this Nameless capital, as he emerges from its Nameless University, we can discern well that it was far from enviable. His first Law-Examination he has come through triumphantly ; and can even boast that the *Examen Rigorosum* need not have frightened him : but though he is hereby 'an *Auscultator* of respectability', what avails it ? There is next to no employment to be had. Neither, for a youth without connexions, is the process of Expectation very hopeful in itself ; nor for one of his disposition much cheered from without. 'My fellow *Auscultators*', he says, 'were *Auscultators* : they dressed, and digested, and talked articulate words ; other vitality showed they almost none. Small speculation in those eyes, that they did glare withal ! Sense neither for the high nor for the deep, nor for aught human or divine, save only for the faintest scent of coming Preferment.' In which words, indicating a total estrange-

ment on the part of Teufelsdröckh, may there not also lurk traces of a bitterness as from wounded vanity? Doubtless these prosaic Auscultators may have sniffed at him, with his strange ways; and tried to hate, and what was much more impossible, to despise him. Friendly communion, in any case, there could not be: already has the young Teufelsdröckh left the other young geese; and swims apart, though as yet uncertain whether he himself is cygnet or gosling.

Perhaps, too, what little employment he had was performed ill, at best unpleasantly. 'Great practical method and expertness' he may brag of; but is there not also great practical pride, though deep-hidden, only the deeper-seated? So shy a man can never have been popular. We figure to ourselves, how in those days he may have played strange freaks with his independence, and so forth: do not his own words betoken as much? 'Like a very young person, I imagined it was with Work alone, and not also with Folly and Sin, in myself and others, that I had been appointed to struggle.' Be this as it may, his progress from the passive Auscultatorship, towards any active Assessorship, is evidently of the slowest. By degrees, those same established men, once partially inclined to patronise him, seem to withdraw their countenance, and give him up as 'a man of genius': against which procedure he, in these Papers, loudly protests. 'As if', says he, 'the higher did not presuppose the lower; as if he who can fly into heaven, could not also walk post if he resolved on it! But the world is an old woman, and mistakes any gilt farthing for a gold coin; whereby being often cheated, she will thenceforth trust nothing but the common copper.'

How our winged sky-messenger, unaccepted as a terrestrial runner, contrived, in the mean while, to keep himself from flying skyward without return, is not too clear from these Documents. Good old Gretchen seems to have vanished from the scene, perhaps from the Earth; other Horn of Plenty, or even of Parsimony, nowhere flows for him; so that 'the prompt nature of Hunger being well known', we are not without our anxiety. From private Tuition, in never so many languages and sciences, the aid derivable is small; neither, to use his own words, 'does the



young Adventurer hitherto suspect in himself any literary gift ; but at best earns bread-and-water wages, by his wide faculty of Translation. Nevertheless,' continues he, 'that I subsisted is clear, for you find me even now alive.' Which fact, however, except upon the principle of our true-hearted, kind old Proverb, that 'there is always life for a living one', we must profess ourselves unable to explain.

Certain Landlords' Bills, and other economic Documents, bearing the mark of Settlement, indicate that he was not without money ; but, like an independent Hearth-holder, if not House-holder, paid his way. Here also occur, among many others, two little mutilated Notes, which perhaps throw light on his condition. The first has now no date, or writer's name, but a huge Blot ; and runs to this effect : 'The (*Inkblot*), tied-down by previous promise, cannot, except by best wishes, forward the Herr Teufelsdröckh's views on the Assessorship in question ; and sees himself under the cruel necessity of forbearing, for the present, what were otherwise his duty and joy, to assist in opening the career for a man of genius, on whom far higher triumphs are yet waiting.' The other is on gilt paper ; and interests us like a sort of epistolary mummy now dead, yet which once lived and beneficently worked. We give it in the original : '*Herr Teufelsdröckh wird von der Frau Gräfinn, auf Donnerstag, zum ÆSTHETISCHEN THEE schönstens eingeladen.*'

Thus, in answer to a cry for solid pudding, whereof there is the most urgent need, comes, epigrammatically enough, the invitation to a wash of quite fluid *Æsthetic Tea* ! How Teufelsdröckh, now at actual handgrips with Destiny herself, may have comported himself among these Musical and Literary Dilettanti of both sexes, like a hungry lion invited to a feast of chickenweed, we can only conjecture. Perhaps in expressive silence, and abstinence : otherwise if the lion, in such case, is to feast at all, it cannot be on the chickenweed, but only on the chickens. For the rest, as this Frau Gräfinn dates from the *Zähdarm House*, she can be no other than the Countess and mistress of the same ; whose intellectual tendencies, and good-will to Teufelsdröckh, whether on the footing of Herr Towgood, or on his own footing, are



hereby manifest. That some sort of relation, indeed, continued, for a time, to connect our Autobiographer, though perhaps feebly enough, with this noble House, we have elsewhere express evidence. Doubtless, if he expected patronage, it was in vain ; enough for him if he here obtained occasional glimpses of the great world, from which we at one time fancied him to have been always excluded. 'The Zähdarms', says he, 'lived in the soft, sumptuous garniture of Aristocracy ; whereto Literature and Art, attracted and attached from without, were to serve as the handsomest fringing. It was to the *Gnädigen Frau* (her Ladyship) that this latter improvement was due : assiduously she gathered, dextrously she fitted-on, what fringing was to be had ; lace or cobweb, as the place yielded.' Was Teufelsdröckh also a fringe, of lace or cobweb ; or promising to be such ? 'With his *Excellenz* (the Count)', continues he, 'I have more than once had the honour to converse ; chiefly on general affairs, and the aspect of the world, which he, though now past middle life, viewed in no unfavourable light ; finding indeed, except the Outrooting of Journalism (*die auszurottende Journalistik*), little to desiderate therein. On some points, as his *Excellenz* was not uncholerick, I found it more pleasant to keep silence. Besides, his occupation being that of Owning Land, there might be faculties enough, which, as superfluous for such use, were little developed in him.'

That to Teufelsdröckh the aspect of the world was nowise so faultless, and many things besides 'the Outrooting of Journalism' might have seemed improvements, we can readily conjecture. With nothing but a barren Auscultatorship from without, and so many mutinous thoughts and wishes from within, his position was no easy one. 'The Universe', he says, 'was as a mighty Sphinx-riddle, which I knew so little of, yet must rede, or be devoured. In red streaks of unspeakable grandeur, yet also in the blackness of darkness, was Life, to my too-unfurnished Thought, unfolding itself. A strange contradiction lay in me ; and I as yet knew not the solution of it ; knew not that spiritual music can spring only from discords set in harmony ; that but for Evil there were no Good, as victory is only possible by battle.'

'I have heard affirmed (surely in jest),' observes he elsewhere, 'by not unphilanthropic persons, that it were a real increase of human happiness, could all young men from the age of nineteen be covered under barrels, or rendered otherwise invisible; and there left to follow their lawful studies and callings, till they emerged, sadder and wiser, at the age of twenty-five. With which suggestion, at least as considered in the light of a practical scheme, I need scarcely say that I nowise coincide. Nevertheless it is plausibly urged that, as young ladies (*Mädchen*) are, to mankind, precisely the most delightful in those years; so young gentlemen (*Bübchen*) do then attain their maximum of detestability. Such gawks (*Gecken*) are they, and foolish peacocks, and yet with such a vulturous hunger for self-indulgence; so obstinate, obstreperous, vain-glorious; in all senses, so froward and so forward. No mortal's endeavour or attainment will, in the smallest, content the as yet unendeavouring, unattaining young gentleman; but he could make it all infinitely better, were it worthy of him. Life everywhere is the most manageable matter, simple as a question in the Rule-of-Three: multiply your second and third term together, divide the product by the first, and your quotient will be the answer,—which you are but an ass if you cannot come at. The booby has not yet found-out, by any trial, that, do what one will, there is ever a cursed fraction, oftenest a decimal repeater, and no net integer quotient so much as to be thought of.'

In which passage does not there lie an implied confession that Teufelsdröckh himself, besides his outward obstructions, had an inward, still greater, to contend with; namely, a certain temporary, youthful, yet still afflictive derangement of head? Alas, on the former side alone, his case was hard enough. 'It continues ever true', says he, 'that Saturn, or Chronos, or what we call TIME, devours all his Children: only by incessant Running, by incessant Working, may you (for some threescore-and-ten years) escape him; and you too he devours at last. Can any Sovereign, or Holy Alliance of Sovereigns, bid Time stand still; even in thought, shake themselves free of Time? Our whole terrestrial being is based on Time, and built of Time; it is wholly a Movement, a Time-impulse; Time is the author

of it, the material of it. Hence also our Whole Duty, which is to move, to work,—in the right direction. Are not our Bodies and our Souls in continual movement, whether we will or not ; in a continual Waste, requiring a continual Repair ? Utmost satisfaction of our whole outward and inward Wants were but satisfaction for a space of Time ; thus, whatso we have done, is done, and for us annihilated, and ever must we go and do anew. O Time-Spirit, how hast thou environed and imprisoned us, and sunk us so deep in thy troublous dim Time-Element, that only in lucid moments can so much as glimpses of our upper Azure Home be revealed to us ! Me, however, as a Son of Time, unhappier than some others, was Time threatening to eat quite prematurely ; for, strive as I might, there was no good Running, so obstructed was the path, so gyved were the feet.' That is to say, we presume, speaking in the dialect of this lower world, that Teufelsdröckh's whole duty and necessity was, like other men's, 'to work,—in the right direction,' and that no work was to be had ; whereby he became wretched enough. As was natural : with haggard Scarcity threatening him in the distance ; and so vehement a soul languishing in restless inaction, and forced thereby, like Sir Hudibras's sword by rust,

To eat into itself, for lack  
Of something else to hew and hack !

But on the whole, that same 'excellent Passivity', as it has all along done, is here again vigorously flourishing ; in which circumstance may we not trace the beginnings of much that now characterises our Professor ; and perhaps, in faint rudiments, the origin of the Clothes-Philosophy itself ? Already the attitude he has assumed towards the World is too defensive ; not, as would have been desirable, a bold attitude of attack. 'So far hitherto', he says, 'as I had mingled with mankind, I was notable, if for anything, for a certain stillness of manner, which, as my friends often rebukingly declared, did but ill express the keen ardour of my feelings. I, in truth, regarded men with an excess both of love and of fear. The mystery of a Person, indeed, is ever divine to him that has a sense for the Godlike. Often, notwithstanding, was I blamed, and by half-strangers hated,

for my so-called Hardness (*Härte*), my Indifferentism towards men ; and the seemingly ironic tone I had adopted, as my favourite dialect in conversation. Alas, the panoply of Sarcasm was but as a buckram case, wherein I had striven to envelop myself ; that so my own poor Person might live safe there, and in all friendliness, being no longer exasperated by wounds. Sarcasm I now see to be, in general, the language of the Devil ; for which reason I have long since as good as renounced it. But how many individuals did I, in those days, provoke into some degree of hostility thereby ! An ironic man, with his sly stillness, and ambuscading ways, more especially an ironic young man, from whom it is least expected, may be viewed as a pest to society. Have we not seen persons of weight and name coming forward, with gentlest indifference, to tread such a one out of sight, as an insignificancy and worm, start ceiling-high (*balkenhoch*), and thence fall shattered and supine, to be borne home on shutters, not without indignation, when he proved electric and a torpedo !

Alas, how can a man with this devilishness of temper make way for himself in Life ; where the first problem, as Teufelsdröckh too admits, is 'to unite yourself with some one, and with somewhat (*sich anzuschliessen*)' ? Division, not union, is written on most part of his procedure. Let us add too that, in no great length of time, the only important connexion he had ever succeeded in forming, his connexion with the Zähdarm Family, seems to have been paralysed, for all practical uses, by the death of the 'not uncholeric' old Count. This fact stands recorded, quite incidentally, in a certain *Discourse on Epitaphs*, huddled into the present Bag, among so much else ; of which Essay the learning and curious penetration are more to be approved of than the spirit. His grand principle is, that lapidary inscriptions, of what sort soever, should be Historical rather than Lyrical. 'By request of that worthy Nobleman's survivors,' says he, 'I undertook to compose his Epitaph ; and not unmindful of my own rules, produced the following ; which however, for an alleged defect of Latinity, a defect never yet fully visible to myself, still remains unengraved ;'—wherein, we may predict, there is more than the Latinity that will surprise an English reader :

HIC JACET

PHILIPPUS ZAEHDARM, COGNOMINE MAGNUS,

ZAEHDARMI COMES,

EX IMPERII CONCILIO,

VELLERIS AUREI, PERISCHELIDIS, NECNON VULTURIS NIGRI  
EQUES.

QUI DUM SUB LUNA AGEBAT,

QUINQUES MILLE PERDRICES

PLUMBO CONFECIT :

VARII CIBI

CENTUMPONDIA MILLIES CENTENA MILLIA,

PER SE, PERQUE SERVOS QUADRUPEDES BIPEDESVE,

HAUD SINE TUMULTU DEVOLVENS,

IN STERCUS

PALAM CONVERTIT.

NUNC A LABORE REQUIESCENTEM

OPERA SEQUUNTUR.

SI MONUMENTUM QUÆRIS,

FIMETUM ADSPICE.

PRIMUM IN ORBE DEJECTIT [*sub dato*] ; POSTREMUM  
[*sub dato*].

## CHAPTER V

## ROMANCE

'For long years', writes Teufelsdröckh, 'had the poor Hebrew, in this Egypt of an Auscultatorship, painfully toiled, baking bricks without stubble, before ever the question once struck him with entire force : For what ?—*Beym Himmel!* For Food and Warmth ! And are Food and Warmth nowhere else, in the whole wide Universe, discoverable ?—Come of it what might, I resolved to try.'

Thus then are we to see him in a new independent capacity, though perhaps far from an improved one. Teufelsdröckh is now a man without Profession. Quitting the

common Fleet of herring-busses and whalers, where indeed his leeward, laggard condition was painful enough, he desperately steers off, on a course of his own, by sextant and compass of his own. Unhappy Teufelsdröckh ! Though neither Fleet, nor Traffic, nor Commodores pleased thee, still was it not a *Fleet*, sailing in prescribed track, for fixed objects ; above all, in combination, wherein, by mutual guidance, by all manner of loans and borrowings, each could manifoldly aid the other ? How wilt thou sail in unknown seas ; and for thyself find that shorter Northwest Passage to thy fair Spice-country of a Nowhere ?—A solitary rover, on such a voyage, with such nautical tactics, will meet with adventures. Nay, as we forthwith discover, a certain Calypso-Island detains him at the very outset ; and as it were falsifies and oversets his whole reckoning.

‘ If in youth’, writes he once, ‘ the Universe is majestically unveiling, and everywhere Heaven revealing itself on Earth, nowhere to the Young Man does this Heaven on Earth so immediately reveal itself as in the Young Maiden. Strangely enough, in this strange life of ours, it has been so appointed. On the whole, as I have often said, a Person (*Persönlichkeit*) is ever holy to us ; a certain orthodox Anthropomorphism connects my *Me* with all *Thees* in bonds of Love : but it is in this approximation of the Like and Unlike, that such heavenly attraction, as between Negative and Positive, first burns-out into a flame. Is the pitifullest mortal Person, think you, indifferent to us ? Is it not rather our heartfelt wish to be made one with him ; to unite him to us, by gratitude, by admiration, even by fear ; or failing all these, unite ourselves to him ? But how much more, in this case of the Like-Unlike ! Here is conceded us the higher mystic possibility of such a union, the highest in our Earth ; thus, in the conducting medium of Fantasy, flames-forth that *fire*-development of the universal Spiritual Electricity, which, as unfolded between man and woman, we first emphatically denominate LOVE.

‘ In every well-conditioned stripling, as I conjecture, there already blooms a certain prospective Paradise, cheered by some fairest Eve ; nor, in the stately vistas, and flowerage and foliage of that Garden, is a Tree of Knowledge, beautiful and awful in the midst thereof, wanting. Perhaps too the

whole is but the lovelier, if Cherubim and a Flaming Sword divide it from all footsteps of men; and grant him, the imaginative stripling, only the view, not the entrance. Happy season of virtuous youth, when shame is still an impassable celestial barrier; and the sacred air-cities of Hope have not shrunk into the mean clay-hamlets of Reality; and man, by his nature, is yet infinite and free!

'As for our young Forlorn,' continues Teufelsdröckh, evidently meaning himself, 'in his secluded way of life, and with his glowing Fantasy, the more fiery that it burnt under cover, as in a reverberating furnace, his feeling towards the Queens of this Earth was, and indeed is, altogether unspeakable. A visible Divinity dwelt in them; to our young Friend all women were holy, were heavenly. As yet he but saw them flitting past, in their many-coloured angel-plumage; or hovering mute and inaccessible on the outskirts of *Æsthetic Tea*: all of air they were, all Soul and Form; so lovely, like mysterious priestesses, in whose hand was the invisible Jacob's-ladder, whereby man might mount into very Heaven. That he, our poor Friend, should ever win for himself one of these Gracefuls (*Holden*)—*Ach Gott!* how could he hope it; should he not have died under it? There was a certain delirious vertigo in the thought.

'Thus was the young man, if all-sceptical of Demons and Angels such as the vulgar had once believed in, nevertheless not unvisited by hosts of true Sky-born, who visibly and audibly hovered round him wheresoever he went; and they had that religious worship in his thought, though as yet it was by their mere earthly and trivial name that he named them. But now, if on a soul so circumstanced, some actual Air-maiden, incorporated into tangibility and reality, should cast any electric glance of kind eyes, saying thereby, "Thou too mayest love and be loved;" and so kindle him,—good Heaven, what a volcanic, earthquake-bringing, all-consuming fire were probably kindled!

Such a fire, it afterwards appears, did actually burst-forth, with explosions more or less Vesuvian, in the inner man of Herr Diogenes; as indeed how could it fail? A nature, which, in his own figurative style, we might say, had now not a little carbonised tinder, of Irritability; with so much nitre of latent Passion, and sulphurous Humour



enough ; the whole lying in such hot neighbourhood, close by ' a reverberating furnace of Fantasy ' : have we not here the components of driest Gunpowder, ready, on occasion of the smallest spark, to blaze-up ? Neither, in this our Life-element, are sparks anywhere wanting. Without doubt, some Angel, whereof so many hovered round, would one day, leaving ' the outskirts of *Æsthetic Tea* ', flit nigher ; and, by electric Promethean glance, kindle no despicable firework. Happy, if it indeed proved a Firework, and flamed-off rocket-wise, in successive beautiful bursts of splendour, each growing naturally from the other, through the several stages of a happy Youthful Love ; till the whole were safely burnt-out ; and the young soul relieved with little damage ! Happy, if it did not rather prove a Conflagration and mad Explosion ; painfully lacerating the heart itself ; nay perhaps bursting the heart in pieces (which were Death) ; or at best, bursting the thin walls of your ' reverberating furnace ', so that it rage thenceforth all unchecked among the contiguous combustibles (which were Madness) : till of the so fair and manifold internal world of our Diogenes, there remained Nothing, or only the ' crater of an extinct volcano ' !

From multifarious Documents in this Bag *Capricornus*, and in the adjacent ones on both sides thereof, it becomes manifest that our philosopher, as stoical and cynical as he now looks, was heartily and even frantically in Love : here therefore may our old doubts whether his heart were of stone or of flesh give way. He loved once ; not wisely but too well. And once only : for as your *Congreve* needs a new case or wrappage for every new rocket, so each human heart can properly exhibit but one Love, if even one ; the ' First Love which is infinite ' can be followed by no second like unto it. In more recent years, accordingly, the Editor of these Sheets was led to regard Teufelsdröckh as a man not only who would never wed, but who would never even flirt ; whom the grand-climacteric itself, and *St. Martin's Summer* of incipient Dotage, would crown with no new myrtle-garland. To the Professor, women are henceforth Pieces of Art ; of Celestial Art, indeed ; which celestial pieces he glories to survey in galleries, but has lost thought of purchasing.



Psychological readers are not without curiosity to see how Teufelsdröckh, in this for him unexampled predicament, demeans himself ; with what specialties of successive configuration, splendour and colour, his Firework blazes-off. Small, as usual, is the satisfaction that such can meet with here. From amid these confused masses of Eulogy and Elegy, with their mad Petrarchan and Werterean ware lying madly scattered among all sorts of quite extraneous matter, not so much as the fair one's name can be deciphered. For, without doubt, the title *Blumine*, whereby she is here designated, and which means simply Goddess of Flowers, must be fictitious. Was her real name Flora, then ? But what was her surname, or had she none ? Of what station in Life was she ; of what parentage, fortune, aspect ? Specially, by what Preëstablished Harmony of occurrences did the Lover and the Loved meet one another in so wide a world ; how did they behave in such meeting ? To all which questions, not unessential in a Biographic work, mere Conjecture must for most part return answer. 'It was appointed,' says our Philosopher, 'that the high celestial orbit of Blumine should intersect the low sublunary one of our Forlorn ; that he, looking in her empyrean eyes, should fancy the upper Sphere of Light was come down into this nether sphere of Shadows ; and finding himself mistaken, make noise enough.'

We seem to gather that she was young, hazel-eyed, beautiful, and some one's Cousin ; highborn, and of high spirit ; but unhappily dependent and insolvent ; living, perhaps, on the not too gracious bounty of moneyed relatives. But how came 'the Wanderer' into her circle ? Was it by the humid vehicle of *Æsthetic Tea*, or by the arid one of mere Business ? Was it on the hand of Herr Towgood ; or of the Gnädige Frau, who, as an ornamental Artist, might sometimes like to promote flirtation, especially for young cynical Nondescripts ? To all appearance, it was chiefly by Accident, and the grace of Nature.

'Thou fair Waldschloss,' writes our Autobiographer, 'what stranger ever saw thee, were it even an absolved Auscultator, officially bearing in his pocket the last *Relatio ex Actis* he would ever write, but must have paused to wonder ! Noble Mansion ! There stoodest thou, in deep

Mountain Amphitheatre, on umbrageous lawns, in thy serene solitude ; stately, massive, all of granite ; glittering in the western sunbeams, like a palace of El Dorado, overlaid with precious metal. Beautiful rose up, in wavy curvature, the slope of thy guardian Hills ; of the greenest was their sward, embossed with its dark-brown frets of crag, or spotted by some spreading solitary Tree and its shadow. To the unconscious Wayfarer thou wert also as an Ammon's Temple, in the Libyan Waste ; where, for joy and woe, the tablet of his Destiny lay written. Well might he pause and gaze ; in that glance of his were prophecy and nameless forebodings.'

But now let us conjecture that the so presentient Auscultator has handed-in his *Relatio ex Actis* ; been invited to a glass of Rhine-wine ; and so, instead of returning dispirited and athirst to his dusty Town-home, is ushered into the Gardenhouse, where sit the choicest party of dames and cavaliers : if not engaged in Æsthetic Tea, yet in trustful evening conversation, and perhaps Musical Coffee, for we hear of 'harps and pure voices making the stillness live'. Scarcely, it would seem, is the Gardenhouse inferior in respectability to the noble Mansion itself. 'Embowered amid rich foliage, rose-clusters, and the hues and odours of thousand flowers, here sat that brave company ; in front, from the wide-opened doors, fair outlook over blossom and bush, over grove and velvet green, stretching, undulating onwards to the remote Mountain peaks : so bright, so mild, and everywhere the melody of birds and happy creatures : it was all as if man had stolen a shelter from the Sun in the bosom-vesture of Summer herself. How came it that the Wanderer advanced thither with such forecasting heart (*ahnungsvoll*), by the side of his gay host ? Did he feel that to these soft influences his hard bosom ought to be shut ; that here, once more, Fate had it in view to try him ; to mock him, and see whether there were Humour in him ?

'Next moment he finds himself presented to the party ; and especially by name to—Blumine ! Peculiar among all dames and damosels glanced Blumine, there in her modesty, like a star among earthly lights. Noblest maiden ! whom he bent to, in body and in soul ; yet scarcely dared look

at, for the presence filled him with painful yet sweetest embarrassment.

‘Blumine’s was a name well known to him ; far and wide was the fair one heard of, for her gifts, her graces, her caprices : from all which vague colourings of Rumour, from the censures no less than from the praises, had our friend painted for himself a certain imperious Queen of Hearts, and blooming warm Earth-angel, much more enchanting than your mere white Heaven-angels of women, in whose placid veins circulates too little naphtha-fire. Herself also he had seen in public places ; that light yet so stately form ; those dark tresses, shading a face where smiles and sunlight played over earnest deeps : but all this he had seen only as a magic vision, for him inaccessible, almost without reality. Her sphere was too far from his ; how should she ever think of him ; O Heaven ! how should they so much as once meet together ? And now that Rose-goddess sits in the same circle with him ; the light of *her* eyes has smiled on him ; if he speak, she will hear it ! Nay, who knows, since the heavenly Sun looks into lowest valleys, but Blumine herself might have aforetime noted the so unnotable ; perhaps, from his very gainsayers, as he had from hers, gathered wonder, gathered favour for him ? Was the attraction, the agitation mutual, then ; pole and pole trembling towards contact, when once brought into neighbourhood ? Say rather, heart swelling in presence of the Queen of Hearts ; like the Sea swelling when once near its Moon ! With the Wanderer it was even so : as in heavenward gravitation, suddenly as at the touch of a Seraph’s wand, his whole soul is roused from its deepest recesses ; and all that was painful and that was blissful there, dim images, vague feelings of a whole Past and a whole Future, are heaving in unquiet eddies within him.

‘Often, in far less agitating scenes, had our still Friend shrunk forcibly together ; and shrouded-up his tremors and flutterings, of what sort soever, in a safe cover of Silence, and perhaps of seeming Stolidity. How was it, then, that here, when trembling to the core of his heart, he did not sink into swoons, but rose into strength, into fearlessness and clearness ? It was his guiding Genius (*Dämon*) that inspired him ; he must go forth and meet his Destiny.

Show thyself now, whispered it, or be forever hid. Thus sometimes it is even when your anxiety becomes transcendental, that the soul first feels herself able to transcend it ; that she rises above it, in fiery victory ; and borne on new-found wings of victory, moves so calmly, even because so rapidly, so irresistibly. Always must the Wanderer remember, with a certain satisfaction and surprise, how in this case he sat not silent, but struck adroitly into the stream of conversation ; which thenceforth, to speak with an apparent not a real vanity, he may say that he continued to lead. Surely, in those hours, a certain inspiration was imparted him, such inspiration as is still possible in our late era. The self-secluded unfolds himself in noble thoughts, in free, glowing words ; his soul is as one sea of light, the peculiar home of Truth and Intellect ; wherein also Fantasy bodies-forth form after form, radiant with all prismatic hues.'

It appears, in this otherwise so happy meeting, there talked one 'Philistine' ; who even now, to the general weariness, was dominantly pouring-forth Philistinism (*Philistriositäten*) ; little witting what hero was here entering to demolish him ! We omit the series of Socratic, or rather Diogenic utterances, not unhappy in their way, whereby the monster, 'persuaded into silence,' seems soon after to have withdrawn for the night. 'Of which dialectic marauder,' writes our hero, 'the discomfiture was visibly felt as a benefit by most : but what were all applauses to the glad smile, threatening every moment to become a laugh, wherewith Blumine herself repaid the victor ? He ventured to address her, she answered with attention : nay what if there were a slight tremor in that silver voice ; what if the red glow of evening were hiding a transient blush !

'The conversation took a higher tone, one fine thought called forth another : it was one of those rare seasons, when the soul expands with full freedom, and man feels himself brought near to man. Gaily in light, graceful abandonment, the friendly talk played round that circle ; for the burden was rolled from every heart ; the barriers of Ceremony, which are indeed the laws of polite living, had melted as into vapour ; and the poor claims of *Me*

and *Thee*, no longer parted by rigid fences, now flowed softly into one another ; and Life lay all harmonious, many-tinted, like some fair royal champaign, the sovereign and owner of which were Love only. Such music springs from kind hearts, in a kind environment of place and time. And yet as the light grew more aërial on the mountain-tops, and the shadows fell longer over the valley, some faint tone of sadness may have breathed through the heart ; and, in whispers more or less audible, reminded every one that as this bright day was drawing towards its close, so likewise must the Day of Man's Existence decline into dust and darkness ; and with all its sick toilings, and joyful and mournful noises, sink in the still Eternity.

'To our Friend the hours seemed moments ; holy was he and happy : the words from those sweetest lips came over him like dew on thirsty grass ; all better feelings in his soul seemed to whisper, It is good for us to be here. At parting, the Blumine's hand was in his : in the balmy twilight, with the kind stars above them, he spoke something of meeting again, which was not contradicted ; he pressed gently those small soft fingers, and it seemed as if they were not hastily, not angrily withdrawn.'

Poor Teufelsdröckh ! it is clear to demonstration thou art smit : the Queen of Hearts would see a 'man of genius' also sigh for her ; and there, by art-magic, in that preternatural hour, has she bound and spell-bound thee. 'Love is not altogether a Delirium,' says he elsewhere ; 'yet has it many points in common therewith. I call it rather a discerning of the Infinite in the Finite, of the Idea made Real ; which discerning again may be either true or false, either seraphic or demoniac, Inspiration or Insanity. But in the former case too, as in common Madness, it is Fantasy that superadds itself to sight ; on the so petty domain of the Actual plants its Archimedes-lever, whereby to move at will the infinite Spiritual. Fantasy I might call the true Heaven-gate and Hell-gate of man : his sensuous life is but the small temporary stage (*Zeitbühne*), whereon thick-streaming influences from both these far yet near regions meet visibly, and act tragedy and melodrama. Sense can support herself handsomely, in most countries, for some eighteenpence a day ; but for Fantasy planets and solar-

systems will not suffice. Witness your Pyrrhus conquering the world, yet drinking no better red wine than he had before.' Alas ! witness also your Diogenes, flame-clad, scaling the upper Heaven, and verging towards Insanity, for prize of a 'high-souled Brunette', as if the Earth held but one and not several of these !

He says that, in Town, they met again : ' day after day, like his heart's sun, the blooming Blumine shone on him. Ah ! a little while ago, and he was yet in all darkness : him what Graceful (*Holde*) would ever love ? Disbelieving all things, the poor youth had never learned to believe in himself. Withdrawn, in proud timidity, within his own fastnesses ; solitary from men, yet baited by night-spectres enough, he saw himself, with a sad indignation, constrained to renounce the fairest hopes of existence. And now, O now ! " She looks on thee," cried he : " she the fairest, noblest ; do not her dark eyes tell thee, thou art not despised ? The Heaven's-Messenger ! All Heaven's blessings be hers ! " Thus did soft melodies flow through his heart ; tones of an infinite gratitude ; sweetest intimations that he also was a man, that for him also unutterable joys had been provided.

' In free speech, earnest or gay, amid lambent glances, laughter, tears, and often with the inarticulate mystic speech of Music : such was the element they now lived in ; in such a many-tinted, radiant Aurora, and by this fairest of Orient Light-bringers must our Friend be blandished, and the new Apocalypse of Nature unrolled to him. Fairest Blumine ! And, even as a Star, all Fire and humid Softness, a very Light-ray incarnate ! Was there so much as a fault, a " caprice ", he could have dispensed with ? Was she not to him in very deed a Morning-Star ; did not her presence bring with it airs from Heaven ? As from Æolian Harps in the breath of dawn, as from the Memnon's Statue struck by the rosy finger of Aurora, unearthly music was around him, and lapped him into untried balmy Rest. Pale Doubt fled away to the distance ; Life bloomed-up with happiness and hope. The past, then, was all a haggard dream ; he had been in the Garden of Eden, then, and could not discern it ! But lo now ! the black walls of his prison melt away ; the captive is alive, is free. If he loved his

Disenchantress ? *Ach Gott !* His whole heart and soul and life were hers, but never had he named it Love : existence was all a Feeling, not yet shaped into a Thought.

Nevertheless, into a Thought, nay into an Action, it must be shaped ; for neither Disenchanter nor Disenchantress, mere ' Children of Time ', can abide by Feeling alone. The Professor knows not, to this day, ' how in her soft, fervid bosom the Lovely found determination, even on hest of Necessity, to cut-asunder these so blissful bonds.' He even appears surprised at the ' Duenna Cousin ', whoever she may have been, ' in whose meagre hunger-bitten philosophy, the religion of young hearts was, from the first, faintly approved of.' We, even at such distance, can explain it without necromancy. Let the Philosopher answer this one question : What figure, at that period, was a Mrs. Teufelsdröckh likely to make in polished society ? Could she have driven so much as a brass-bound Gig, or even a simple iron-spring one ? Thou foolish ' absolved Auscultator ', before whom lies no prospect of capital, will any yet known ' religion of young hearts ' keep the human kitchen warm ? Pshaw ! thy divine Blumine, when she ' resigned herself to wed some richer ', shows more philosophy, though but ' a woman of genius ', than thou, a pretended man.

Our readers have witnessed the origin of this Love-mania, and with what royal splendour it waxes, and rises. Let no one ask us to unfold the glories of its dominant state ; much less the horrors of its almost instantaneous dissolution. How from such inorganic masses, henceforth madder than ever, as lie in these Bags, can even fragments of a living delineation be organised ? Besides, of what profit were it ? We view, with a lively pleasure, the gay silk Montgolfier start from the ground, and shoot upwards, cleaving the liquid deeps, till it dwindle to a luminous star : but what is there to look longer on, when once, by natural elasticity, or accident of fire, it has exploded ? A hapless air-navigator, plunging, amid torn parachutes, sand-bags, and confused wreck, fast enough into the jaws of the Devil ! Suffice it to know that Teufelsdröckh rose into the highest regions of the Empyrean, by a natural parabolic track, and returned thence in a quick perpendicular one. For the rest, let any feeling reader, who has been unhappy enough to do the



like, paint it out for himself : considering only that if he, for his perhaps comparatively insignificant mistress, underwent such agonies and frenzies, what must Teufelsdröckh's have been, with a fire-heart, and for a nonpareil Blumine ! We glance merely at the final scene :

‘ One morning, he found his Morning-star all dimmed and dusky-red ; the fair creature was silent, absent, she seemed to have been weeping. Alas, no longer a Morning-star, but a troublous skyey Portent, announcing that the Doomsday had dawned ! She said, in a tremulous voice, They were to meet no more.’ The thunderstruck Air-sailor is not wanting to himself in this dread hour : but what avails it ? We omit the passionate expostulations, entreaties, indignations, since all was vain, and not even an explanation was conceded him ; and hasten to the catastrophe. “ Farewell, then, Madam ! ” said he, not without sternness, for his stung pride helped him. She put her hand in his, she looked in his face, tears started to her eyes ; in wild audacity he clasped her to his bosom ; their lips were joined, their two souls, like two dew-drops, rushed into one,—for the first time, and for the last ! ’ Thus was Teufelsdröckh made immortal by a kiss. And then ? Why, then—‘ thick curtains of Night rushed over his soul, as rose the immeasurable Crash of Doom ; and through the ruins as of a shivered Universe was he falling, falling, towards the Abyss.’

## CHAPTER VI

### SORROWS OF TEUFELSDRÖCKH

WE have long felt that, with a man like our Professor, matters must often be expected to take a course of their own ; that in so multiplex, intricate a nature, there might be channels, both for admitting and emitting, such as the Psychologist had seldom noted ; in short, that on no grand occasion and convulsion, neither in the joy-storm nor in the woe-storm, could you predict his demeanour.

To our less philosophical readers, for example, it is now



clear that the so passionate Teufelsdröckh, precipitated through 'a shivered Universe' in this extraordinary way, has only one of three things which he can next do : Establish himself in Bedlam ; begin writing Satanic Poetry ; or blow-out his brains. In the progress towards any of which consummations, do not such readers anticipate extravagance enough ; breast-beating, brow-beating (against walls), lion-bellowsings of blasphemy and the like, stampings, smittings, breakages of furniture, if not arson itself ?

Nowise so does Teufelsdröckh deport him. He quietly lifts his *Pilgerstab* (Pilgrim-staff), 'old business being soon wound-up ;' and begins a perambulation and circumambulation of the terraqueous Globe ! Curious it is, indeed, how with such vivacity of conception, such intensity of feeling, above all, with these unconscionable habits of Exaggeration in speech, he combines that wonderful stillness of his, that stoicism in external procedure. Thus, if his sudden bereavement, in this matter of the Flower-goddess, is talked of as a real Doomsday and Dissolution of Nature, in which light doubtless it partly appeared to himself, his own nature is nowise dissolved thereby ; but rather is compressed closer. For once, as we might say, a Blumine by magic appliances has unlocked that shut heart of his, and its hidden things rush-out tumultuous, boundless, like genii enfranchised from their glass phial : but no sooner are your magic appliances withdrawn, than the strange casket of a heart springs-to again ; and perhaps there is now no key extant that will open it ; for a Teufelsdröckh, as we remarked, will not love a second time. Singular Diogenes ! No sooner has that heart-rending occurrence fairly taken place, than he affects to regard it as a thing natural, of which there is nothing more to be said. 'One highest hope, seemingly legible in the eyes of an Angel, had recalled him as out of Death-shadows into celestial Life : but a gleam of Tophet passed over the face of his Angel ; he was rapt away in whirlwinds, and heard the laughter of Demons. It was a Calenture,' adds he, 'whereby the Youth saw green Paradise-groves in the waste Ocean-waters : a lying vision, yet not wholly a lie, for *he* saw it.' But what things soever passed in him, when he ceased to see it ; what ragings and despairings soever Teufelsdröckh's soul was the scene of, he

has the goodness to conceal under a quite opaque cover of Silence. We know it well ; the first mad paroxysm past, our brave Gneschen collected his dismembered philosophies, and buttoned himself together ; he was meek, silent, or spoke of the weather and the Journals : only by a transient knitting of those shaggy brows, by some deep flash of those eyes, glancing one knew not whether with tear-dew or with fierce fire,—might you have guessed what a Gehenna was within ; that a whole Satanic School were spouting, though inaudibly, there. To consume your own choler, as some chimneys consume their own smoke ; to keep a whole Satanic School spouting, if it must spout, inaudibly, is a negative yet no slight virtue, nor one of the commonest in these times.

Nevertheless, we will not take upon us to say, that in the strange measure he fell upon, there was not a touch of latent Insanity ; whereof indeed the actual condition of these Documents in *Capricornus* and *Aquarius* is no bad emblem. His so unlimited Wanderings, toilsome enough, are without assigned or perhaps assignable aim ; internal Unrest seems his sole guidance ; he wanders, wanders, as if that curse of the Prophet had fallen on him, and he were 'made like unto a wheel'. Doubtless, too, the chaotic nature of these Paper-bags aggravates our obscurity. Quite without note of preparation, for example, we come upon the following slip : 'A peculiar feeling it is that will rise in the Traveller, when turning some hill-range in his desert road, he descries lying far below, embosomed among its groves and green natural bulwarks, and all diminished to a toybox, the fair Town, where so many souls, as it were seen and yet unseen, are driving their multifarious traffic. Its white steeple is then truly a starward-pointing finger ; the canopy of blue smoke seems like a sort of Life-breath : for always, of its own unity, the soul gives unity to whatsoever it looks on with love ; thus does the little Dwellingplace of men, in itself a congeries of houses and huts, become for us an individual, almost a person. But what thousand other thoughts unite thereto, if the place has to ourselves been the arena of joyous or mournful experiences ; if perhaps the cradle we were rocked in still stands there, if our Loving ones still dwell

there, if our Buried ones there slumber ! ' Does Teufelsdröckh, as the wounded eagle is said to make for its own eyrie, and indeed military deserters, and all hunted outcast creatures, turn as if by instinct in the direction of their birthland,—fly first, in this extremity, towards his native Entepfuhl ; but reflecting that there no help awaits him, take only one wistful look from the distance, and then wend elsewhither ?

Little happier seems to be his next flight : into the wilds of Nature ; as if in her mother-bosom he would seek healing. So at least we incline to interpret the following Notice, separated from the former by some considerable space, wherein, however, is nothing noteworthy :

' Mountains were not new to him ; but rarely are Mountains seen in such combined majesty and grace as here. The rocks are of that sort called Primitive by the mineralogists, which always arrange themselves in masses of a rugged, gigantic character ; which ruggedness, however, is here tempered by a singular airiness of form, and softness of environment : in a climate favourable to vegetation, the gray cliff, itself covered with lichens, shoots-up through a garment of foliage or verdure ; and white, bright cottages, tree-shaded, cluster round the everlasting granite. In fine vicissitude, Beauty alternates with Grandeur : you ride through stony hollows, along strait passes, traversed by torrents, overhung by high walls of rock ; now winding amid broken shaggy chasms, and huge fragments ; now suddenly emerging into some emerald valley, where the streamlet collects itself into a Lake, and man has again found a fair dwelling, and it seems as if Peace had established herself in the bosom of Strength.

' To Peace, however, in this vortex of existence, can the Son of Time not pretend : still less if some Spectre haunt him from the Past ; and the Future is wholly a Stygian Darkness, spectre-bearing. Reasonably might the Wanderer exclaim to himself : Are not the gates of this world's Happiness inexorably shut against thee ; hast thou a hope that is not mad ? Nevertheless, one may still murmur audibly, or in the original Greek if that suit thee better : " Whoso can look on Death will start at no shadows."

' From such meditations is the Wanderer's attention

called outwards ; for now the Valley closes-in abruptly, intersected by a huge mountain mass, the stony water-worn ascent of which is not to be accomplished on horse-back. Arrived aloft, he finds himself again lifted into the evening sunset light ; and cannot but pause, and gaze round him, some moments there. An upland irregular expanse of wold, where valleys in complex branchings are suddenly or slowly arranging their descent towards every quarter of the sky. The mountain-ranges are beneath your feet, and folded together : only the loftier summits look down here and there as on a second plain ; lakes also lie clear and earnest in their solitude. No trace of man now visible ; unless indeed it were he who fashioned that little visible link of Highway, here, as would seem, scaling the inaccessible, to unite Province with Province. But sunwards, lo you ! how it towers sheer up, a world of Mountains, the diadem and centre of the mountain region ! A hundred and a hundred savage peaks, in the last light of Day ; all glowing, of gold and amethyst, like giant spirits of the wilderness ; there in their silence, in their solitude, even as on the night when Noah's Deluge first dried ! Beautiful, nay solemn, was the sudden aspect to our Wanderer. He gazed over those stupendous masses with wonder, almost with longing desire ; never till this hour had he known Nature, that she was One, that she was his Mother and divine. And as the ruddy glow was fading into clearness in the sky, and the Sun had now departed, a murmur of Eternity and Immensity, of Death and of Life, stole through his soul ; and he felt as if Death and Life were one, as if the Earth were not dead, as if the Spirit of the Earth had its throne in that splendour, and his own spirit were therewith holding communion.

'The spell was broken by a sound of carriage-wheels. Emerging from the hidden Northward, to sink soon into the hidden Southward, came a gay Barouche-and-four : it was open ; servants and postillions wore wedding favours : that happy pair, then, had found each other, it was their marriage evening ! Few moments brought them near : *Du Himmel !* It was Herr Towgood and — Blumine ! With slight unrecognising salutation they passed me ; plunged down amid the neighbouring thickets, onwards, to Heaven,

and to England; and I, in my friend Richter's words, *I remained alone, behind them, with the Night.*'

Were it not cruel in these circumstances, here might be the place to insert an observation, gleaned long ago from the great *Clothes-Volume*, where it stands with quite other intent: 'Some time before Small-pox was extirpated,' says the Professor, 'there came a new malady of the spiritual sort on Europe: I mean the epidemic, now endemical, of View-hunting. Poets of old date, being privileged with Senses, had also enjoyed external Nature; but chiefly as we enjoy the crystal cup which holds good or bad liquor for us; that is to say, in silence, or with slight incidental commentary: never, as I compute, till after the *Sorrows of Werter*, was there man found who would say: Come let us make a Description! Having drunk the liquor, come let us eat the glass! Of which endemic the Jenner is unhappily still to seek.' Too true!

We reckon it more important to remark that the Professor's Wanderings, so far as his stoical and cynical envelopment admits us to clear insight, here first take their permanent character, fatuous or not. That Basilisk-glance of the Barouche-and-four seems to have withered-up what little remnant of a purpose may have still lurked in him: Life has become wholly a dark labyrinth; wherein, through long years, our Friend, flying from spectres, has to stumble about at random, and naturally with more haste than progress.

Foolish were it in us to attempt following him, even from afar, in this extraordinary world-pilgrimage of his; the simplest record of which, were clear record possible, would fill volumes. Hopeless is the obscurity, unspeakable the confusion. He glides from country to country, from condition to condition; vanishing and re-appearing, no man can calculate how or where. Through all quarters of the world he wanders, and apparently through all circles of society. If in any scene, perhaps difficult to fix geographically, he settles for a time, and forms connexions, be sure he will snap them abruptly asunder. Let him sink out of sight as Private Scholar (*Privatisirender*), living by the grace of God in some European capital, you may next find him as Hadjee in the neighbourhood of Mecca. It is an inexplicable

Phantasmagoria, capricious, quick-changing; as if our Traveller, instead of limbs and highways, had transported himself by some wishing-carpet, or Fortunatus' Hat. The whole, too, imparted emblematically, in dim multifarious tokens (as that collection of Street-Advertisements); with only some touch of direct historical notice sparingly interspersed: little light-islets in the world of haze! So that, from this point, the Professor is more of an enigma than ever. In figurative language, we might say he becomes, not indeed a spirit, yet spiritualised, vaporised. Fact unparalleled in Biography: The river of his History, which we have traced from its tiniest fountains, and hoped to see flow onward, with increasing current, into the ocean, here dashes itself over that terrific Lover's Leap; and, as a mad-foaming cataract, flies wholly into tumultuous clouds of spray! Low down it indeed collects again into pools and splashes; yet only at a great distance, and with difficulty, if at all, into a general stream. To cast a glance into certain of those pools and splashes, and trace whither they run, must, for a chapter or two, form the limit of our endeavour.

For which end doubtless those direct historical Notices, where they can be met with, are the best. Nevertheless, of this sort too there occurs much, which, with our present light, it were questionable to emit. Teufelsdröckh, vibrating everywhere between the highest and the lowest levels, comes into contact with public History itself. For example, those conversations and relations with illustrious Persons, as Sultan Mahmoud, the Emperor Napoleon, and others, are they not as yet rather of a diplomatic character than of a biographic? The Editor, appreciating the sacredness of crowned heads, nay perhaps suspecting the possible trickeries of a Clothes-Philosopher, will eschew this province for the present; a new time may bring new insight and a different duty.

If we ask now, not indeed with what ulterior Purpose, for there was none, yet with what immediate outlooks; at all events, in what mood of mind, the Professor undertook and prosecuted this world-pilgrimage,—the answer is more distinct than favourable. 'A nameless Unrest,' says he, 'urged me forward; to which the outward motion was some

momentary lying solace. Whither should I go ? My Load-stars were blotted out ; in that canopy of grim fire shone no star. Yet forward must I ; the ground burnt under me ; there was no rest for the sole of my foot. I was alone, alone ! Ever too the strong inward longing shaped Fantasms for itself : towards these, one after the other, must I fruitlessly wander. A feeling I had, that for my fever-thirst there was and must be somewhere a healing Fountain. To many fondly imagined Fountains, the Saints' Wells of these days, did I pilgrim ; to great Men, to great Cities, to great Events : but found there no healing. In strange countries, as in the well-known ; in savage deserts, as in the press of corrupt civilisation, it was ever the same : how could your Wanderer escape from—*his own Shadow* ? Nevertheless still Forward ! I felt as if in great haste ; to do I saw not what. From the depths of my own heart, it called to me, Forwards ! The winds and the streams, and all Nature sounded to me, Forwards ! *Ach Gott*, I was even, once for all, a Son of Time.

From which is it not clear that the internal Satanic School was still active enough ? He says elsewhere : ' The *Enchiridion of Epictetus* I had ever with me, often as my sole rational companion ; and regret to mention that the nourishment it yielded was trifling.' Thou foolish Teufelsdröckh ! How could it else ? Hadst thou not Greek enough to understand thus much : *The end of Man is an Action, and not a Thought*, though it were the noblest ?

' How I lived ? ' writes he once : ' Friend, hast thou considered the " rugged all-nourishing Earth ", as Sophocles well names her ; how she feeds the sparrow on the housetop, much more her darling, man ? While thou stirrest and livest, thou hast a probability of victual. My breakfast of tea has been cooked by a Tartar woman, with water of the Amur, who wiped her earthen kettle with a horse-tail. I have roasted wild-eggs in the sand of Sahara ; I have awakened in Paris *Estrapades* and Vienna *Malzleins*, with no prospect of breakfast beyond elemental liquid. That I had my Living to seek saved me from Dying,—by suicide. In our busy Europe, is there not an everlasting demand for Intellect, in the chemical, mechanical, political, religious, educational, commercial departments ? In Pagan countries,



cannot one write Fetishes ? Living ! Little knowest thou what alchemy is in an inventive Soul ; how, as with its little finger, it can create provision enough for the body (of a Philosopher) ; and then, as with both hands, create quite other than provision ; namely, spectres to torment itself withal.'

Poor Teufelsdröckh ! Flying with Hunger always parallel to him ; and a whole Infernal Chase in his rear ; so that the countenance of Hunger is comparatively a friend's ! Thus must he, in the temper of ancient Cain, or of the modern Wandering Jew,—save only that he feels himself not guilty and but suffering the pains of guilt,—wend to and fro with aimless speed. Thus must he, over the whole surface of the Earth (by foot-prints), write his *Sorrows of Teufelsdröckh* ; even as the great Goethe, in passionate words, had to write his *Sorrows of Werter*, before the spirit freed herself, and he could become a Man. Vain truly is the hope of your swiftest Runner to escape 'from his own Shadow' ! Nevertheless, in these sick days, when the Born of Heaven first descries himself (about the age of twenty) in a world such as ours, richer than usual in two things, in Truths grown obsolete, and Trades grown obsolete,—what can the fool think but that it is all a Den of Lies, wherein whoso will not speak Lies and act Lies, must stand idle and despair ? Whereby it happens that, for your nobler minds, the publishing of some such Work of Art, in one or the other dialect, becomes almost a necessity. For what is it properly but an Altercation with the Devil, before you begin honestly Fighting him ? Your Byron publishes his *Sorrows of Lord George*, in verse and in prose, and copiously otherwise : your Bonaparte represents his *Sorrows of Napoleon* Opera, in an all-too stupendous style ; with music of cannon-volleys, and murder-shrieks of a world ; his stage-lights are the fires of Conflagration ; his rhyme and recitative are the tramp of embattled Hosts and the sound of falling Cities.—Happier is he who, like our Clothes-Philosopher, can write such matter, since it must be written, on the insensible Earth, with his shoe-soles only ; and also survive the writing thereof !



## CHAPTER VII

## THE EVERLASTING NO

UNDER the strange nebulous envelopment, wherein our Professor has now shrouded himself, no doubt but his spiritual nature is nevertheless progressive, and growing : for how can the 'Son of Time', in any case, stand still ? We behold him, through those dim years, in a state of crisis, of transition : his mad Pilgrimings, and general solution into aimless Discontinuity, what is all this but a mad Fermentation ; wherefrom, the fiercer it is, the clearer product will one day evolve itself ?

Such transitions are ever full of pain : thus the Eagle when he moults is sickly ; and, to attain his new beak, must harshly dash-off the old one upon rocks. What Stoicism soever our Wanderer, in his individual acts and motions, may affect, it is clear that there is a hot fever of anarchy and misery raging within ; coruscations of which flash out : as, indeed, how could there be other ? Have we not seen him disappointed, bemocked of Destiny, through long years ? All that the young heart might desire and pray for has been denied ; nay, as in the last worst instance, offered and then snatched away. Ever an 'excellent Passivity' ; but of useful, reasonable Activity, essential to the former as Food to Hunger, nothing granted : till at length, in this wild Pilgrimage, he must forcibly seize for himself an Activity, though useless, unreasonable. Alas, his cup of bitterness, which had been filling drop by drop, ever since that first 'ruddy morning' in the Hinterschlag Gymnasium, was at the very lip ; and then with that poison-drop, of the Towgood-and-Blumine business, it runs over, and even hisses over in a deluge of foam.

He himself says once, with more justness than originality : 'Man is, properly speaking, based upon Hope, he has no other possession but Hope ; this world of his is emphatically the Place of Hope.' What, then, was our Professor's possession ? We see him, for the present, quite shut-out from Hope ; looking not into the golden orient, but vaguely

all round into a dim copper firmament, pregnant with earthquake and tornado.

Alas, shut-out from Hope, in a deeper sense than we yet dream of ! For, as he wanders wearisomely through this world, he has now lost all tidings of another and higher. Full of religion, or at least of religiosity, as our Friend has since exhibited himself, he hides not that, in those days, he was wholly irreligious : ' Doubt had darkened into Unbelief,' says he ; ' shade after shade goes grimly over your soul, till you have the fixed, starless, Tartarean black.' To such readers as have reflected, what can be called reflecting, on man's life, and happily discovered, in contradiction to much Profit-and-Loss Philosophy, speculative and practical, that Soul is *not* synonymous with Stomach ; who understand, therefore, in our Friend's words, ' that, for man's well-being, Faith is properly the one thing needful ; how, with it, Martyrs, otherwise weak, can cheerfully endure the shame and the cross ; and without it, Worldlings puke-up their sick existence, by suicide, in the midst of luxury : ' to such it will be clear that, for a pure moral nature, the loss of his religious Belief was the loss of everything. Unhappy young man ! All wounds, the crush of long-continued Destitution, the stab of false Friendship and of false Love, all wounds in thy so genial heart, would have healed again, had not its life-warmth been withdrawn. Well might he exclaim, in his wild way : ' Is there no God, then ; but at best an absentee God, sitting idle, ever since the first Sabbath, at the outside of his Universe, and seeing it go ? Has the word Duty no meaning ; is what we call Duty no divine Messenger and Guide, but a false earthly Fantasm, made-up of Desire and Fear, of emanations from the Gallows and from Doctor Graham's Celestial-Bed ? Happiness of an approving Conscience ! Did not Paul of Tarsus, whom admiring men have since named Saint, feel that *he* was " the chief of sinners " ; and Nero of Rome, jocund in spirit (*wohlgemuth*), spend much of his time in fiddling ? Foolish Wordmonger and Motive-grinder, who in thy Logic-mill hast an earthly mechanism for the Godlike itself, and wouldst fain grind me out Virtue from the husks of Pleasure,—I tell thee, Nay ! To the unregenerate Prometheus Vincetus of a man, it is ever the bitterest

aggravation of his wretchedness that he is conscious of Virtue, that he feels himself the victim not of suffering only, but of injustice. What then ? Is the heroic inspiration we name Virtue but some Passion ; some bubble of the blood, bubbling in the direction others *profit* by ? I know not : only this I know, If what thou namest Happiness be our true aim, then are we all astray. With Stupidity and sound Digestion man may front much. But what, in these dull unimaginative days, are the terrors of Conscience to the diseases of the Liver ! Not on Morality, but on Cookery, let us build our stronghold : there brandishing our frying-pan, as censor, let us offer sweet incense to the Devil, and live at ease on the fat things *he* has provided for his Elect !

Thus has the bewildered Wanderer to stand, as so many have done, shouting question after question into the Sibyl-cave of Destiny, and receive no Answer but an Echo. It is all a grim Desert, this once-fair world of his ; wherein is heard only the howling of wild-beasts, or the shrieks of despairing, hate-filled men ; and no Pillar of Cloud by day, and no Pillar of Fire by night, any longer guides the Pilgrim. To such length has the spirit of Inquiry carried him. ' But what boots it (*was thut's*) ? ' cries he : ' it is but the common lot in this era. Not having come to spiritual majority prior to the *Siècle de Louis Quinze*, and not being born purely a Loghead (*Dummkopf*), thou hadst no other outlook. The whole world is, like thee, sold to Unbelief ; their old Temples of the Godhead, which for long have not been rainproof, crumble down ; and men ask now : Where is the Godhead ; our eyes never saw him ? '

Pitiful enough were it, for all these wild utterances, to call our Diogenes wicked. Unprofitable servants as we all are, perhaps at no era of his life was he more decisively the Servant of Goodness, the Servant of God, than even now when doubting God's existence. ' One circumstance I note,' says he : ' after all the nameless woe that Inquiry, which for me, what it is not always, was genuine Love of Truth, had wrought me, I nevertheless still loved Truth, and would bate no jot of my allegiance to her. " Truth ! " I cried, " though the Heavens crush me for following her : no Falsehood ! though a whole celestial Lubberland were the price of Apostasy." In conduct it was the same. Had

a divine Messenger from the clouds, or miraculous Hand-writing on the wall, convincingly proclaimed to me *This thou shalt do*, with what passionate readiness, as I often thought, would I have done it, had it been leaping into the infernal Fire. Thus, in spite of all Motive-grinders, and Mechanical Profit-and-Loss Philosophies, with the sick ophthalmia and hallucination they had brought on, was the Infinite nature of Duty still dimly present to me : living without God in the world, of God's light I was not utterly bereft ; if my as yet sealed eyes, with their unspeakable longing, could nowhere see Him, nevertheless in my heart He was present, and His heaven-written Law still stood legible and sacred there.'

Meanwhile, under all these tribulations, and temporal and spiritual destitutions, what must the Wanderer, in his silent soul, have endured ! 'The painfullest feeling,' writes he, 'is that of your own Feebleness (*Unkraft*) ; ever, as the English Milton says, to be weak is the true misery. And yet of your Strength there is and can be no clear feeling, save by what you have prospered in, by what you have done. Between vague wavering Capability and fixed indubitable Performance, what a difference ! A certain inarticulate Self-consciousness dwells dimly in us ; which only our Works can render articulate and decisively discernible. Our Works are the mirror wherein the spirit first sees its natural lineaments. Hence, too, the folly of that impossible Precept, *Know thyself* ; till it be translated into this partially possible one, *Know what thou canst work at*.

But for me, so strangely unprosperous had I been, the net-result of my Workings amounted as yet simply to—Nothing. How then could I believe in my Strength, when there was as yet no mirror to see it in ? Ever did this agitating, yet, as I now perceive, quite frivolous question, remain to me insoluble : Hast thou a certain Faculty, a certain Worth, such even as the most have not ; or art thou the completest Dullard of these modern times ? Alas, the fearful Unbelief is unbelief in yourself ; and how could I believe ? Had not my first, last Faith in myself, when even to me the Heavens seemed laid open, and I dared to love, been all-too cruelly belied ? The speculative Mystery of Life grew ever more mysterious to me : neither in the

practical Mystery had I made the slightest progress, but been everywhere buffeted, foiled, and contemptuously cast out. A feeble unit in the middle of a threatening Infinitude, I seemed to have nothing given me but eyes, whereby to discern my own wretchedness. Invisible yet impenetrable walls, as of Enchantment, divided me from all living : was there, in the wide world, any true bosom I could press trustfully to mine ? O Heaven, No, there was none ! I kept a lock upon my lips : why should I speak much with that shifting variety of so-called Friends, in whose withered, vain and too-hungry souls Friendship was but an incredible tradition ? In such cases, your resource is to talk little, and that little mostly from the Newspapers. Now when I look back, it was a strange isolation I then lived in. The men and women around me, even speaking with me, were but Figures ; I had, practically, forgotten that they were alive, that they were not merely automatic. In the midst of their crowded streets and assemblages, I walked solitary ; and (except as it was my own heart, not another's, that I kept devouring) savage also, as the tiger in his jungle. Some comfort it would have been, could I, like a Faust, have fancied myself tempted and tormented of the Devil ; for a Hell, as I imagine, without Life, though only diabolic Life, were more frightful : but in our age of Downpulling and Disbelief, the very Devil has been pulled down, you cannot so much as believe in a Devil. To me the Universe was all void of Life, of Purpose, of Volition, even of Hostility : it was one huge, dead, immeasurable Steam-engine, rolling on, in its dead indifference, to grind me limb from limb. O, the vast, gloomy, solitary Golgotha, and Mill of Death ! Why was the Living banished thither companionless, conscious ? Why, if there is no Devil ; nay, unless the Devil is your God ?

A prey incessantly to such corrosions, might not, moreover, as the worst aggravation to them, the iron constitution even of a Teufelsdröckh threaten to fail ? We conjecture that he has known sickness ; and, in spite of his locomotive habits, perhaps sickness of the chronic sort. Hear this, for example : ' How beautiful to die of broken-heart, on Paper ! Quite another thing in practice ; every window of your Feeling, even of your Intellect, as it were, begrimed and

mud-bespattered, so that no pure ray can enter ; a whole Drugshop in your inwards ; the fordome soul drowning slowly in quagmires of Disgust !'

Putting all which external and internal miseries together, may we not find in the following sentences, quite in our Professor's still vein, significance enough ? ' From Suicide a certain aftershine (*Nachschein*) of Christianity withheld me : perhaps also a certain indolence of character ; for, was not that a remedy I had at any time within reach ? Often, however, was there a question present to me : Should some one now, at the turning of that corner, blow thee suddenly out of Space, into the other World, or other No-world, by pistol-shot,—how were it ? On which ground, too, I have often, in sea-storms and sieged cities and other death-scenes, exhibited an imperturbability, which passed, falsely enough, for courage.'

' So had it lasted,' concludes the Wanderer, ' so had it lasted, as in bitter protracted Death-agony, through long years. The heart within me, unvisited by any heavenly dewdrop, was smouldering in sulphurous, slow-consuming fire. Almost since earliest memory I had shed no tear ; or once only when I, murmuring half-audibly, recited Faust's Deathsong, that wild *Selig der den er im Siegesglanze findet* (Happy whom *he* finds in Battle's splendour), and thought that of this last Friend even I was not forsaken, that Destiny itself could not doom me not to die. Having no hope, neither had I any definite fear, were it of Man or of Devil : nay, I often felt as if it might be solacing, could the Arch-Devil himself, though in Tartarean terrors, but rise to me, that I might tell him a little of my mind. And yet, strangely enough, I lived in a continual, indefinite, pining fear ; tremulous, pusillanimous, apprehensive of I knew not what : it seemed as if all things in the Heavens above and the Earth beneath would hurt me ; as if the Heavens and the Earth were but boundless jaws of a devouring monster, wherein I, palpitating, waited to be devoured.

' Full of such humour, and perhaps the miserablest man in the whole French Capital or Suburbs, was I, one sultry Dogday, after much perambulation, toiling along the dirty little *Rue Saint-Thomas de l'Enfer*, among civic rubbish enough, in a close atmosphere, and over pavements hot as

Nebuchadnezzar's Furnace ; whereby doubtless my spirits were little cheered ; when, all at once, there rose a Thought in me, and I asked myself : " What *art* thou afraid of ? Wherefore, like a coward, dost thou forever pip and whimper, and go cowering and trembling ? Despicable biped ! what is the sum-total of the worst that lies before thee ? Death ? Well, Death ; and say the pangs of Tophet too, and all that the Devil and Man may, will or can do against thee ! Hast thou not a heart ; canst thou not suffer whatsoever it be ; and, as a Child of Freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet itself under thy feet, while it consumes thee ? Let it come, then ; I will meet it and defy it ! " And as I so thought, there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul ; and I shook base Fear away from me forever. I was strong, of unknown strength ; a spirit, almost a god. Ever from that time, the temper of my misery was changed : not Fear or whining Sorrow was it, but Indignation and grim fire-eyed Defiance.

' Thus had the EVERLASTING NO (*das ewige Nein*) pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my Being, of my ME ; and then was it that my whole ME stood up, in native God-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its Protest. Such a Protest, the most important transaction in Life, may that same Indignation and Defiance, in a psychological point of view, be fitly called. The Everlasting No had said : " Behold, thou art fatherless, outcast, and the Universe is mine (the Devil's) ; " to which my whole Me now made answer : " I am not thine, but Free, and forever hate thee ! "

' It is from this hour that I incline to date my Spiritual New-birth, or Baphometic Fire-baptism ; perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a Man.'

## CHAPTER VIII

### CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE

THOUGH, after this ' Baphometic Fire-baptism ' of his, our Wanderer signifies that his Unrest was but increased ; as, indeed, ' Indignation and Defiance,' especially against things in general, are not the most peaceable inmates ; yet can the



Psychologist surmise that it was no longer a quite hopeless Unrest ; that henceforth it had at least a fixed centre to revolve round. For the fire-baptised soul, long so scathed and thunder-riven, here feels its own Freedom, which feeling is its Baphometic Baptism : the citadel of its whole kingdom it has thus gained by assault, and will keep inexpugnable ; outwards from which the remaining dominions, not indeed without hard battling, will doubtless by degrees be conquered and pacificated. Under another figure, we might say, if in that great moment, in the *Rue Saint-Thomas de l'Enfer*, the old inward Satanic School was not yet thrown out of doors, it received peremptory judicial notice to quit ; —whereby, for the rest, its howl-chantings, Ernulphus-cursings, and rebellious gnashings of teeth, might, in the mean while, become only the more tumultuous, and difficult to keep secret.

Accordingly, if we scrutinise these Pilgrimings well, there is perhaps discernible henceforth a certain incipient method in their madness. Not wholly as a Spectre does Teufelsdröckh now storm through the world ; at worst as a spectre-fighting Man, nay who will one day be a Spectre-queller. If pilgriming restlessly to so many 'Saints' Wells', and ever without quenching of his thirst, he nevertheless finds little secular wells, whereby from time to time some alleviation is ministered. In a word, he is now, if not ceasing, yet intermitting to 'eat his own heart' ; and clutches round him outwardly on the NOT-ME for wholesomer food. Does not the following glimpse exhibit him in a much more natural state ?

'Towns also and Cities, especially the ancient, I failed not to look upon with interest. How beautiful to see thereby, as through a long vista, into the remote Time ; to have, as it were, an actual section of almost the earliest Past brought safe into the Present, and set before your eyes ! There, in that old City, was a live ember of Culinary Fire put down, say only two-thousand years ago ; and there, burning more or less triumphantly, with such fuel as the region yielded, it has burnt, and still burns, and thou thyself seest the very smoke thereof. Ah ! and the far more mysterious live ember of Vital Fire was then also put down there ; and still miraculously burns and spreads ;



and the smoke and ashes thereof (in these Judgment-Halls and Churchyards), and its bellows-engines (in these Churches), thou still seest ; and its flame, looking out from every kind countenance, and every hateful one, still warms thee or scorches thee.

‘ Of Man’s Activity and Attainment the chief results are aeriform, mystic, and preserved in Tradition only : such are his Forms of Government, with the Authority they rest on ; his Customs, or Fashions both of Cloth-habits and of Soul-habits ; much more his collective stock of Handicrafts, the whole Faculty he has acquired of manipulating Nature : all these things, as indispensable and priceless as they are, cannot in any way be fixed under lock and key, but must flit, spirit-like, on impalpable vehicles, from Father to Son ; if you demand sight of them, they are nowhere to be met with. Visible Ploughmen and Hammermen there have been, ever from Cain and Tubalcain downwards : but where does your accumulated Agricultural, Metallurgic, and other Manufacturing SKILL lie warehoused ? It transmits itself on the atmospheric air, on the sun’s rays (by Hearing and by Vision) ; it is a thing aeriform, impalpable, of quite spiritual sort. In like manner, ask me not, Where are the LAWS ; where is the GOVERNMENT ? In vain wilt thou go to Schönbrunn, to Downing Street, to the Palais Bourbon : thou findest nothing there but brick or stone houses, and some bundles of Papers tied with tape. Where, then, is that same cunningly-devised almighty GOVERNMENT of theirs to be laid hands on ? Everywhere, yet nowhere : seen only in its works, this too is a thing aeriform, invisible ; or if you will, mystic and miraculous. So spiritual (*geistig*) is our whole daily Life : all that we do springs out of Mystery, Spirit, invisible Force ; only like a little Cloud-image, or Armida’s Palace, air-built, does the Actual body itself forth from the great mystic Deep.

‘ Visible and tangible products of the Past, again, I reckon-up to the extent of three : Cities, with their Cabinets and Arsenals ; then tilled Fields, to either or to both of which divisions Roads with their Bridges may belong ; and thirdly — Books. In which third truly, the last invented, lies a worth far surpassing that of the two others. Wondrous indeed is the virtue of a true Book.

Not like a dead city of stones, yearly crumbling, yearly needing repair ; more like a tilled field, but then a spiritual field : like a spiritual tree, let me rather say, it stands from year to year, and from age to age (we have Books that already number some hundred-and-fifty human ages) ; and yearly comes its new produce of leaves (Commentaries, Deductions, Philosophical, Political Systems ; or were it only Sermons, Pamphlets, Journalistic Essays), every one of which is talismanic and thaumaturgic, for it can persuade men. O thou who art able to write a Book, which once in the two centuries or oftener there is a man gifted to do, envy not him whom they name City-builder, and inexpressibly pity him whom they name Conqueror or City-burner ! Thou too art a Conqueror and Victor ; but of the true sort, namely over the Devil : thou too hast built what will outlast all marble and metal, and be a wonder-bringing City of the Mind, a Temple and Seminary and Prophetic Mount, whereto all kindreds of the Earth will pilgrim.—Fool ! why journeyest thou wearisomely, in thy antiquarian fervour, to gaze on the stone pyramids of Geeza, or the clay ones of Sacchara ? These stand there, as I can tell thee, idle and inert, looking over the Desert, foolishly enough, for the last three-thousand years : but canst thou not open thy Hebrew BIBLE, then, or even Luther's Version thereof ?

No less satisfactory is his sudden appearance not in Battle, yet on some Battle-field ; which, we soon gather, must be that of Wagram ; so that here, for once, is a certain approximation to distinctness of date. Omitting much, let us impart what follows :

'Horrible enough ! A whole Marchfeld strewed with shell-splinters, cannon-shot, ruined tumbrils, and dead men and horses ; stragglers still remaining not so much as buried. And those red mould heaps : ay, there lie the Shells of Men, out of which all the Life and Virtue has been blown ; and now are they swept together, and crammed-down out of sight, like blown Egg-shells !—Did Nature, when she bade the Donau bring down his mould-cargoes from the Carinthian and Carpathian Heights, and spread them out here into the softest, richest level,—intend thee, O Marchfeld, for a corn-bearing Nursery, whereon

her children might be nursed ; or for a Cockpit, wherein they might the more commodiously be throttled and tattered ? Were thy three broad Highways, meeting here from the ends of Europe, made for Ammunition-wagons, then ? Were thy Wagrams and Stillfrieds but so many ready-built Casemates, wherein the house of Hapsburg might batter with artillery, and with artillery be battered ? König Ottokar, amid yonder hillocks, dies under Rodolf's truncheon ; here Kaiser Franz falls a-swoon under Napoleon's : within which five centuries, to omit the others, how has thy breast, fair Plain, been defaced and defiled ! The greensward is torn-up and trampled-down ; man's fond care of it, his fruit-trees, hedge-rows, and pleasant dwellings, blown-away with gunpowder ; and the kind seedfield lies a desolate, hideous Place of Skulls.—Nevertheless, Nature is at work ; neither shall these Powder-Devilkins with their utmost devilry gainsay her : but all that gore and carnage will be shrouded-in, absorbed into manure ; and next year the Marchfeld will be green, nay greener. Thrifty unwearyed Nature, ever out of our great waste educating some little profit of thy own,—how dost thou, from the very carcass of the Killer, bring Life for the Living !

What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net-purport and upshot of war ? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five-hundred souls. From these, by certain "Natural Enemies" of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men : Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them : she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected ; all dressed in red ; and shipped away, at the public charges, some two-thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain ; and fed there till wanted. And now to that same spot, in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending : till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxta-

position ; and Thirty stands fronting Thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word " Fire ! " is given : and they blow the souls out of one another ; and in place of sixty brisk useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel ? Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest ! They lived far enough apart ; were the entirest strangers ; nay, in so wide a Universe, there was even, unconsciously, by Commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then ? Simpleton ! their Governors had fallen-out ; and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.—Alas, so is it in Deutschland, and hitherto in all other lands ; still as of old, " what devilry soever Kings do, the Greeks must pay the piper ! "—In that fiction of the English Smollet, it is true, the final Cessation of War is perhaps prophetically shadowed forth ; where the two Natural Enemies, in person, take each a Tobacco-pipe, filled with Brimstone ; light the same, and smoke in one another's faces, till the weaker gives in : but from such predicted Peace-Era, what blood-filled trenches, and contentious centuries, may still divide us !

Thus can the Professor, at least in lucid intervals, look away from his own sorrows, over the many-coloured world, and pertinently enough note what is passing there. We may remark, indeed, that for the matter of spiritual culture, if for nothing else, perhaps few periods of his life were richer than this. Internally, there is the most momentous instructive Course of Practical Philosophy, with Experiments, going on ; towards the right comprehension of which his Peripatetic habits, favourable to Meditation, might help him rather than hinder. Externally, again, as he wanders to and fro, there are, if for the longing heart little substance, yet for the seeing eye sights enough : in these so boundless Travels of his, granting that the Satanic School was even partially kept down, what an incredible knowledge of our Planet, and its Inhabitants and their Works, that is to say, of all knowable things, might not Teufelsdröckh acquire !

' I have read in most Public Libraries,' says he, ' including those of Constantinople and Samarcand : in most Colleges, except the Chinese Mandarin ones, I have studied,

or seen that there was no studying. Unknown Languages have I oftenest gathered from their natural repertory, the Air, by my organ of Hearing; Statistics, Geographics, Topographics came, through the Eye, almost of their own accord. The ways of Man, how he seeks food, and warmth, and protection for himself, in most regions, are ocularly known to me. Like the great Hadrian, I meted-out much of the terraqueous Globe with a pair of Compasses that belonged to myself only.

‘Of great Scenes why speak? Three summer days, I lingered reflecting, and even composing (*dichtete*), by the Pine-chasms of Vacluse; and in that clear Lakelet moistened my bread. I have sat under the Palm-trees of Tadmor; smoked a pipe among the ruins of Babylon. The great Wall of China I have seen; and can testify that it is of gray brick, coped and covered with granite, and shows only second-rate masonry.—Great Events, also, have not I witnessed? Kings sweated-down (*ausgemergelt*) into Berlin- and Milan Customhouse-Officers; the World well won, and the World well lost; oftener than once a hundred-thousand individuals shot (by each other) in one day. All kindreds and peoples and nations dashed together, and shifted and shovelled into heaps, that they might ferment there, and in time unite. The birth-pangs of Democracy, wherewith convulsed Europe was groaning in cries that reached Heaven, could not escape me.

‘For great Men I have ever had the warmest predilection; and can perhaps boast that few such in this era have wholly escaped me. Great Men are the inspired (speaking and acting) Texts of that divine BOOK OF REVELATIONS, whereof a Chapter is completed from epoch to epoch, and by some named HISTORY; to which inspired Texts your numerous talented men, and your innumerable untalented men, are the better or worse exegetic Commentaries, and wagonload of too-stupid, heretical or orthodox, weekly Sermons. For my study, the inspired Texts themselves! Thus did not I, in very early days, having disguised me as tavern-waiter, stand behind the field-chairs, under that shady Tree at Treisnitz by the Jena Highway; waiting upon the great Schiller and greater Goethe; and hearing what I have not forgotten. For —’

— But at this point the Editor recalls his principle of caution, some time ago laid down, and must suppress much. Let not the sacredness of Laurells, still more, of Crowned Heads, be tampered with. Should we, at a future day, find circumstances altered, and the time come for Publication, then may these glimpses into the privacy of the Illustrious be conceded ; which for the present were little better than treacherous, perhaps traitorous Eavesdroppings. Of Lord Byron, therefore, of Pope Pius, Emperor Tarakwang, and the ' White Water-roses ' (Chinese Carbonari) with their mysteries, no notice here ! Of Napoleon himself we shall only, glancing from afar, remark that Teufelsdröckh's relation to him seems to have been of very varied character. At first we find our poor Professor on the point of being shot as a spy ; then taken into private conversation, even pinched on the ear, yet presented with no money ; at last indignantly dismissed, almost thrown out of doors, as an ' Ideologist '. ' He himself ', says the Professor, ' was among the completest Ideologists, at least Ideopraxists : in the Idea (*in der Idee*) he lived, moved and fought. The man was a Divine Missionary, though unconscious of it ; and preached, through the cannon's throat, that great doctrine, *La carrière ouverte aux talens* (The Tools to him that can handle them), which is our ultimate Political Evangel, wherein alone can liberty lie. Madly enough he preached, it is true, as Enthusiasts and first Missionaries are wont, with imperfect utterance, amid much frothy rant ; yet as articulately perhaps as the case admitted. Or call him, if you will, an ~~American Backwoodsman~~, who had to fell unpenetrated forests, and battle with innumerable wolves, and did not entirely forbear strong liquor, rioting, and even theft ; whom, notwithstanding, the peaceful Sower will follow, and, as he cuts the boundless harvest, bless.'

More legitimate and decisively authentic is Teufelsdröckh's appearance and emergence (we know not well whence) in the solitude of the North Cape, on that June Midnight. He has a ' light-blue Spanish cloak ' hanging round him, as his ' most commodious, principal, indeed sole upper-garment ' ; and stands there, on the World-promontory, looking over the infinite Brine, like a little blue

Belfry (as we figure), now motionless indeed, yet ready, if stirred, to ring quaintest changes.

'Silence as of death,' writes he; 'for Midnight, even in the Arctic latitudes, has its character: nothing but the granite cliffs ruddy-tinged, the peaceable gurgle of that slow-heaving Polar Ocean, over which in the utmost North the great Sun hangs low and lazy, as if he too were slumbering. Yet is his cloud-couch wrought of crimson and cloth-of-gold; yet does his light stream over the mirror of waters, like a tremulous fire-pillar, shooting downwards to the abyss, and hide itself under my feet. In such moments, Solitude also is invaluable; for who would speak, or be looked on, when behind him lies all Europe and Africa, fast asleep, except the watchmen; and before him the silent Immensity, and Palace of the Eternal, whereof our Sun is but a porch-lamp?

'Nevertheless, in this solemn moment comes a man, or monster, scrambling from among the rock-hollows; and, shaggy, huge as the Hyperborean Bear, hails me in Russian speech: most probably, therefore, a Russian Smuggler. With courteous brevity, I signify my indifference to contraband trade, my humane intentions, yet strong wish to be private. In vain: the monster, counting doubtless on his superior stature, and minded to make sport for himself, or perhaps profit, were it with murder, continues to advance; ever assailing me with his importunate train-oil breath; and now has advanced, till we stand both on the verge of the rock, the deep Sea rippling greedily down below. What argument will avail? On the thick Hyperborean, cherubic reasoning, seraphic eloquence were lost. Prepared for such extremity, I, deftly enough, whisk aside one step; draw out, from my interior reservoirs, a sufficient Birmingham Horse-pistol, and say, "Be so obliging as retire, Friend (*Er ziehe sich zurück, Freund*), and with promptitude!" This logic even the Hyperborean understands: fast enough, with apologetic, petitionary growl, he sidles off; and, except for suicidal as well as homicidal purposes, need not return.

'Such I hold to be the genuine use of Gunpowder: that it makes all men alike tall. Nay, if thou be cooler, cleverer than I, if thou have more *Mind*, though all but no *Body*



whatever, then canst thou kill me first, and art the taller. Hereby, at last, is the Goliath powerless, and the David resistless; savage Animalism is nothing, inventive Spiritualism is all.

‘With respect to Duels, indeed, I have my own ideas. Few things, in this so surprising world, strike me with more surprise. Two little visual Spectra of men, hovering with insecure enough cohesion in the midst of the UNFATHOMABLE, and to dissolve therein, at any rate, very soon,—make pause at the distance of twelve paces asunder; whirl round; and, simultaneously by the cunningest mechanism, explode one another into Dissolution; and off-hand become Air, and Non-extant! Deuce on it (*verdammt*), the little spitfires!—Nay, I think with old Hugo von Trimberg: “God must needs laugh outright, could such a thing be, to see his wondrous Manikins here below.”’

But amid these specialities, let us not forget the great generality, which is our chief quest here: How prospered the inner man of Teufelsdröckh under so much outward shifting? Does Legion still lurk in him, though repressed; or has he exorcised that Devil’s Brood? We can answer that the symptoms continue promising. Experience is the grand spiritual Doctor; and with him Teufelsdröckh has now been long a patient, swallowing many a bitter bolus. Unless our poor Friend belong to the numerous class of Incurables, which seems not likely, some cure will doubtless be effected. We should rather say that Legion, or the Satanic School, was now pretty well extirpated and cast out, but next to nothing introduced in its room; whereby the heart remains, for the while, in a quiet but no comfortable state.

‘At length, after so much roasting,’ thus writes our Autobiographer, ‘I was what you might name calcined. Pray only that it be not rather, as is the more frequent issue, reduced to a *caput-mortuum*! But in any case, by mere dint of practice, I had grown familiar with many things. Wretchedness was still wretched; but I could now partly see through it, and despise it. Which highest mortal, in this inane Existence, had I not found a Shadow-hunter,



OF Shadow-hunted ; and, when I looked through his brave garnitures, miserable enough ? Thy wishes have all been sniffed aside, thought I : but what, had they even been all granted ! Did not the Boy Alexander weep because he had not two Planets to conquer ; or a whole Solar System ; or after that, a whole Universe ? *Ach Gott*, when I gazed into these Stars, have they not looked-down on me as if with pity, from their serene spaces ; like Eyes glistening with heavenly tears over the little lot of man ! Thousands of human generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed-up of Time, and there remains no wreck of them any more ; and Arcturus and Orion and Sirius and the Pleiades are still shining in their courses, clear and young, as when the Shepherd first noted them in the plain of Shinar. Pshaw ! what is this paltry little Dog-cage of an Earth ; what art thou that sittest whining there ? Thou art still Nothing, Nobody : true ; but who, then, is Something, Somebody ? For thee the Family of Man has no use ; it rejects thee ; thou art wholly as a dissevered limb : so be it ; perhaps it is better so !

Too-heavy-laden Teufelsdröckh ! Yet surely his bands are loosening ; one day he will hurl the burden far from him, and bound forth free and with a second youth.

'This,' says our Professor, 'was the CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE I had now reached ; through which whoso travels from the Negative Pole to the Positive must necessarily pass.'

## CHAPTER IX

### THE EVERLASTING YEA

'TEMPTATIONS in the Wilderness !' exclaims Teufelsdröckh : 'Have we not all to be tried with such ? Not so easily can the old Adam, lodged in us by birth, be dispossessed. Our Life is compassed round with Necessity ; yet is the meaning of Life itself no other than Freedom, than Voluntary Force : thus have we a warfare ; in the beginning, especially, a hard-fought battle. For the God-given mandate, *Work thou in Well-doing*, lies mysteriously written, in Promethean Prophetic Characters, in our hearts ; and leaves us no rest,

night or day, till it be deciphered and obeyed ; till it burn forth, in our conduct, a visible, acted Gospel of Freedom. And as the clay-given mandate, *Eat thou and be filled*, at the same time persuasively proclaims itself through every nerve, —must not there be a confusion, a contest, before the better Influence can become the upper ?

‘To me nothing seems more natural than that the Son of Man, when such God-given mandate first prophetically stirs within him, and the Clay must now be vanquished or vanquish,—should be carried of the spirit into grim Solitudes, and there fronting the Tempter do grimmiest battle with him ; defiantly setting him at naught, till he yield and fly. Name it as we choose : with or without visible Devil, whether in the natural Desert of rocks and sands, or in the populous moral Desert of selfishness and baseness,—to such Temptation are we all called. Unhappy if we are not ! Unhappy if we are but Half-men, in whom that divine handwriting has never blazed forth, all-subduing, in true sun-splendour ; but quivers dubiously amid meaner lights : or smoulders, in dull pain, in darkness, under earthly vapours !—Our Wilderness is the wide World in an Atheistic Century ; our Forty Days are long years of suffering and fasting : nevertheless, to these also comes an end. Yes, to me also was given, if not Victory, yet the consciousness of Battle, and the resolve to persevere therein while life or faculty is left. To me also, entangled in the enchanted forests, demon-peopled, doleful of sight and of sound, it was given, after weariest wanderings, to work out my way into the higher sunlit slopes—of that Mountain which has no summit, or whose summit is in Heaven only !’

He says elsewhere, under a less ambitious figure ; as figures are, once for all, natural to him : ‘Has not thy Life been that of most sufficient men (*tüchtigen Männer*) thou hast known in this generation ? An outflush of foolish young Enthusiasm, like the first fallow-crop, wherein are as many weeds as valuable herbs : this all parched away, under the Droughts of practical and spiritual Unbelief, as Disappointment, in thought and act, often-repeated gave rise to Doubt, and Doubt gradually settled into Denial ! If I have had a second-crop, and now see the perennial green-sward, and sit under umbrageous cedars, which defy all

*Carlyle's  
use of  
long and  
difficult  
sentences*

Drought (and Doubt) ; herein too, be the Heavens praised, I am not without examples, and even exemplars.'

So that, for Teufelsdröckh also, there has been a 'glorious revolution': these mad shadow-hunting and shadow-hunted Pilgrimings of his were but some purifying 'Temptation in the Wilderness', before his apostolic work (such as it was) could begin; which Temptation is now happily over, and the Devil once more worsted! Was 'that high moment in the *Rue de l'Enfer*', then, properly the turning-point of the battle; when the Fiend said *Worship me, or be torn in shreds*; and was answered valiantly with an *Apage Satana*?—Singular Teufelsdröckh, would thou hadst told thy singular story in plain words! But it is fruitless to look there, in those Paper-bags, for such. Nothing but innuendoes, figurative crotchets: a typical Shadow, fitfully wavering, prophetico-satiric; no clear logical Picture. 'How paint to the sensual eye,' asks he once, 'what passes in the Holy-of-Holies of Man's Soul; in what words, known to these profane times, speak even afar-off of the unspeakable?' We ask in turn: Why perplex these times, profane as they are, with needless obscurity, by omission and by commission? Not mystical only is our Professor, but whimsical; and involves himself, now more than ever, in eye-bewildering *chiaroscuro*. Successive glimpses, here faithfully imparted, our more gifted readers must endeavour to combine for their own behoof.

He says: 'The hot Harmattan wind had raged itself out; its howl went silent within me; and the long-deafened soul could now hear. I paused in my wild wanderings; and sat me down to wait, and consider; for it was as if the hour of change drew nigh. I seemed to surrender, to renounce utterly, and say: Fly, then, false shadows of Hope; I will chase you no more, I will believe you no more. And ye too, haggard spectres of Fear, I care not for you; ye too are all shadows and a lie. Let me rest here: for I am way-weary and life-weary; I will rest here, were it but to die: to die or to live is alike to me; alike insignificant.'—And again: 'Here, then, as I lay in that CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE; cast, doubtless by benignant upper Influence, into a healing sleep, the heavy dreams rolled gradually away, and I awoke to a new Heaven and a new Earth. The first

preliminary moral Act, Annihilation of Self (*Selbst-tödtung*), had been happily accomplished ; and my mind's eyes were now unsealed, and its hands ungyved.'

Might we not also conjecture that the following passage refers to his Locality, during this same 'healing sleep'; that his Pilgrim-staff lies cast aside here, on 'the high table-land'; and indeed that the repose is already taking wholesome effect on him? If it were not that the tone, in some parts, has more of riancy, even of levity, than we could have expected! However, in Teufelsdröckh, there is always the strangest Dualism: light dancing, with guitar-music, will be going on in the fore-court, while by fits from within comes the faint whimpering of woe and wail. We transcribe the piece entire.

'Beautiful it was to sit there, as in my skyey Tent, musing and meditating; on the high table-land, in front of the Mountains; over me, as roof, the azure Dome, and around me, for walls, four azure-flowing curtains,—namely, of the Four azure Winds, on whose bottom fringes also I have seen gilding. And then to fancy the fair Castles that stood sheltered in these Mountain hollows; with their green flower-lawns, and white dames and damosels, lovely enough: or better still, the straw-roofed Cottages, wherein stood many a Mother baking bread, with her children round her:—all hidden and protectingly folded-up in the valley-folds; yet there and alive, as sure as if I beheld them. Or to see, as well as fancy, the nine Towns and Villages, that lay round my mountain-seat, which, in still weather, were wont to speak to me (by their steeple-bells) with metal tongue; and, in almost all weather, proclaimed their vitality by repeated Smoke-clouds; whereon, as on a culinary horologe, I might read the hour of the day. For it was the smoke of cookery, as kind housewives at morning, midday, eventide, were boiling their husbands' kettles; and ever a blue pillar rose up into the air, successively or simultaneously, from each of the nine, saying, as plainly as smoke could say: Such and such a meal is getting ready here. Not uninteresting! For you have the whole Borough, with all its love-makings and scandal-mongeries, contentions and contentments, as in miniature, and could cover it all with your hat.—If, in my wide Wayfarings, I had learned to look into

the business of the World in its details, here perhaps was the place for combining it into general propositions, and deducing inferences therefrom.

‘Often also could I see the black Tempest marching in anger through the Distance : round some Schreckhorn, as yet grim-blue, would the eddying vapour gather, and there tumultuously eddy, and flow down like a mad witch’s hair ; till, after a space, it vanished, and, in the clear sunbeam, your Schreckhorn stood smiling grim-white, for the vapour had held snow. How thou fermentest and elaboratest, in thy great fermenting-vat and laboratory of an Atmosphere, of a World, O Nature !—Or what is Nature ? Ha ! why do I not name thee God ? Art not thou the “Living Garment of God” ? O Heavens, is it, in very deed, HE, then, that ever speaks through thee ; that lives and loves in thee, that lives and loves in me ?

‘Fore-shadows, call them rather fore-splendours, of that Truth, and Beginning of Truths, fell mysteriously over my soul. Sweeter than Dayspring to the Shipwrecked in Nova Zembla ; ah, like the mother’s voice to her little child that strays bewildered, weeping, in unknown tumults ; like soft streamings of celestial music to my too-exasperated heart, came that Evangel. The Universe is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel-house with spectres ; but godlike, and my Father’s !

‘With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellow man : with an infinite Love, an infinite Pity. Poor, wandering, wayward man ! Art thou not tried, and beaten with stripes, even as I am ? Ever, whether thou bear the royal mantle or the beggar’s gabardine, art thou not so weary, so heavy-laden ; and thy Bed of Rest is but a Grave. O my Brother, my Brother, why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away all tears from thy eyes !—Truly, the din of many-voiced Life, which, in this solitude, with the mind’s organ, I could hear, was no longer a maddening discord, but a melting one ; like inarticulate cries, and sobbings of a dumb creature, which in the ear of Heaven are prayers. The poor Earth, with her poor joys, was now my needy Mother, not my cruel Stepdame ; Man, with his so mad Wants and so mean Endeavours, had become the dearer to me ; and even for his sufferings and his sins,

I now first named him Brother. Thus was I standing in the porch of that "*Sanctuary of Sorrow*"; by strange, steep ways had I too been guided thither; and ere long its sacred gates would open, and the "*Divine Depth of Sorrow*" lie disclosed to me.'

The Professor says, he here first got eye on the Knot that had been strangling him, and straightway could unfasten it, and was free. 'A vain interminable controversy,' writes he, 'touching what is at present called Origin of Evil, or some such thing, arises in every soul, since the beginning of the world; and in every soul, that would pass from idle Suffering into actual Endeavouring, must first be put an end to. The most, in our time, have to go content with a simple, incomplete enough Suppression of this controversy; to a few some Solution of it is indispensable. In every new era, too, such Solution comes-out in different terms; and ever the Solution of the last era has become obsolete, and is found unserviceable. For it is man's nature to change his Dialect from century to century; he cannot help it though he would. The authentic *Church-Catechism* of our present century has not yet fallen into my hands: meanwhile, for my own private behoof, I attempt to elucidate the matter so. Man's Unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his Greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the Finite. Will the whole Finance Ministers and Upholsterers and Confectioners of modern Europe undertake, in joint-stock company, to make one Shoeblack HAPPY? They cannot accomplish it, above an hour or two: for the Shoeblack also has a Soul quite other than his Stomach; and would require, if you consider it, for his permanent satisfaction and saturation, simply this allotment, no more, and no less: *God's infinite Universe altogether to himself*, therein to enjoy infinitely, and fill every wish as fast as it rose. Oceans of *Hochheimer*, a Throat like that of *Ophiuchus*: speak not of them; to the infinite Shoeblack they are as nothing. No sooner is your ocean filled, than he grumbles that it might have been of better vintage. Try him with half of a Universe, of an Omnipotence, he sets to quarrelling with the proprietor of the other half, and declares himself the most maltreated of men.—Always there is a black spot

in our sunshine : it is even, as I said, the *Shadow of Ourselves*.'

'But the whim we have of Happiness is somewhat thus. By certain valuations, and averages, of our own striking, we come upon some sort of average terrestrial lot ; this we fancy belongs to us by nature, and of indefeasible right. It is simple payment of our wages, of our deserts ; requires neither thanks nor complaint ; only such *overplus* as there may be do we account Happiness ; and *deficit* again is Misery. Now consider that we have the valuation of our own deserts ourselves, and what a fund of Self-conceit there is in each of us,—do you wonder that the balance should so often dip the wrong way, and many a Blockhead cry : See there, what a payment ; was ever worthy gentleman so used !—I tell thee, Blockhead, it all comes of thy Vanity ; of what thou *fanciest* those same deserts of thine to be. Fancy that thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely), thou wilt feel it happiness to be only shot : fancy that thou deservest to be hanged in a hair-halter, it will be a luxury to die in hemp.

'So true is it, what I then said, that *the Fraction of Life can be increased in value not so much by increasing your Numerator as by lessening your Denominator*. Nay, unless my Algebra deceive me, *Unity* itself divided by *Zero* will give *Infinity*. Make thy claim of wages a zero, then ; thou hast the world under thy feet. Well did the Wisest of our time write : "It is only with Renunciation (*Entsagen*) that Life, properly speaking, can be said to begin."

'I asked myself : What is this that, ever since earliest years, thou hast been fretting and fuming, and lamenting and self-tormenting, on account of ? Say it in a word : is it not because thou art not *HAPPY* ? Because the *THOU* (sweet gentleman) is not sufficiently honoured, nourished, soft-bedded and lovingly cared-for ? Foolish soul ! What Act of Legislature was there that *thou* shouldst be *Happy* ? A little while ago thou hadst no right to *be* at all. What if thou wert born and predestined not to be *Happy*, but to be *Unhappy* ! Art thou nothing other than a Vulture, then, that fliest through the Universe seeking after somewhat to eat ; and shrieking dolefully because carrion enough is not given thee ? Close thy *Byron* ; open thy *Goethe*.

*Renunciation is the  
theme of Goethe.  
was this of course  
was as a conclusion*

*Hope  
for nothing  
is best  
all.*



' *Es leuchtet mir ein*, I see a glimpse of it ! ' cries he elsewhere : ' there is in man a HIGHER than Love of Happiness : he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness ! Was it not to preach-forth this same HIGHER that sages and martyrs, the Poet and the Priest, in all times, have spoken and suffered ; bearing testimony, through life and through death, of the Godlike that is in Man, and how in the Godlike only has he Strength and Freedom ? Which God-inspired Doctrine art thou also honoured to be taught ; O Heavens ! and broken with manifold merciful Afflictions, even till thou become contrite, and learn it ! O, thank thy Destiny for these ; thankfully bear what yet remain : thou hadst need of them ; the Self in thee needed to be annihilated. By benignant fever-paroxysms is Life rooting out the deep-seated chronic Disease, and triumphs over Death. On the roaring billows of Time, thou art not engulfed, but borne aloft into the azure of Eternity. Love not Pleasure ; love God. This is the EVERLASTING YEA, wherein all contradiction is solved : wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him.'

And again : ' Small is it that thou canst trample the Earth with its injuries under thy feet, as old Greek Zeno *stori* trained thee : thou canst love the Earth while it injures thee, and even because it injures thee ; for this a Greater than Zeno was needed, and he too was sent. Knowest thou that "Worship of Sorrow" ? The Temple thereof, founded some eighteen centuries ago, now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation of doleful creatures : nevertheless, venture forward ; in a low crypt, arched out of falling fragments, thou findest the Altar still there, and its sacred Lamp perennially burning.'

*Christ* Without pretending to comment on which strange utterances, the Editor will only remark, that there lies beside them much of a still more questionable character ; unsuited to the general apprehension ; nay wherein he himself does not see his way. Nebulous disquisitions on Religion, yet not without bursts of splendour ; on the ' perennial continuance of Inspiration ' ; on Prophecy ; that there are ' true Priests, as well as Baal-Priests, in our own day ' : with more of the like sort. We select some fractions, by way of finish to this farrago.



'Cease, my much-respected Herr von Voltaire,' thus apostrophises the Professor: 'shut thy sweet voice; for the task appointed thee seems finished. Sufficiently hast thou demonstrated this proposition, considerable or otherwise: That the Mythus of the Christian Religion looks not in the eighteenth century as it did in the eighth. Alas, were thy six-and-thirty quartos, and the six-and-thirty thousand other quartos and folios, and flying sheets or reams, printed before and since on the same subject, all needed to convince us of so little! But what next? Wilt thou help us to embody the divine Spirit of that Religion in a new Mythus, in a new vehicle and vesture, that our Souls, otherwise too like perishing, may live? What! thou hast no faculty in that kind? Only a torch for burning, no hammer for building? Take our thanks, then, and — thyself away.

Meanwhile what are antiquated Mythuses to me? Or is the God present, felt in my own heart, a thing which Herr von Voltaire will dispute out of me; or dispute into me? To the "*Worship of Sorrow*" ascribe what origin and genesis thou pleasest, *has* not that Worship originated, and been generated; is it not *here*? Feel it in thy heart, and then say whether it is of God! This is Belief; all else is Opinion,—for which latter whoso will, let him worry and be worried.'

'Neither,' observes he elsewhere, 'shall ye tear-out one another's eyes, struggling over "Plenary Inspiration", and suchlike: try rather to get a little even Partial Inspiration, each of you for himself. One BIBLE I know, of whose Plenary Inspiration doubt is not so much as possible; nay with my own eyes I saw the God's-Hand writing it: thereof all other Bibles are but Leaves,—say, in Picture-Writing to assist the weaker faculty.'

Or, to give the wearied reader relief, and bring it to an end, let him take the following perhaps more intelligible passage:

'To me, in this our life,' says the Professor, 'which is an internecine warfare with the Time-spirit, other warfare seems questionable. Hast thou in any way a Contention with thy brother, I advise thee, think well what the meaning thereof is. If thou gauge it to the bottom, it is simply this: "Fellow, see! thou art taking more than thy share

of Happiness in the world, something from *my* share : which, by the Heavens, thou shalt not ; nay I will fight thee rather."—Alas, and the whole lot to be divided is such a beggarly matter, truly a "feast of shells", for the substance has been spilled out : not enough to quench one Appetite ; and the collective human species clutching at them !—Can we not, in all such cases, rather say : 'Take it, thou too-ravenous individual ; take that pitiful additional fraction of a share, which I reckoned mine, but which thou so wantest ; take it with a blessing : would to Heaven I had enough for thee !'—If Fichte's *Wissenschaftslehre* be, "to a certain extent, Applied Christianity," surely to a still greater extent, so is this. We have here not a Whole Duty of Man, yet a Half Duty, namely the Passive half : could we but do it, as we can demonstrate it !

'But indeed Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into Conduct. Nay properly Conviction is not possible till then ; inasmuch as all Speculation is by nature endless, formless, a vortex amid vortices : only by a felt indubitable certainty of Experience does it find any centre to revolve round, and so fashion itself into a system. Most true is it, as a wise man teaches us, that "Doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by Action". On which ground, too, let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of invaluable service : "*Do the Duty which lies nearest thee,*" which thou knowest to be a Duty ! Thy second Duty will already have become clearer.

'May we not say, however, that the hour of Spiritual Enfranchisement is even this : When your Ideal World, wherein the whole man has been dimly struggling and inexpressibly languishing to work, becomes revealed, and thrown open ; and you discover, with amazement enough, like the Lothario in *Wilhelm Meister*, that your "America is here or nowhere" ? The Situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal : work it out therefrom ; and working, believe, live, be free. Fool ! the Ideal is in thyself, the impediment too is in thy-

self : thy Condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of : what matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the Form thou give it be heroic, be poetic ? O thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth : the thing thou seekest is already with thee, " here or nowhere," couldst thou only see !

' But it is with man's Soul as it was with Nature : the beginning of Creation is—Light. Till the eye have vision, the whole members are in bonds. Divine moment, when over the tempest-tost Soul, as once over the wild-weltering Chaos, it is spoken : Let there be Light ! Ever to the greatest that has felt such moment, is it not miraculous and God-announcing ; even as, under simpler figures, to the simplest and least. The mad primeval Discord is hushed ; the rudely-jumbled conflicting elements bind themselves into separate Firmaments : deep silent rock-foundations are built beneath ; and the skyey vault with its everlasting Luminaries above : instead of a dark wasteful Chaos, we have a blooming, fertile, heaven-encompassed World.

' I too could now say to myself : Be no longer a Chaos, but a World, or even Worldkin. Produce ! Produce ! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a Product, produce it, in God's name ! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee : out with it, then. Up, up ! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called Today ; for the Night cometh, wherein no man can work.'

## CHAPTER X

### PAUSE

THUS have we, as closely and perhaps satisfactorily as, in such circumstances, might be, followed Teufelsdröckh through the various successive states and stages of Growth, Entanglement, Unbelief, and almost Reprobation, into a certain clearer state of what he himself seems to consider as Conversion. ' Blame not the word,' says he ; ' rejoice rather that such a word, signifying such a thing, has come to light in our modern Era, though hidden from the wisest

Ancients. The Old World knew nothing of Conversion ; instead of an *Ecce Homo*, they had only some *Choice of Hercules*. It was a new-attained progress in the Moral Development of man : hereby has the Highest come home to the bosoms of the most Limited ; what to Plato was but a hallucination, and to Socrates a chimera, is now clear and certain to your Zinzendorfs, your Wesleys, and the poorest of their Pietists and Methodists.'

It is here, then, that the spiritual majority of Teufelsdröckh commences : we are henceforth to see him 'work in well-doing', with the spirit and clear aims of a Man. He has discovered that the Ideal Workshop he so panted for is even this same Actual ill-furnished Workshop he has so long been stumbling in. He can say to himself : 'Tools ? Thou hast no Tools ? Why, there is not a Man, or a Thing, now alive but has tools. The basest of created animalcules, the Spider itself, has a spinning-jenny, and warping-mill, and power-loom within its head : the stupidest of Oysters has a Papin's-Digester, with stone-and-lime house to hold it in : every being that can live can do something : this let him *do*.—Tools ? Hast thou not a Brain, furnished, furnishable with some glimmerings of Light ; and three fingers to hold a Pen withal ? Never since Aaron's Rod went out of practice, or even before it, was there such a wonder-working Tool : greater than all recorded miracles have been performed by Pens. For strangely in this so solid-seeming World, which nevertheless is in continual restless flux, it is appointed that *Sound*, to appearance the most fleeting, should be the most continuing of all things. The WORD is well said to be omnipotent in this world ; man, thereby divine, can create as by a *Fiat*. Awake, arise ! Speak forth what is in thee ; what God has given thee, what the Devil shall not take away. Higher task than that of Priesthood was allotted to no man : wert thou but the meanest in that sacred Hierarchy, is it not honour enough therein to spend and be spent ?

'By this Art, which whoso will may sacrilegiously degrade into a handicraft,' adds Teufelsdröckh, 'have I thenceforth abidden. Writings of mine, not indeed known as mine (for what am I ?), have fallen, perhaps, not altogether void, into the mighty seed-field of Opinion ; fruits of my unseen

sowing gratifyingly meet me here and there. I thank the Heavens that I have now found my Calling ; wherein, with or without perceptible result, I am minded diligently to persevere.

‘ Nay how knowest thou,’ cries he, ‘ but this and the other pregnant Device, now grown to be a world-renowned far-working Institution ; like a grain of right mustard-seed once cast into the right soil, and now stretching-out strong boughs to the four winds, for the birds of the air to lodge in,—may have been properly my doing ? Some one’s doing, it without doubt was ; from some Idea, in some single Head, it did first of all take beginning : why not from some Idea in mine ? ’ Does Teufelsdröckh here glance at that ‘ SOCIETY FOR THE CONSERVATION OF PROPERTY (*Eigenthums-conservirende Gesellschaft*) ’, of which so many ambiguous notices glide spectre-like through these inexpressible Paper-bags ? ‘ An Institution,’ hints he, ‘ not unsuitable to the wants of the time ; as indeed such sudden extension proves : for already can the Society number, among its office-bearers or corresponding members, the highest Names, if not the highest Persons, in Germany, England, France ; and contributions, both of money and of meditation, pour in from all quarters ; to, if possible, enlist the remaining Integrity of the world, and, defensively and with forethought, marshal it round this Palladium.’ Does Teufelsdröckh mean, then, to give himself out as the originator of that so notable *Eigenthums-conservirende* (‘ Owndom-conserving’) *Gesellschaft* ; and if so, what, in the Devil’s name, is it ? He again hints : ‘ At a time when the divine Commandment, ‘ *Thou shalt not steal*, wherein truly, if well understood, is comprised the whole Hebrew Decalogue, with Solon’s and Lycurgus’s Constitutions, Justinian’s Pandects, the Code Napoléon, and all Codes, Catechisms, Divinities, Moralities whatsoever, that man has hitherto devised (and enforced with Altar-fire and Gallows-ropes) for his social guidance : at a time, I say, when this divine Commandment has all-but faded away from the general remembrance ; and, with little disguise, a new opposite Commandment, *Thou shalt steal*, is everywhere promulgated,—it perhaps behoved, in this universal dotage and deliration, the sound portion of mankind to bestir themselves

and rally. When the widest and wildest violations of that divine right of Property, the only divine right now extant or conceivable, are sanctioned and recommended by a vicious Press, and the world has lived to hear it asserted that *we have no Property in our very Bodies, but only an accidental Possession and Life-rent*, what is the issue to be looked for? Hangmen and Catchpoles may, by their noose-gins and baited fall-traps, keep down the smaller sort of vermin; but what, except perhaps some such Universal Association, can protect us against whole meat-devouring and man-devouring hosts of Boa-constrictors? If, therefore, the more sequestered Thinker have wondered, in his privacy, from what hand that perhaps not ill-written *Program* in the Public Journals, with its high *Prize-Questions* and so liberal *Prizes*, could have proceeded,—let him now cease such wonder; and, with undivided faculty, betake himself to the *Concurrenz* (Competition).’

We ask: Has this same ‘perhaps not ill-written *Program*’, or any other authentic Transaction of that Property-conserving Society, fallen under the eye of the British Reader, in any Journal foreign or domestic? If so, what are those *Prize-Questions*; what are the terms of Competition, and when and where? No printed Newspaper-leaf, no farther light of any sort, to be met with in these Paper-bags! Or is the whole business one other of those whimsicalities and perverse inexplicabilities, whereby Herr Teufelsdröckh, meaning much or nothing, is pleased so often to play fast-and-loose with us?

Here, indeed, at length, must the Editor give utterance to a painful suspicion, which, through late Chapters, has begun to haunt him; paralysing any little enthusiasm that might still have rendered his thorny Biographical task a labour of love. It is a suspicion grounded perhaps on trifles, yet confirmed almost into certainty by the more and more discernible humoristico-satirical tendency of Teufelsdröckh, in whom underground humours and intricate sardonic rogueries, wheel within wheel, defy all reckoning: a suspicion, in one word, that these Autobiographical Documents are partly a mystification! What if many a so-called Fact were little better than a Fiction; if here we had no direct

Camera-obscura Picture of the Professor's History ; but only some more or less fantastic Adumbration, symbolically, perhaps significantly enough, shadowing-forth the same ! Our theory begins to be that, in receiving as literally authentic what was but hieroglyphically so, Hofrath Heuschrecke, whom in that case we scruple not to name Hofrath Nose-of-Wax, was made a fool of, and set adrift to make fools of others. Could it be expected, indeed, that a man so known for impenetrable reticence as Teufelsdröckh, would all at once frankly unlock his private citadel to an English Editor and a German Hofrath ; and not rather deceptively inlock both Editor and Hofrath in the labyrinthic tortuosities and covered-ways of said citadel (having enticed them thither), to see, in his half-devilish way, how the fools would look ?

Of one fool, however, the Herr Professor will perhaps find himself short. On a small slip, formerly thrown aside as blank, the ink being all-but invisible, we lately notice, and with effort decipher, the following : ' What are your historical Facts ; still more your biographical ? Wilt thou know a Man, above all a Mankind, by stringing-together beadrolls of what thou namest Facts ? The Man is the spirit he worked in ; not what he did, but what he became. Facts are engraved Hierograms, for which the fewest have the key. And then how your Blockhead (*Dummkopf*) studies not their Meaning ; but simply whether they are well or ill cut, what he calls Moral or Immoral ! Still worse is it with your Bungler (*Pfuscher*) : such I have seen reading some Rousseau, with pretences of interpretation ; and mistaking the ill-cut Serpent-of-Eternity for a common poisonous reptile.' Was the Professor apprehensive lest an Editor, selected as the present boasts himself, might mistake the Teufelsdröckh Serpent-of-Eternity in like manner ? For which reason it was to be altered, not without underhand satire, into a plainer Symbol ? Or is this merely one of his half-sophisms, half-truisms, which if he can but set on the back of a Figure, he cares not whither it gallop ? We say not with certainty ; and indeed, so strange is the Professor, can never say. If our suspicion be wholly unfounded, let his own questionable ways, not our necessary circumspectness, bear the blame.



But be this as it will, the somewhat exasperated and indeed exhausted Editor determines here to shut these Paper-bags for the present. Let it suffice that we know of Teufelsdröckh, so far, if 'not what he did, yet what he became': the rather, as his character has now taken its ultimate bent, and no new revolution, of importance, is to be looked for. The imprisoned Chrysalis is now a winged Psyche: and such, wheresoever be its flight, it will continue. To trace by what complex gyrations (flights or involuntary waftings) through the mere external Life-element, Teufelsdröckh reaches his University Professorship, and the Psyche clothes herself in civic Titles, without altering her now fixed nature,—would be comparatively an unproductive task, were we even unsuspecting of its being, for us at least, a false and impossible one. His outward Biography, therefore, which, at the Blumine Lover's-Leap, we saw churned utterly into spray-vapour, may hover in that condition, for aught that concerns us here. Enough that by survey of certain 'pools and plashes', we have ascertained its general direction; do we not already know that, by one way and other, it *has* long since rained-down again into a stream; and even now, at Weissnichtwo, flows deep and still, fraught with the *Philosophy of Clothes*, and visible to whoso will cast eye thereon? Over much invaluable matter, that lies scattered, like jewels among quarry-rubbish, in those Paper-catacombs, we may have occasion to glance back, and somewhat will demand insertion at the right place: meanwhile be our tiresome diggings therein suspended.

If now, before reopening the great *Clothes-Volume*, we ask what our degree of progress, during these Ten Chapters, has been, towards right understanding of the *Clothes-Philosophy*, let not our discouragement become total. To speak in that old figure of the Hell-gate Bridge over Chaos, a few flying pontoons have perhaps been added, though as yet they drift straggling on the Flood; how far they will reach, when once the chains are straightened and fastened, can, at present, only be matter of conjecture.

So much we already calculate: Through many a little loophole, we have had glimpses into the internal world of Teufelsdröckh; his strange mystic, almost magic Diagram of the Universe, and how it was gradually drawn, is not



henceforth altogether dark to us. Those mysterious ideas on **TIME**, which merit consideration, and are not wholly unintelligible with such, may by and by prove significant. Still more may his somewhat peculiar view of Nature, the decisive Oneness he ascribes to Nature. How all Nature and Life are but one *Garment*, a 'Living Garment', woven and ever aweaving in the 'Loom of Time'; is not here, indeed, the outline of a whole *Clothes-Philosophy*; at least the arena it is to work in? Remark, too, that the Character of the Man, nowise without meaning in such a matter, becomes less enigmatic: amid so much tumultuous obscurity, almost like diluted madness, do not a certain indomitable Defiance and yet a boundless Reverence seem to loom forth, as the two mountain-summits, on whose rock-strata all the rest were based and built?

Nay further, may we not say that Teufelsdröckh's Biography, allowing it even, as suspected, only a hieroglyphical truth, exhibits a man, as it were preappointed for *Clothes-Philosophy*? To look through the Shows of things into Things themselves he is led and compelled. The 'Passivity' given him by birth is fostered by all turns of his fortune. Everywhere cast out, like oil out of water, from mingling in any Employment, in any public Communion, he has no portion but Solitude, and a life of Meditation. The whole energy of his existence is directed, through long years, on one task: that of enduring pain, if he cannot cure it. Thus everywhere do the Shows of things oppress him, withstand him, threaten him with fearfullest destruction: only by victoriously penetrating into Things themselves can he find peace and a stronghold. But is not this same looking-through the Shows, or Vestures, into the Things, even the first preliminary to a *Philosophy of Clothes*? Do we not, in all this, discern some beckonings towards the true higher purport of such a Philosophy; and what shape it must assume with such a man, in such an era?

Perhaps in entering on Book Third, the courteous Reader is not utterly without guess whither he is bound: nor, let us hope, for all the fantastic Dream-Grottoes through which, as is our lot with Teufelsdröckh, he must wander, will there be wanting in whiles some twinkling of a steady Polar Star.

View  
of  
Nature



## BOOK THIRD

### CHAPTER I

#### INCIDENT IN MODERN HISTORY

As a wonder-loving and wonder-seeking man, Teufelsdröckh, from an early part of this Clothes-Volume, has more and more exhibited himself. Striking it was, amid all his perverse cloudiness, with what force of vision and of heart he pierced into the mystery of the World; recognising in the highest sensible phenomena, so far as Sense went, only fresh or faded Raiment; yet ever, under this, a celestial Essence thereby rendered visible: and while, on the one hand, he trod the old rags of Matter, with their tinsels, into the mire, he on the other everywhere exalted Spirit above all earthly principalities and powers, and worshipped it, though under the meanest shapes, with a true Platonic mysticism. What the man ultimately purposed by thus casting his Greek-fire into the general Wardrobe of the Universe; what such, more or less complete, rending and burning of Garments throughout the whole compass of Civilised Life and Speculation, should lead to; the rather as he was no Adamite, in any sense, and could not, like Rousseau, recommend either bodily or intellectual Nudity, and a return to the savage state: all this our readers are now bent to discover; this is, in fact, properly the gist and purport of Professor Teufelsdröckh's Philosophy of Clothes.

Be it remembered, however, that such purport is here not so much evolved, as detected to lie ready for evolving. We are to guide our British Friends into the new Gold-country, and show them the mines; nowise to dig-out and exhaust its wealth, which indeed remains for all time inexhaustible. Once there, let each dig for his own behoof, and enrich himself.

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Neither, in so capricious inexpressible a Work as this of the Professor's, can our course now more than formerly be straightforward, step by step, but at best leap by leap. Significant Indications stand-out here and there ; which for the critical eye, that looks both widely and narrowly, shape themselves into some ground-scheme of a Whole : to select these with judgment, so that a leap from one to the other be possible, and (in our old figure) by chaining them together, a passable Bridge be effected : this, as heretofore, continues our only method. Among such light-spots, the following, floating in much wild matter about *Perfectibility*, has seemed worth clutching at :

'Perhaps the most remarkable incident in Modern History,' says Teufelsdröckh, 'is not the Diet of Worms, still less the Battle of Austerlitz, Waterloo, Peterloo, or any other Battle ; but an incident passed carelessly over by most Historians, and treated with some degree of ridicule by others : namely, George Fox's making to himself a suit of Leather. This man, the first of the Quakers, and by trade a Shoemaker, was one of those, to whom, under ruder or purer form, the Divine Idea of the Universe is pleased to manifest itself ; and, across all the hulls of Ignorance and earthly Degradation, shine through, in unspeakable Awfulness, unspeakable Beauty, on their souls : who therefore are rightly accounted Prophets, God-possessed ; or even Gods, as in some periods it has chanced. Sitting in his stall ; working on tanned hides, amid pincers, paste-horns, rosin, swine-bristles, and a nameless flood of rubbish, this youth had, nevertheless, a Living Spirit belonging to him ; also an antique Inspired Volume, through which, as through a window, it could look upwards, and discern its celestial Home. The task of a daily pair of shoes, coupled even with some prospect of victuals, and an honourable Mastership in Cordwainery, and perhaps the post of Thirdborough in his hundred, as the crown of long faithful sewing,—was nowise satisfaction enough to such a mind : but ever amid the boring and hammering came tones from that far country, came Splendours and Terrors ; for this poor Cordwainer, as we said, was a Man ; and the Temple of Immensity, wherein as Man he had been sent to minister, was full of holy mystery to him.

'The Clergy of the neighbourhood, the ordained Watchers and Interpreters of that same holy mystery, listened with unaffected tedium to his consultations, and advised him, as the solution of such doubts, to "drink beer, and dance with the girls". Blind leaders of the blind! For what end were their tithes levied and eaten; for what were their shovel-hats scooped-out, and their surplices and cassock-aprons girt-on; and such a church-repairing, and chaffering, and organing, and other racketing, held over that spot of God's Earth,—if Man were but a Patent Digester, and the Belly with its adjuncts the grand Reality? Fox turned from them, with tears and a sacred scorn, back to his Leather-parings and his Bible. Mountains of encumbrance, higher than *Ætna*, had been heaped over that Spirit: but it was a Spirit, and would not lie buried there. Through long days and nights of silent agony, it struggled and wrestled, with a man's force, to be free: how its prison-mountains heaved and swayed tumultuously, as the giant spirit shook them to this hand and that, and emerged into the light of Heaven! That Leicester shoe-shop, had men known it, was a holier place than any Vatican or Loretto-shrine.—"So bandaged, and hampered, and hemmed in," groaned he, "with thousand requisitions, obligations, straps, tatters, and tagrags, I can neither see nor move: not my own am I, but the World's; and Time flies fast, and Heaven is high, and Hell is deep: Man! bethink thee, if thou hast power of Thought! Why not; what binds me here? Want, want!—Ha, of what? Will all the shoe-wages under the Moon ferry me across into that far Land of Light? Only Meditation can, and devout Prayer to God. I will to the woods: the hollow of a tree will lodge me, wild-berries feed me; and for Clothes, cannot I stitch myself one perennial suit of Leather!"

'Historical Oil-painting,' continues *Teufelsdröckh*, 'is one of the Arts I never practised; therefore shall I not decide whether this subject were easy of execution on the canvas. Yet often has it seemed to me as if such first outflashing of man's Freewill, to lighten, more and more into Day, the Chaotic Night that threatened to engulf him in its hindrances and its horrors, were properly the only grandeur there is in History. Let some living Angelo or Rosa, with

seeing eye and understanding heart, picture George Fox on that morning, when he spreads-out his cutting-board for the last time, and cuts cowhides by unwonted patterns, and stitches them together into one continuous all-including Case, the farewell service of his awl! Stitch away, thou noble Fox : every prick of that little instrument is pricking into the heart of Slavery, and World-worship, and the Mammon-god. Thy elbows jerk, as in strong swimmer-strokes, and every stroke is bearing thee across the Prison ditch, within which Vanity holds her Workhouse and Rag-fair, into lands of true Liberty ; were the work done, there is in broad Europe one Free Man, and thou art he !

‘ Thus from the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height ; and for the Poor also a Gospel has been published. Surely if, as D’Alembert asserts, my illustrious namesake, Diogenes, was the greatest man of Antiquity, only that he wanted Decency, then by stronger reason is George Fox the greatest of the Moderns, and greater than Diogenes himself : for he too stands on the adamantine basis of his Manhood, casting aside all props and shoars ; yet not, in half-savage Pride, undervaluing the Earth ; valuing it rather, as a place to yield him warmth and food, he looks Heavenward from his Earth, and dwells in an element of Mercy and Worship, with a still Strength, such as the Cynic’s Tub did nowise witness. Great, truly, was that Tub ; a temple from which man’s dignity and divinity was scornfully preached abroad : but greater is the Leather Hull, for the same sermon was preached there, and not in Scorn but in Love.’

George Fox’s ‘ perennial suit ’, with all that it held, has been worn quite into ashes for nigh two centuries : why, in a discussion on the *Perfectibility of Society*, reproduce it now ? Not out of blind sectarian partisanship : Teufelsdröckh himself is no Quaker ; with all his pacific tendencies, did not we see him, in that scene at the North Cape, with the Archangel Smuggler, exhibit fire-arms ?

For us, aware of his deep Sansculottism, there is more meant in this passage than meets the ear. At the same time, who can avoid smiling at the earnestness and Boëotian simplicity (if indeed there be not an underhand satire in it),

with which that 'Incident' is here brought forward ; and, in the Professor's ambiguous way, as clearly perhaps as he durst in Weissnichtwo, recommended to imitation ! Does Teufelsdröckh anticipate that, in this age of refinement, any considerable class of the community, by way of testifying against the 'Mammon-god', and escaping from what he calls 'Vanity's Workhouse and Ragfair', where doubtless some of them are toiled and whipped and hoodwinked sufficiently,—will sheathe themselves in close-fitting cases of Leather ? The idea is ridiculous in the extreme. Will Majesty lay aside its robes of state, and Beauty its frills and train-gowns, for a second-skin of tanned hide ? By which change Huddersfield and Manchester, and Coventry and Paisley, and the Fancy-Bazaar, were reduced to hungry solitudes ; and only Day and Martin could profit. For neither would Teufelsdröckh's mad daydream, here as we presume covertly intended, of levelling Society (*levelling* it indeed with a vengeance, into one huge drowned marsh !), and so attaining the political effects of Nudity without its frigorific or other consequences,—be thereby realised. Would not the rich man purchase a waterproof suit of Russia Leather ; and the highborn Belle step-forth in red or azure morocco, lined with shamoy : the black cowhide being left to the Drudges and Gibeonites of the world ; and so all the old Distinctions be reestablished ?

Or has the Professor his own deeper intention ; and laughs in his sleeve at our strictures and glosses, which indeed are but a part thereof ?

## CHAPTER II

### CHURCH-CLOTHES

NOT less questionable is his Chapter on *Church-Clothes*, which has the farther distinction of being the shortest in the Volume. We here translate it entire :

'By Church-Clothes, it need not be premised that I mean infinitely more than Cassocks and Surplices ; and do not at all mean the mere haberdasher Sunday Clothes that men go to Church in. Far from it ! Church-Clothes are, in our vocabulary, the Forms, the *Vestures*, under which men have

at various periods embodied and represented for themselves the Religious Principle ; that is to say, invested the Divine Idea of the World with a sensible and practically active Body, so that it might dwell among them as a living and life-giving WORD.

‘These are unspeakably the most important of all the vestures and garnitures of Human Existence. They are first spun and woven, I may say, by that wonder of wonders, SOCIETY ; for it is still only when “two or three are gathered together”, that Religion, spiritually existent, and indeed indestructible, however latent, in each, first outwardly manifests itself (as with “cloven tongues of fire”), and seeks to be embodied in a visible Communion and Church Militant. Mystical, more than magical, is that Communing of Soul with Soul, both looking heavenward : here properly Soul first speaks with Soul ; for only in looking heavenward, take it in what sense you may, not in looking earthward, does what we can call Union, mutual Love, Society, begin to be possible. How true is that of Novalis : “It is certain, my Belief gains quite *infinitely* the moment I can convince another mind thereof !” Gaze thou in the face of thy Brother, in those eyes where plays the lambent fire of Kindness, or in those where rages the lurid conflagration of Anger ; feel how thy own so quiet Soul is straightway involuntarily kindled with the like, and ye blaze and reverberate on each other, till it is all one limitless confluent flame (of embracing Love, or of deadly-grappling Hate) ; and then say what miraculous virtue goes out of man into man. But if so, through all the thick-plied hulls of our Earthly Life ; how much more when it is of the Divine Life we speak, and inmost ME is, as it were, brought into contact with inmost ME !

‘Thus was it that I said, the Church-Clothes are first spun and woven by Society ; outward Religion originates by Society, Society becomes possible by Religion. Nay, perhaps, every conceivable Society, past and present, may well be figured as properly and wholly a Church, in one or other of these three predicaments : an audibly preaching and prophesying Church, which is the best ; second, a Church that struggles to preach and prophesy, but cannot as yet, till its Pentecost come ; and third and worst, a



Church gone dumb with old age, or which only mumbles delirium prior to dissolution. Whoso fancies that by Church is here meant Chapterhouses and Cathedrals, or by preaching and prophesying, mere speech and chanting, let him,' says the oracular Professor, 'read on, light of heart (*getrosten Muthes*).

'But with regard to your Church proper, and the Church-Clothes specially recognised as Church-Clothes, I remark, fearlessly enough, that without such Vestures and sacred Tissues Society has not existed, and will not exist. For if Government is, so to speak, the outward SKIN of the Body Politic, holding the whole together and protecting it; and all your Craft-Guilds, and Associations for Industry, of hand or of head, are the Fleishy Clothes, the muscular and osseous Tissues (*lying under such SKIN*), whereby Society stands and works;—then is Religion the inmost Pericardial and Nervous Tissue, which ministers Life and warm Circulation to the whole. Without which Pericardial Tissue the Bones and Muscles (of Industry) were inert, or animated only by a Galvanic vitality; the SKIN would become a shrivelled pelt, or fast-rotting raw-hide; and Society itself a dead carcass,—deserving to be buried. Men were no longer Social, but Gregarious; which latter state also could not continue, but must gradually issue in universal selfish discord, hatred, savage isolation, and dispersion;—whereby, as we might continue to say, the very dust and dead body of Society would have evaporated and become abolished. Such, and so all-important, all-sustaining, are the Church-Clothes to civilised or even to rational men.

'Meanwhile, in our era of the World, those same Church-Clothes have gone sorrowfully out-at-elbows: nay, far worse, many of them have become mere hollow Shapes, or Masks, under which no living Figure or Spirit any longer dwells; but only spiders and unclean beetles, in horrid accumulation, drive their trade; and the mask still glares on you with its glass-eyes, in ghastly affectation of Life,—some generation-and-half after Religion has quite withdrawn from it, and in unnoticed nooks is weaving for herself new Vestures, wherewith to reappear, and bless us, or our sons or grandsons. As a Priest, or Interpreter of the Holy, is the noblest and highest of all men, so is a Sham-priest

(*Schein-priester*) the falsest and basest ; neither is it doubtful that his Canonicals, were they Popes' Tiaras, will one day be torn from him, to make bandages for the wounds of mankind ; or even to burn into tinder, for general scientific or culinary purposes.

All which, as out of place here, falls to be handled in my Second Volume, *On the Palingenesia, or Newbirth of Society* ; which volume, as treating practically of the Wear, Destruction, and Retexture of Spiritual Tissues, or Garments, forms, properly speaking, the Transcendental or ultimate Portion of this my work *on Clothes*, and is already in a state of forwardness.

And herewith, no farther exposition, note, or commentary being added, does Teufelsdröckh, and must his Editor now, terminate the singular chapter on Church-Clothes !

## CHAPTER III

### SYMBOLS

PROBABLY it will elucidate the drift of these foregoing obscure utterances, if we here insert somewhat of our Professor's speculations on *Symbols*. To state his whole doctrine, indeed, were beyond our compass : nowhere is he more mysterious, impalpable, than in this of 'Fantasy being the organ of the Godlike' ; and how 'Man thereby, though based, to all seeming, on the small Visible, does nevertheless extend down into the infinite deeps of the Invisible, of which Invisible, indeed, his Life is properly the bodying forth'. Let us, omitting these high transcendental aspects of the matter, study to glean (whether from the Paper-bags or the Printed Volume) what little seems logical and practical, and cunningly arrange it into such degree of coherence as it will assume. By way of proem, take the following not injudicious remarks :

'The benignant efficacies of Concealment,' cries our Professor, 'who shall speak or sing ? SILENCE and SECRECY ! Altars might still be raised to them (were this an altar-building time) for universal worship. Silence is the

element in which great things fashion themselves together ; that at length they may emerge, full-formed and majestic, into the daylight of Life, which they are thenceforth to rule. Not William the Silent only, but all the considerable men I have known, and the most undiplomatic and unstrategic of these, forbore to babble of what they were creating and projecting. Nay, in thy own mean perplexities, do thou thyself but *hold thy tongue for one day* : on the morrow, how much clearer are thy purposes and duties ; what wreck and rubbish have those mute workmen within thee swept away, when intrusive noises were shut out ! Speech is too often not, as the Frenchman defined it, the art of concealing Thought ; but of quite stifling and suspending Thought, so that there is none to conceal. Speech too is great, but not the greatest. As the Swiss Inscription says : *Sprechen ist silbern, Schweigen ist golden* (Speech is silvern, Silence is golden) ; or as I might rather express it : Speech is of Time, Silence is of Eternity.

' Bees will not work except in darkness ; Thought will not work except in Silence : neither will Virtue work except in Secrecy. Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth ! Neither shalt thou prate even to thy own heart of "those secrets known to all"'. Is not Shame (*Schaam*) the soil of all Virtue, of all good manners and good morals ? Like other plants, Virtue will not grow unless its root be hidden, buried from the eye of the sun. Let the sun shine on it, nay do but look at it privily thyself, the root withers, and no flower will glad thee. O my Friends, when we view the fair clustering flowers that overwreath, for example, the Marriage-bower, and encircle man's life with the fragrance and hues of Heaven, what hand will not smite the foul plunderer that grubs them up by the roots, and, with grinning, grunting satisfaction, shows us the dung they flourish in ! Men speak much of the Printing-Press with its Newspapers : *du Himmel* ! what are these to Clothes and the Tailor's Goose ?'

' Of kin to the so incalculable influences of Concealment, and connected with still greater things, is the wondrous agency of *Symbols*. In a Symbol there is concealment and yet revelation : here therefore, by Silence and by Speech acting together, comes a double significance. And if both

the Speech be itself high, and the Silence fit and noble, how expressive will their union be ! Thus in many a painted Device, or simple Seal-emblem, the commonest Truth stands out to us proclaimed with quite new emphasis.

‘ For it is here that Fantasy with her mystic wonderland plays into the small prose domain of Sense, and becomes incorporated therewith. In the Symbol proper, what we can call a Symbol, there is ever, more or less distinctly and directly, some embodiment and revelation of the Infinite ; the Infinite is made to blend itself with the Finite, to stand visible, and as it were, attainable there. By Symbols, accordingly, is man guided and commanded, made happy, made wretched. He everywhere finds himself encompassed with Symbols, recognised as such or not recognised : the Universe is but one vast Symbol of God ; nay if thou wilt have it, ~~what is man himself but a Symbol of God~~ ; is not all that he does symbolical ; a revelation to Sense of the mystic god-given force that is in him ; a “ Gospel of Freedom ”, which he, the “ Messiah of Nature ”, preaches, as he can, by act and word ? Not a Hut he builds but is the visible embodiment of a Thought ; but bears visible record of invisible things ; but is, in the transcendental sense, symbolical as well as real.’

‘ Man,’ says the Professor elsewhere, in quite antipodal contrast with these high-soaring delineations, which we have here cut-short on the verge of the inane, ‘ Man is by birth somewhat of an owl. Perhaps, too, of all the owleries that ever possessed him, the most owlish, if we consider it, is that of your actually existing Motive-Millwrights. Fantastic tricks enough man has played, in his time ; has fancied himself to be most things, down even to an animated heap of Glass : but to fancy himself a dead Iron-Balance for weighing Pains and Pleasures on, was reserved for this his latter era. There stands he, his Universe one huge Manger, filled with hay and thistles to be weighed against each other ; and looks long-eared enough. Alas, poor devil ! spectres are appointed to haunt him : one age he is hagridden, bewitched ; the next, priestridden, befooled ; in all ages bedevilled. And now the Genius of Mechanism smothers him worse than any Nightmare did ; till the Soul is high choked out of him, and only a kind of Digestive,

Mechanic life remains. In Earth and in Heaven he can see nothing but Mechanism ; has fear for nothing else, hope in nothing else : the world would indeed grind him to pieces ; but cannot he fathom the Doctrine of Motives, and cunningly compute these, and mechanise them to grind the other way ?

‘ Were he not, as has been said, purblind by enchantment, you had but to bid him open his eyes and look. In which country, in which time, was it hitherto that man’s history, or the history of any man, went-on by calculated or calculable “ Motives ” ? What make ye of your Christianities, and Chivalries, and Reformations, and Marseillaise Hymns, and Reigns of Terror ? Nay, has not perhaps the Motive-grinder himself been *in Love* ? Did he never stand so much as a contested Election ? Leave him to Time, and the medicating virtue of Nature.’

‘ Yes, Friends,’ elsewhere observes the Professor, ‘ not our Logical, Mensurative faculty, but our Imaginative one is King over us ; I might say, Priest and Prophet to lead us heavenward ; or Magician and Wizard to lead us hellward. Nay, even for the basest Sensualist, what is Sense but the implement of Fantasy ; the vessel it drinks out of ? Ever in the dullest existence there is a sheen either of Inspiration or of Madness (thou partly hast it in thy choice, which of the two), that gleams-in from the circumambient Eternity, and colours with its own hues our little islet of Time. The Understanding is indeed thy window, too clear thou canst not make it ; ~~but Fantasy is thy eye~~, with its colour-giving retina, healthy or diseased. Have not I myself known five-hundred living soldiers sabred into crows’-meat for a piece of glazed cotton, which they called their Flag ; which, had you sold it at any market-cross, would not have brought above three groschen ? Did not the whole Hungarian Nation rise, like some tumultuous moonstirred Atlantic, when Kaiser Joseph pocketed their Iron Crown ; an implement, as was sagaciously observed, in size and commercial value little differing from a horse-shoe ? It is in and through *Symbols* that man, consciously or unconsciously, lives, works, and has his being : those ages, moreover, are accounted the noblest which can the best recognise symbolical worth, and prize it the highest. For is not

a Symbol ever, to him who has eyes for it, some dimmer or clearer revelation of the Godlike ?

‘Of Symbols, however, I remark farther, that they have both an extrinsic and intrinsic value ; oftenest the former only. What, for instance, was in that clouted Shoe, which the Peasants bore aloft with them as ensign in their *Bauernkrieg* (Peasants’ War) ? Or in the Wallet-and-staff round which the Netherland *Gueux*, glorying in that nickname of Beggars, heroically rallied and prevailed, though against King Philip himself ? Intrinsic significance these had none : only extrinsic ; as the accidental Standards of multitudes more or less sacredly uniting together ; in which union itself, as above noted, there is ever something mystical and borrowing of the Godlike. Under a like category, too, stand, or stood, the stupidest heraldic Coats-of-arms ; military Banners everywhere ; and generally all national or other sectarian Costumes and Customs : they have no intrinsic, necessary divineness, or even worth ; but have acquired an extrinsic one. Nevertheless through all these there glimmers something of a Divine Idea ; as through military Banners themselves, the Divine Idea of Duty, of heroic Daring ; in some instances of Freedom, of Right. Nay the highest ensign that men ever met and embraced under, the Cross itself, had no meaning save an accidental extrinsic one.

‘Another matter it is, however, when your Symbol has intrinsic meaning, and is of itself *fit* that men should unite round it. Let but the Godlike manifest itself to Sense ; let but Eternity look, more or less visibly, through the Time-Figure (*Zeitbild*) ! Then is it fit that men unite there ; and worship together before such Symbol ; and so from day to day, and from age to age, superadd to it new divineness.

‘Of this latter sort are all true Works of Art : in them (if thou know a Work of Art from a Daub of Artifice) wilt thou discern Eternity looking through Time ; the Godlike rendered visible. Here too many an extrinsic value gradually superadd itself : thus certain *Iliads*, and the like, have, in three-thousand years, attained quite new significance. But nobler than all in this kind are the Lives of heroic god-inspired Men ; for what other Work of Art is so divine ?

In Death too, in the Death of the Just, as the last perfection of a Work of Art, may we not discern symbolic meaning? In that divinely transfigured Sleep, as of Victory, resting over the beloved face which now knows thee no more, read (if thou canst for tears) the confluence of Time and Eternity, and some gleam of the latter peering through.

‘Highest of all Symbols are those wherein the Artist or Poet has risen into Prophet, and all men can recognise a present God, and worship the same: I mean religious Symbols. Various enough have been such religious Symbols, what we call *Religions*; as men stood in this stage of culture or the other, and could worse or better body-forth the Godlike: some Symbols with a transient intrinsic worth; many with only an extrinsic. If thou ask to what height man has carried it in this manner, look on our divinest Symbol: on Jesus of Nazareth, and his Life, and his Biography, and what followed therefrom. Higher has the human Thought not yet reached: this is Christianity and Christendom; a Symbol of quite perennial, infinite character; whose significance will ever demand to be anew inquired into, and anew made manifest.

‘But, on the whole, as Time adds much to the sacredness of Symbols, so likewise in his progress he at length defaces, or even desecrates them; and Symbols, like all terrestrial Garments, wax old. Homer’s Epos has not ceased to be true; yet it is no longer *our* Epos, but shines in the distance, if clearer and clearer, yet also smaller and smaller, like a receding Star. It needs a scientific telescope, it needs to be reinterpreted and artificially brought near us, before we can so much as know that it *was* a Sun. So likewise a day comes when the Runic Thor, with his Eddas, must withdraw into dimness; and many an African Mumbo-Jumbo and Indian Pawaw be utterly abolished. For all things, even Celestial Luminaries, much more atmospheric meteors, have their rise, their culmination, their decline.

‘Small is this which thou tellest me, that the Royal Sceptre is but a piece of gilt-wood; that the Pyx has become a most foolish box, and truly, as Ancient Pistol thought, “of little price.” A right Conjuror might I name



thee, couldst thou conjure back into these wooden tools the divine virtue they once held.

‘Of this thing, however, be certain : wouldst thou plant for Eternity, then plant into the deep infinite faculties of man, his Fantasy and Heart ; wouldst thou plant for Year and Day, then plant into his shallow superficial faculties, his Self-love and Arithmetic Understanding, what will grow there. A Hierarch, therefore, and Pontiff of the World will we call him, the Poet and inspired Maker ; who, Prometheus-like, can shape new Symbols, and bring new Fire from Heaven to fix it there. Such too will not always be wanting ; neither perhaps now are. Meanwhile, as the average of matters goes, we account him Legislator and wise who can so much as tell when a Symbol has grown old, and gently remove it.

‘When, as the last English Coronation<sup>1</sup> was preparing,’ concludes this wonderful Professor, ‘I read in their Newspapers that the “Champion of England”, he who has to offer battle to the Universe for his new King, had brought it so far that he could now “mount his horse with little assistance”, I said to myself : Here also we have a Symbol well-nigh superannuated. Alas, move whithersoever you may, are not the tatters and rags of superannuated worn-out Symbols (in this Ragfair of a World) dropping off everywhere, to hoodwink, to halter, to tether you ; nay, if you shake them not aside, threatening to accumulate, and perhaps produce suffocation ?’

## CHAPTER IV

### HELOTAGE

At this point we determine on adverting shortly, or rather reverting, to a certain Tract of Hofrath Heuschrecke’s, entitled *Institute for the Repression of Population* ; which lies, dishonourably enough (with torn leaves, and a perceptible smell of aloetic drugs), stuffed into the Bag *Pisces*. Not indeed for the sake of the Tract itself, which we admire little ; but of the marginal Notes, evidently in Teufels-

<sup>1</sup> That of George IV.—Ed.



dröckh's hand, which rather copiously fringe it. A few of these may be in their right place here.

Into the Hofrath's *Institute*, with its extraordinary schemes, and machinery of Corresponding Boards and the like, we shall not so much as glance. Enough for us to understand that Heuschrecke is a disciple of Malthus ; and so zealous for the doctrine, that his zeal almost literally eats him up. A deadly fear of Population possesses the Hofrath ; something like a fixed-idea ; undoubtedly akin to the more diluted forms of Madness. Nowhere, in that quarter of his intellectual world, is there light ; nothing but a grim shadow of Hunger ; open mouths opening wider and wider ; a world to terminate by the frightfullest consummation : by its too dense inhabitants, famished into delirium, universally eating one another. To make air for himself in which strangulation, choking enough to a benevolent heart, the Hofrath founds, or proposes to found, this *Institute* of his, as the best he can do. It is only with our Professor's comments thereon that we concern ourselves.

First, then, remark that Teufelsdröckh, as a speculative Radical, has his own notions about human dignity ; that the Zähdarm palaces and courtesies have not made him forgetful of the Futteral cottages. On the blank cover of Heuschrecke's Tract we find the following indistinctly engrossed :

Two men I honour, and no third. First, the toilworn Craftsman that with earth-made Implement laboriously conquers the Earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard Hand ; crooked, coarse ; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence ; for it is the face of a Man living manlike. O, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee ! Hardly-entreated Brother ! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed : thou wert our Conscrip, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a god-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded ; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour : and thy body, like thy soul,

was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on : *thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may ; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.*

'A second man I honour, and still more highly : Him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable ; not daily bread, but the bread of Life. Is not he too in his duty ; endeavouring towards inward Harmony ; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low ? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavour are one : when we can name him Artist ; not earthly Craftsman only, but inspired Thinker, who with heaven-made Implement conquers Heaven for us ! If the poor and humble toil that we have Food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality ?—These two, in all their degrees, I honour : all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

'Unspeakingly touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united ; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimar in this world know I nothing than a Peasant Saint, could such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself ; thou wilt see the splendour of Heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of Earth, like a light shining in great darkness.'

And again : 'It is not because of his toils that I lament for the poor : we must all toil, or steal (howsoever we name our stealing), which is worse ; no faithful workman finds his task a pastime. The poor is hungry and athirst ; but for him also there is food and drink : he is heavy-laden and weary ; but for him also the Heavens send Sleep, and of the deepest ; in his smoky cribs, a clear dewy heaven of Rest envelops him, and fitful glitterings of cloud-skirted Dreams. But what I do mourn over is, that the lamp of his soul should go out ; that no ray of heavenly, or even of earthly knowledge, should visit him ; but only, in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, Fear and Indignation bear him company. Alas, while the Body stands so broad and brawny, must the Soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated ! Alas, was this too a Breath of God ;

bestowed in Heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded !— That there should one Man die ignorant who had capacity for Knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in the minute, as by some computations it does. The miserable fraction of Science which our united Mankind, in a wide Universe of Nescience, has acquired, why is not this, with all diligence, imparted to all ?

Quite in an opposite strain is the following : ‘ The old Spartans had a wiser method ; and went out and hunted-down their Helots, and speared and spitted them, when they grew too numerous. With our improved fashions of hunting, Herr Hofrath, now after the invention of fire-arms, and standing-armies, how much easier were such a hunt ! Perhaps in the most thickly-peopled country, some three days annually might suffice to shoot all the able-bodied Paupers that had accumulated within the year. Let Governments think of this. The expense were trifling : nay the very carcasses would pay it. Have them salted and barrelled ; could not you victual therewith, if not Army and Navy, yet richly such infirm Paupers, in workhouses and elsewhere, as enlightened Charity, dreading no evil of them, might see good to keep alive ? ’

‘ And yet,’ writes he farther on, ‘ there must be something wrong. A full-formed Horse will, in any market, bring from twenty to as high as two-hundred Friedrichs d’or : such is his worth to the world. A full-formed Man is not only worth nothing to the world, but the world could afford him a round sum would he simply engage to go and hang himself. Nevertheless, which of the two was the more cunningly-devised article, even as an Engine ? Good Heavens ! A white European Man, standing on his two Legs, with his two five-fingered Hands at his shackle-bones, and miraculous Head on his shoulders, is worth, I should say, from fifty to a hundred Horses ! ’

‘ True, thou Gold-Hofrath,’ cries the Professor elsewhere : ‘ too crowded indeed ! Meanwhile, what portion of this inconsiderable terraqueous Globe have ye actually tilled and delved, till it will grow no more ? How thick stands your Population in the Pampas and Savannas of America ; round ancient Carthage, and in the interior of Africa ; on both

slopes of the Altaic chain, in the central Platform of Asia ; in Spain, Greece, Turkey, Crim Tartery, the Curragh of Kildare ? One man, in one year, as I have understood it, if you lend him Earth, will feed himself and nine others. Alas, where now are the Hengsts and Alarics of our still-glowing, still-expanding Europe ; who, when their home is grown too narrow, will enlist, and, like Fire-pillars, guide onwards those superfluous masses of indomitable living Valour ; equipped, not now with the battle-axe and war-chariot, but with the steam-engine and ploughshare ? Where are they ?—Preserving their Game !

## CHAPTER V

### THE PHENIX

PUTTING which four singular Chapters together, and alongside of them numerous hints, and even direct utterances, scattered over these Writings of his, we come upon the startling yet not quite unlooked-for conclusion, that Teufelsdröckh is one of those who consider Society, properly so called, to be as good as extinct ; and that only the gregarious feelings, and old inherited habitudes, at this juncture, hold us from Dispersion, and universal national, civil, domestic and personal war ! He says expressly : ‘ For the last three centuries, above all for the last three quarters of a century, that same Pericardial Nervous Tissue (as we named it) of Religion, where lies the Life-essence of Society, has been smote-at and perforated, needfully and needlessly ; till now it is quite rent into shreds ; and Society, long pining, diabetic, consumptive, can be regarded as defunct ; for those spasmodic, galvanic sprawlings are not life ; neither indeed will they endure, galvanise as you may, beyond two days.’

‘ Call ye that a Society,’ cries he again, ‘ where there is no longer any Social Idea extant ; not so much as the Idea of a common Home, but only of a common over-crowded Lodging-house ? Where each, isolated, regardless of his neighbour, turned against his neighbour, clutches what he can get, and cries “ Mine ” ! and calls it Peace, because, in

the cut-purse and cut-throat Scramble, no steel knives, but only a far cunninger sort, can be employed ? Where Friendship, Communion, has become an incredible tradition ; and your holiest Sacramental Supper is a smoking Tavern Dinner, with Cook for Evangelist ? Where your Priest has no tongue but for plate-licking : and your high Guides and Governors cannot guide ; but on all hands hear it passionately proclaimed : *Laissez faire* ; Leave us alone of *your* guidance, such light is darker than darkness ; eat you your wages, and sleep !

‘ Thus, too,’ continues he, ‘ does an observant eye discern everywhere that saddest spectacle : The Poor perishing, like neglected, foundered Draught-Cattle, of Hunger and Overwork ; the Rich, still more wretchedly, of Idleness, Satiety, and Over-growth. The Highest in rank, at length, without honour from the Lowest ; scarcely, with a little mouth-honour, as from tavern-waiters who expect to put it in the bill. Once-sacred Symbols fluttering as empty Pageants, whereof men grudge even the expense ; a World becoming dismantled : in one word, the CHURCH fallen speechless, from obesity and apoplexy ; the STATE shrunk into a Police-Office, straitened to get its pay !’

We might ask, are there many ‘ observant eyes ’, belonging to practical men in England or elsewhere, which have descried these phenomena ; or is it only from the mystic elevation of a German *Wahngasse* that such wonders are visible ? Teufelsdröckh contends that the aspect of a ‘ deceased or expiring Society ’ fronts us everywhere, so that whoso runs may read. ‘ What, for example,’ says he, ‘ is the universally-arrogated Virtue, almost the sole remaining Catholic Virtue, of these days ? For some half century, it has been the thing you name “ Independence ”. Suspicion of “ Servility ”, of reverence for Superiors, the very dogleech is anxious to disavow. Fools ! Were your Superiors worthy to govern, and you worthy to obey, reverence for them were even your only possible freedom. Independence, in all kinds, is rebellion ; if unjust rebellion, why parade it, and everywhere prescribe it ?’

But what then ? Are we returning, as Rousseau prayed, to the state of Nature ? ‘ The Soul Politic having departed,’ says Teufelsdröckh, ‘ what can follow but that the Body

Politie be decently interred, to avoid putrescence ? Liberals, Economists, Utilitarians enough I see marching with its bier, and chanting loud pæans, towards the funeral-pile, where, amid wailings from some, and saturnalian revelries from the most, the venerable Corpse is to be burnt. Or, in plain words, that these men, Liberals, Utilitarians, or whatsoever they are called, will ultimately carry their point, and dissever and destroy most existing Institutions of Society, seems a thing which has some time ago ceased to be doubtful.

‘Do we not see a little subdivision of the grand Utilitarian Armament come to light even in insulated England ? A living nucleus, that will attract and grow, does at length appear there also ; and under curious phasis ; properly as the inconsiderable fag-end, and so far in the rear of the others as to fancy itself the van. Our European Mechanisers are a sect of boundless diffusion, activity, and coöperative spirit : has not Utilitarianism flourished in high places of Thought, here among ourselves, and in every European country, at some time or other, within the last fifty years ? If now in all countries, except perhaps England, it has ceased to flourish, or indeed to exist, among Thinkers, and sunk to Journalists and the popular mass,—who sees not that, as hereby it no longer preaches, so the reason is, it now needs no Preaching, but is in full universal Action, the doctrine everywhere known, and enthusiastically laid to heart ? The fit pabulum, in these times, for a certain rugged workshop intellect and heart, nowise without their corresponding workshop strength and ferocity, it requires but to be stated in such scenes to make proselytes enough. —Admirably calculated for destroying, only not for rebuilding ! It spreads like a sort of Dog-madness ; till the whole World-kennel will be rabid : then woe to the Huntsmen, with or without their whips ! They should have given the quadrupeds water,’ adds he ; ‘the water, namely, of Knowledge and of Life, while it was yet time.’

Thus, if Professor Teufelsdröckh can be relied on, we are at this hour in a most critical condition ; beleaguered by that boundless ‘Armament of Mechanisers’ and Unbelievers, threatening to strip us bare ! ‘The World,’ says he, ‘as it needs must, is under a process of devastation and

waste, which, whether by silent assiduous corrosion, or open quicker combustion, as the case chances, will effectually enough annihilate the past Forms of Society ; replace them with what it may. For the present, it is contemplated that when man's whole Spiritual Interests are once *divested*, these innumerable stript-off Garments shall mostly be burnt ; but the sounder Rags among them be quilted together into one huge Irish watchcoat for the defence of the Body only ! '— This, we think, is but Job's-news to the humane reader.

' Nevertheless,' cries Teufelsdröckh, ' who can hinder it ; who is there that can clutch into the wheelspokes of Destiny, and say to the Spirit of the Time : Turn back, I command thee ?—Wiser were it that we yielded to the Inevitable and Inexorable, and accounted even this the best.'

Nay, might not an attentive Editor, drawing his own inferences from what stands written, conjecture that Teufelsdröckh individually had yielded to this same ' Inevitable and Inexorable ' heartily enough ; and now sat waiting the issue, with his natural diabolico-angelical Indifference, if not even Placidity ? Did we not hear him complain that the World was a ' huge Ragfair ', and the ' rags and tatters of old Symbols ' were raining-down everywhere, like to drift him in, and suffocate him ? What with those ' un hunted Helots ' of his ; and the uneven *sic vos non vobis* pressure and hard-crashing collision he is pleased to discern in existing things ; what with the so hateful ' empty Masks ', full of beetles and spiders, yet glaring out on him, from their glass eyes, ' with a ghastly affectation of life,'—we feel entitled to conclude him even willing that much should be thrown to the Devil, so it were but done gently ! Safe himself in that ' Pinnacle of Weissnichtwo ', he would consent, with a tragic solemnity, that the monster UTILITARIA, held back, indeed, and moderated by nose-rings, halters, foot-shackles, and every conceivable modification of rope, should go forth to do her work ;—to tread down old ruinous Palaces and Temples with her broad hoof, till the whole were trodden down, that new and better might be built ! Remarkable in this point of view are the following sentences.

' Society,' says he, ' is not dead : that Carcass, which you call dead Society, is but her mortal coil which she has shuffled-off, to assume a nobler ; she herself, through per-



petual metamorphoses, in fairer and fairer development, has to live till Time also merge in Eternity. Wheresoever two or three Living Men are gathered together, there is Society ; or there it will be, with its cunning mechanisms and stupendous structures, overspreading this little Globe, and reaching upwards to Heaven and downwards to Gehenna : for always, under one or the other figure, it has two authentic Revelations, of a God and of a Devil ; the Pulpit, namely, and the Gallows.'

Indeed, we already heard him speak of ' Religion, in unnoticed nooks, weaving for herself new Vestures ; '—Teufelsdröckh himself being one of the loom-treadles ? Elsewhere he quotes without censure that strange aphorism of Saint-Simon's, concerning which and whom so much were to be said : '*L'âge d'or, qu'une aveugle tradition a placé jusqu'ici dans le passé, est devant nous* ; The golden age, which a blind tradition has hitherto placed in the Past, is Before us.'—But listen again :

' When the Phoenix is fanning her funeral pyre, will there not be sparks flying ! Alas, some millions of men, and among them such as a Napoleon, have already been licked into that high-eddy Flame, and like moths consumed there. Still also have we to fear that incautious beards will get singed.

' For the rest, in what year of grace such Phoenix-cremation will be completed, you need not ask. The law of Perseverance is among the deepest in man : by nature he hates changes ; seldom will he quit his old house till it has actually fallen about his ears. Thus have I seen Solemnities linger as Ceremonies, sacred Symbols as idle Pageants, to the extent of three-hundred years and more after all life and sacredness had evaporated out of them. And then, finally, what time the Phoenix Death-Birth itself will require, depends on unseen contingencies.—Meanwhile, would Destiny offer Mankind, that after, say two centuries of convulsion and conflagration, more or less vivid, the fire-creation should be accomplished, and we to find ourselves again in a Living Society, and no longer fighting but working,—were it not perhaps prudent in Mankind to strike the bargain ? '

Thus is Teufelsdröckh content that old sick Society



should be deliberately burnt (alas, with quite other fuel than spice-wood) ; in the faith that she is a Phoenix ; and that a new heavenborn young one will rise out of her ashes ! We ourselves, restricted to the duty of Indicator, shall forbear commentary. Meanwhile, will not the judicious reader shake his head, and reproachfully, yet more in sorrow than in anger, say or think : From a *Doctor utriusque Juris*, titular Professor in a University, and man to whom hitherto, for his services, Society, bad as she is, has given not only food and raiment (of a kind), but books, tobacco and gukguk, we expected more gratitude to his benefactress ; and less of a blind trust in the future, which resembles that rather of a philosophical Fatalist and Enthusiast, than of a solid householder paying scot-and-lot in a Christian country.

## CHAPTER VI

### OLD CLOTHES

As mentioned above, Teufelsdröckh, though a sansculottist, is in practice probably the politest man extant : his whole heart and life are penetrated and informed with the spirit of politeness ; a noble natural Courtesy shines through him, beautifying his vagaries ; like sun-light, making a rosy-fingered, rainbow-dyed Aurora out of mere aqueous clouds ; nay brightening London-smoke itself into gold vapour, as from the crucible of an alchemist. Hear in what earnest though fantastic wise he expresses himself on this head :

‘ Shall Courtesy be done only to the rich, and only by the rich ? In Good-breeding, which differs, if at all, from High-breeding, only as it gracefully remembers the rights of others, rather than gracefully insists on its own rights, I discern no special connexion with wealth or birth : but rather that it lies in human nature itself, and is due from all men towards all men. Of a truth, were your Schoolmaster at his post, and worth anything when there, this, with so much else, would be reformed. Nay, each man were then also his neighbour’s schoolmaster ; till at length a rude-visaged, unmannered Peasant could no more be met with, than a Peasant unacquainted with botanical Physio-

logy, or who felt not that the clod he broke was created in Heaven.

‘For whether thou bear a sceptre or a sledge-hammer, art not thou ALIVE ; is not this thy brother ALIVE ? “There is but one temple in the world,” says Novalis, “and that temple is the Body of Man. Nothing is holier than this high Form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this Revelation in the Flesh. We touch Heaven, when we lay our hands on a human Body.”

‘On which ground, I would fain carry it farther than most do ; and whereas the English Johnson only bowed to every Clergyman, or man with a shovel-hat, I would bow to every Man with any sort of hat, or with no hat whatever. Is not he a Temple, then ; the visible Manifestation and Impersonation of the Divinity ? And yet, alas, such indiscriminate bowing serves not. For there is a Devil dwells in man, as well as a Divinity ; and too often the bow is but pocketed by the *former*. It would go to the pocket of Vanity (which is your clearest phasis of the Devil, in these times) ; therefore must we withhold it.

‘The gladder am I, on the other hand, to do reverence to those Shells and outer Husks of the Body, wherein no devilish passion any longer lodges, but only the pure emblem and effigies of Man : I mean, to Empty, or even to Cast Clothes. Nay, is it not to Clothes that most men do reverence : to the fine frogged broadcloth, nowise to the “straddling animal with bandy legs” which it holds, and makes a Dignitary of ? Who ever saw any Lord my-lorded in tattered blanket fastened with wooden skewer ? Nevertheless, I say, there is in such worship a shade of hypocrisy, a practical deception : for how often does the Body appropriate what was meant for the Cloth only ! Whoso would avoid falsehood, which is the essence of all Sin, will perhaps see good to take a different course. That reverence which cannot act without obstruction and perversion when the Clothes are full, may have free course when they are empty. Even as, for Hindoo Worshippers, the Pagoda is not less sacred than the God ; so do I too worship the hollow cloth Garment with equal fervour, as when it contained the Man : nay, with more, for I now fear no deception, of myself or of others.

' Did not King *Toomtabard*, or, in other words, John Baliol, reign long over Scotland ; the man John Baliol being quite gone, and only the "Toom Tabard" (Empty Gown) remaining ? What still dignity dwells in a suit of Cast Clothes ! How meekly it bears its honours ! No haughty looks, no scornful gesture : silent and serene, it fronts the world ; neither demanding worship, nor afraid to miss it. The Hat still carries the physiognomy of its Head : but the vanity and the stupidity, and goose-speech which was the sign of these two, are gone. The Coat-arm is stretched out, but not to strike ; the Breeches, in modest simplicity, depend at ease, and now at last have a graceful flow ; the Waistcoat hides no evil passion, no riotous desire ; hunger or thirst now dwells not in it. Thus all is purged from the grossness of sense, from the carking cares and foul vices of the World ; and rides there, on its Clothes-horse ; as, on a Pegasus, might some skyeey Messenger, or purified Apparition, visiting our low Earth.

' Often, while I sojourned in that monstrous tuberosity of Civilised Life, the Capital of England ; and meditated, and questioned Destiny, under that ink-sea of vapour, black, thick, and multifarious as Spartan broth ; and was one lone soul amid those grinding millions ;—often have I turned into their Old-Clothes Market to worship. With awe-struck heart I walk through that Monmouth Street, with its empty Suits, as through a Sanhedrim of stainless Ghosts. Silent are they, but expressive in their silence : the past witnesses and instruments of Woe and Joy, of Passions, Virtues, Crimes, and all the fathomless tumult of Good and Evil in "the Prison men call Life". Friends ! trust not the heart of that man for whom Old Clothes are not venerable. Watch, too, with reverence, that bearded Jewish High-priest, who with hoarse voice, like some Angel of Doom, summons them from the four winds ! On his head, like the Pope, he has three Hats,—a real triple tiara ; on either hand are the similitude of wings, whereon the summoned Garments come to alight ; and ever, as he slowly cleaves the air, sounds forth his deep fateful note, as if through a trumpet he were proclaiming : " Ghosts of Life, come to Judgment !" Reck not, ye fluttering Ghosts : he will purify you in his Purgatory, with fire and with water ; and, one

day, new-created ye shall reappear. O, let him in whom the flame of Devotion is ready to go out, who has never worshipped, and knows not what to worship, pace and repace, with austere thought, the pavement of Monmouth Street, and say whether his heart and his eyes still continue dry. If Field Lane, with its long fluttering rows of yellow handkerchiefs, be a Dionysius' Ear, where, in stifled jarring hubbub, we hear the Indictment which Poverty and Vice bring against lazy Wealth, that it has left them there cast-out and trodden under foot of Want, Darkness and the Devil,—then is Monmouth Street a Mirza's Hill, where, in motley vision, the whole Pageant of Existence passes awfully before us ; with its wail and jubilee, mad loves and mad hatreds, church-bells and gallows-ropes, farce-tragedy, beast-godhood,—the Bedlam of Creation !

To most men, as it does to ourselves, all this will seem overcharged. We too have walked through Monmouth Street ; but with little feeling of 'Devotion' : probably in part because the contemplative process is so fatally broken in upon by the brood of money-changers who nestle in that Church, and importune the worshipper with merely secular proposals. Whereas Teufelsdröckh might be in that happy middle state, which leaves to the Clothes-broker no hope either of sale or of purchase, and so be allowed to linger there without molestation.—Something we would have given to see the little philosophical figure, with its steeple-hat and loose flowing skirts, and eyes in a fine frenzy, 'pacing and repacing in austere thought' that foolish Street ; which to him was a true Delphic avenue, and supernatural Whispering-gallery, where the 'Ghosts of Life' rounded strange secrets in his ear. O thou philosophic Teufelsdröckh, that listenest while others only gabble, and with thy quick tympanum hearest the grass grow !

At the same time, is it not strange that, in Paper-bag Documents destined for an English work, there exists nothing like an authentic diary of this his sojourn in London ; and of his Meditations among the Clothes-shops only the obscurest emblematic shadows ? Neither, in conversation (for, indeed, he was not a man to pester you with his Travels), have we heard him more than allude to the subject.

For the rest, however, it cannot be uninteresting that we here find how early the significance of Clothes had dawned on the now so distinguished Clothes-Professor. Might we but fancy it to have been even in Monmouth Street, at the bottom of our own English 'ink-sea', that this remarkable Volume first took being, and shot forth its salient point in his soul,—as in Chaos did the Egg of Eros, one day to be hatched into a Universe!

## CHAPTER VII

### ORGANIC FILAMENTS

FOR us, who happen to live while the World-Phoenix is burning herself, and burning so slowly that, as Teufelsdröckh calculates, it were a handsome bargain would she engage to have done 'within two centuries', there seems to lie but an ashy prospect. Not altogether so, however, does the Professor figure it. 'In the living subject,' says he, 'change is wont to be gradual: thus, while the serpent sheds its old skin, the new is already formed beneath. Little knowest thou of the burning of a World-Phoenix, who fanciest that she must first burn-out, and lie as a dead cinereous heap; and therefrom the young one start-up by miracle, and fly heavenward. Far otherwise! In that Fire-whirlwind, Creation and Destruction proceed together; ever as the ashes of the Old are blown about, do organic filaments of the New mysteriously spin themselves: and amid the rushing and the waving of the Whirlwind-element come tones of a melodious Deathsong, which end not but in tones of a more melodious Birthsong. Nay, look into the Fire-whirlwind with thy own eyes, and thou wilt see.' Let us actually look, then: to poor individuals, who cannot expect to live two centuries, those same organic filaments, mysteriously spinning themselves, will be the best part of the spectacle. First, therefore, this of Mankind in general:

'In vain thou deniest it,' says the Professor; 'thou *art* my Brother. Thy very Hatred, thy very Envy, those foolish Lies thou tellest of me in thy splenetic humour: what is all this but an inverted Sympathy? Were I a Steam-engine,

wouldst thou take the trouble to tell lies of me ? Not thou ! I should grind all unheeded, whether badly or well.

‘ Wondrous truly are the bonds that unite us one and all ; whether by the soft binding of Love, or the iron chaining of Necessity, as we like to choose it. More than once have I said to myself, of some perhaps whimsically strutting Figure, such as provokes whimsical thoughts : “ Wert thou, my little Brotherkin, suddenly covered-up within the largest imaginable Glass-bell,—what a thing it were, not for thyself only, but for the world ! Post Letters, more or fewer, from all the four winds, impinge against thy Glass walls, but have to drop unread : neither from within comes there question or response into any Postbag ; thy Thoughts fall into no friendly ear or heart, thy Manufacture into no purchasing hand : thou art no longer a circulating venous-arterial Heart, that, taking and giving, circulatest through all Space and all Time : there has a Hole fallen-out in the immeasurable, universal World-tissue, which must be darned-up again ! ”

‘ Such venous-arterial circulation, of Letters, verbal Messages, paper and other Packages, going out from him and coming in, are a blood-circulation, visible to the eye : but the finer nervous circulation, by which all things, the minutest that he does, minutely influence all men, and the very look of his face blesses or curses whomso it lights on, and so generates ever new blessing or new cursing : all this you cannot see, but only imagine. I say, there is not a red Indian, hunting by Lake Winnipic, can quarrel with his squaw, but the whole world must smart for it : will not the price of beaver rise ? It is a mathematical fact that the casting of this pebble from my hand alters the centre of gravity of the Universe.

‘ If now an existing generation of men stand so woven together, not less indissolubly does generation with generation. Hast thou ever meditated on that word, Tradition : how we inherit not Life only, but all the garniture and form of Life ; and work, and speak, and even think and feel, as our Fathers, and primeval grandfathers, from the beginning, have given it us ?—Who printed thee, for example, this unpretending Volume on the Philosophy of Clothes ? Not the Herren Stillschweigen and Company ;

but Cadmus of Thebes, Faust of Mentz, and innumerable others whom thou knowest not. Had there been no Mæso-gothic Ulfla, there had been no English Shakespeare, or a different one. Simpleton ! it was Tubalcain that made thy very Tailor's needle, and sewed that court-suit of thine.

Yes, truly, if Nature is one, and a living indivisible whole, much more is Mankind, the Image that reflects and creates Nature, without which Nature were not. As palpable life-streams in that wondrous Individual Mankind among so many life-streams that are not palpable, flow on those main-currents of what we call Opinion ; as preserved in Institutions, Politics, Churches, above all in Books. Beautiful it is to understand and know that a Thought did never yet die ; that as thou, the originator thereof, hast gathered it and created it from the whole Past, so thou wilt transmit it to the whole Future. It is thus that the heroic heart, the seeing eye of the first times, still feels and sees in us of the latest ; that the Wise Man stands ever encompassed, and spiritually embraced, by a cloud of witnesses and brothers ; and there is a living, literal *Communion of Saints*, wide as the World itself, and as the History of the World.

Noteworthy also, and serviceable for the progress of this same Individual, wilt thou find his subdivision into Generations. Generations are as the Days of toilsome Mankind : Death and Birth are the vesper and the matin bells, that summon Mankind to sleep, and to rise refreshed for new advancement. What the Father has made, the Son can make and enjoy ; but has also work of his own appointed him. Thus all things wax, and roll onwards ; Arts, Establishments, Opinions, nothing is completed, but ever completing. Newton has learned to see what Kepler saw ; but there is also a fresh heaven-derived force in Newton ; he must mount to still higher points of vision. So too the Hebrew Lawgiver is, in due time, followed by an Apostle of the Gentiles. In the business of Destruction, as this also is from time to time a necessary work, thou findest a like sequence and perseverance : for Luther it was as yet hot enough to stand by that burning of the Pope's Bull ; Voltaire could not warm himself at the glimmering ashes, but required quite other fuel. Thus likewise, I note,



the English Whig has, in the second generation, become an English Radical ; who, in the third again, it is to be hoped, will become an English Rebuilder. Find Mankind where thou wilt, thou findest it in living movement, in progress faster or slower : the Phoenix soars aloft, hovers with outstretched wings, filling Earth with her music ; or, as now, she sinks, and with spherul swan-song immolates herself in flame, that she may soar the higher and sing the clearer.'

Let the friends of social order, in such a disastrous period, lay this to heart, and derive from it any little comfort they can. We subjoin another passage, concerning Titles :

'Remark, not without surprise,' says Teufelsdröckh, 'how all high Titles of Honour come hitherto from Fighting. Your *Herzog* (Duke, *Dux*) is Leader of Armies ; your Earl (*Jarl*) is Strong Man ; your Marshal cavalry Horse-shoer. A Millennium, or reign of Peace and Wisdom, having from of old been prophesied, and becoming now daily more and more indubitable, may it not be apprehended that such Fighting-titles will cease to be palatable, and new and higher need to be devised ?

'The only Title wherein I, with confidence, trace eternity, is that of King. *König* (King), anciently *Könning*, means Ken-ning (Cunning), or which is the same thing, Can-ning. Ever must the Sovereign of Mankind be fitly entitled King.'

'Well, also,' says he elsewhere, 'was it written by Theologians : a King rules by divine right. He carries in him an authority from God, or man will never give it him. Can I choose my own King ? I can choose my own King Popinjay, and play what farce or tragedy I may with him : but he who is to be my Ruler, whose will is to be higher than my will, was chosen for me in Heaven. Neither except in such Obedience to the Heaven-chosen is Freedom so much as conceivable.'

The Editor will here admit that, among all the wondrous provinces of Teufelsdröckh's spiritual world, there is none he walks in with such astonishment, hesitation, and even pain, as in the Political. How, with our English love of Ministry and Opposition, and that generous conflict of Parties, mind warming itself against mind in their mutual wrestle for the Public Good, by which wrestle, indeed, is



our invaluable Constitution kept warm and alive ; how shall we domesticate ourselves in this spectral Necropolis, or rather City both of the Dead and of the Unborn, where the Present seems little other than an inconsiderable Film dividing the Past and the Future ? In those dim longdrawn expanses, all is so immeasurable ; much so disastrous, ghastly ; your very radiances and straggling light-beams have a supernatural character. And then with such an indifference, such a prophetic peacefulness (accounting the inevitably coming as already here, to him all one whether it be distant by centuries or only by days), does he sit ;—and live, you would say, rather in any other age than in his own ! It is our painful duty to announce, or repeat, that, looking into this man, we discern a deep, silent, slow-burning, inextinguishable Radicalism, such as fills us with shuddering admiration.

Thus, for example, he appears to make little even of the Elective Franchise ; at least so we interpret the following : ‘ Satisfy yourselves,’ he says, ‘ by universal, indubitable experiment, even as ye are now doing or will do, whether FREEDOM, heavenborn and leading heavenward, and so vitally essential for us all, cannot peradventure be mechanically hatched and brought to light in that same Ballot-Box of yours ; or at worst, in some other discoverable or devisable Box, Edifice, or Steam-mechanism. It were a mighty convenience ; and beyond all feats of manufacture witnessed hitherto.’ Is Teufelsdröckh acquainted with the British Constitution, even slightly ?—He says, under another figure : ‘ But after all, were the problem, as indeed it now everywhere is, To rebuild your old House from the top downwards (since you must live in it the while), what better, what other, than the Representative Machine will serve your turn ? Meanwhile, however, mock me not with the name of Free, “ when you have but knit-up my chains into ornamental festoons.” ’—Or what will any member of the Peace Society make of such an assertion as this : ‘ The lower people everywhere desire War. Not so unwisely ; there is then a demand for lower people—to be shot ! ’

Gladly, therefore, do we emerge from those soul-confusing labyrinths of speculative Radicalism, into somewhat clearer regions. Here, looking round, as was our hest, for ‘ organic

filaments', we ask, may not this, touching 'Hero-worship', be of the number? It seems of a cheerful character; yet so quaint, so mystical, one knows not what, or how little, may lie under it. Our readers shall look with their own eyes:

'True is it that, in these days, man can do almost all things, only not obey. True likewise that whoso cannot obey cannot be free, still less bear rule; he that is the inferior of nothing, can be the superior of nothing, the equal of nothing. Nevertheless, believe not that man has lost his faculty of Reverence; that if it slumber in him, it has gone dead. Painful for man is that same rebellious Independence, when it has become inevitable; only in loving companionship with his fellows does he feel safe; only in reverently bowing down before the Higher does he feel himself exalted.

'Or what if the character of our so troublous Era lay even in this: that man had forever cast away Fear, which is the lower; but not yet risen into perennial Reverence, which is the higher and highest?

'Meanwhile, observe with joy, so cunningly has Nature ordered it, that whatsoever man ought to obey, he cannot but obey. Before no faintest revelation of the Godlike did he ever stand irreverent; least of all, when the Godlike showed itself revealed in his fellow-man. Thus is there a true religious Loyalty forever rooted in his heart; nay in all ages, even in ours, it manifests itself as a more or less orthodox *Hero-worship*. In which fact, that Hero-worship exists, has existed, and will forever exist, universally among Mankind, mayest thou discern the corner-stone of living-rock, whereon all Politics for the remotest time may stand secure.'

Do our readers discern any such corner-stone, or even so much as what Teufelsdröckh is looking at? He exclaims, 'Or hast thou forgotten Paris and Voltaire? How the aged, withered man, though but a Sceptic, Mockery, and millinery Court-poet, yet because even he seemed the Wisest, Best, could drag mankind at his chariot-wheels, so that princes coveted a smile from him, and the loveliest of France would have laid their hair beneath his feet! All Paris was one vast Temple of Hero-worship; though their Divinity, moreover, was of feature too apish.

Hero-worship  
to  
Hero-worship

'But if such things,' continues he, 'were done in the dry tree, what will be done in the green? If, in the most parched season of Man's History, in the most parched spot of Europe, when Parisian life was at best but a scientific *Hortus Siccus*, bedizened with some Italian Gumflowers, such virtue could come out of it; what is to be looked for when Life again waves leafy and bloomy, and your Hero-Divinity shall have nothing apelike, but be wholly human? Know that there is in man a quite indestructible Reverence for whatsoever holds of Heaven, or even plausibly counterfeits such holding. Show the dullest clodpole, show the haughtiest featherhead, that a soul higher than himself is actually here; were his knees stiffened into brass, he must down and worship.'

Organic filaments, of a more authentic sort, mysteriously spinning themselves, some will perhaps discover in the following passage:

'There is no Church, sayest thou? The voice of Prophecy has gone dumb? This is even what I dispute: but in any case, hast thou not still Preaching enough? A Preaching Friar settles himself in every village; and builds a pulpit, which he calls Newspaper. Therefrom he preaches what most momentous doctrine is in him, for man's salvation; and dost not thou listen, and believe? Look well, thou seest everywhere a new Clergy of the Mendicant Orders, some bare-footed, some almost bare-backed, fashion itself into shape, and teach and preach, zealously enough, for copper alms and the love of God. These break in pieces the ancient idols; and, though themselves too often reprobate, as idol-breakers are wont to be, mark out the sites of new Churches, where the true God-ordained, that are to follow, may find audience, and minister. Said I not, Before the old skin was shed, the new had formed itself beneath it?'

Perhaps also in the following; wherewith we now haster to knit-up this ravelled sleeve:

'But there is no Religion?' reiterates the Professor 'Fool! I tell thee, there is. Hast thou well considered all that lies in this immeasurable froth-ocean we name LITERATURE? Fragments of a genuine Church-*Homiletic* lie scattered there, which Time will assort: nay fractions even

of a *Liturgy* could I point out. And knowest thou no Prophet, even in the vesture, environment, and dialect of this age? None to whom the Godlike had revealed itself, through all meanest and highest forms of the Common; and by him been again prophetically revealed: in whose inspired melody, even in these rag-gathering and rag-burning days, Man's Life again begins, were it but afar off, to be divine? Knowest thou none such? I know him, and name him—Goethe.

'But thou as yet standest in no Temple; joinest in no Psalm-worship; feelest well that, where there is no ministering Priest, the people perish? Be of comfort! Thou art not alone, if thou have Faith. Spake we not of a Communion of Saints, unseen, yet not unreal, accompanying and brother-like embracing thee, so thou be worthy? Their heroic Sufferings rise up melodiously together to Heaven, out of all lands, and out of all times, as a sacred *Miserere*; their heroic Actions also, as a boundless everlasting Psalm of Triumph. Neither say that thou hast now no Symbol of the Godlike. Is not God's Universe a Symbol of the Godlike; is not Immensity a Temple; is not Man's History, and Men's History, a perpetual *Évangel*? Listen, and for organ-music thou wilt ever, as of old, hear the Morning Stars sing together.'

## CHAPTER VIII

### NATURAL SUPERNATURALISM

It is in his stupendous Section, headed *Natural Supernaturalism*, that the Professor first becomes a Seer; and, after long effort, such as we have witnessed, finally subdues under his feet this refractory Cloth-Philosophy, and takes victorious possession thereof. Phantasms enough he has had to struggle with; 'Cloth-webs and Cob-webs,' of Imperial Mantles, Superannuated Symbols, and what not: yet still did he courageously pierce through. Nay, worst of all, two quite mysterious, world-embracing Phantasms, TIME and SPACE, have ever hovered round him, perplexing and bewildering: but with these also he now resolutely

grapples, these also he victoriously rends asunder. In a word, he has looked fixedly on Existence, till, one after the other, its earthly hulls and garnitures have all melted away ; and now, to his rapt vision, the interior celestial Holy of Holies lies disclosed.

Here, therefore, properly it is that the Philosophy of Clothes attains to Transcendentalism ; this last leap, can we but clear it, takes us safe into the promised land, where *Palingenesis*, in all senses, may be considered as beginning. ' Courage, then ! ' may our Diogenes exclaim, with better right than Diogenes the First once did. This stupendous Section we, after long painful meditation, have found not to be unintelligible ; but, on the contrary, to grow clear, nay radiant, and all-illuminating. Let the reader, turning on it what utmost force of speculative intellect is in him, do his part ; as we, by judicious selection and adjustment, shall study to do ours :

' Deep has been, and is, the significance of Miracles,' thus quietly begins the Professor ; ' far deeper perhaps than we imagine. Meanwhile, the question of questions were : What specially is a Miracle ? To that Dutch King of Siam, an icicle had been a miracle ; whoso had carried with him an air-pump, and vial of vitriolic ether, might have worked a miracle. To my Horse, again, who unhappily is still more unscientific, do not I work a miracle, and magical "*Open sesame !*" every time I please to pay twopence, and open for him an impassable *Schlagbaum*, or shut Turnpike ?

" But is not a real Miracle simply a violation of the Laws of Nature ? " ask several. Whom I answer by this new question : What are the Laws of Nature ? To me perhaps the rising of one from the dead were no violation of these Laws, but a confirmation ; were some far deeper Law, now first penetrated into, and by Spiritual Force, even as the rest have all been, brought to bear on us with its Material Force.

' Here too may some inquire, not without astonishment : On what ground shall one, that can make Iron swim, come and declare that therefore he can teach Religion ? To us, truly, of the Nineteenth Century, such declaration were inept enough ; which nevertheless to our fathers, of the First Century, was full of meaning.

“ But is it not the deepest Law of Nature that she be constant ? ” cries an illuminated class : “ Is not the Machine of the Universe fixed to move by unalterable rules ? ” Probable enough, good friends : nay I, too, must believe that the God, whom ancient inspired men assert to be “ without variableness or shadow of turning ”, does indeed never change ; that Nature, that the Universe, which no one whom it so pleases can be prevented from calling a Machine, does move by the most unalterable rules. And now of you, too, I make the old inquiry : What those same unalterable rules, forming the complete Statute-Book of Nature, may possibly be ?

‘ They stand written in our Works of Science, say you ; in the accumulated records of Man’s Experience ?—Was Man with his Experience present at the Creation, then, to see how it all went on ? Have any deepest scientific individuals yet dived down to the foundations of the Universe, and gauged everything there ? Did the Maker take them into His counsel ; that they read His groundplan of the incomprehensible All ; and can say, This stands marked therein, and no more than this ? Alas, not in anywise ! These scientific individuals have been nowhere but where we also are ; have seen some handbreadths deeper than we see into the Deep that is infinite, without bottom as without shore.

‘ Laplace’s Book on the Stars, wherein he exhibits that certain Planets, with their Satellites, gyrate round our worthy Sun, at a rate and in a course, which, by greatest good fortune, he and the like of him have succeeded in detecting,—is to me as precious as to another. But is this what thou namest “ Mechanism of the Heavens ”, and “ System of the World ” ; this, wherein Sirius and the Pleiades, and all Herschel’s Fifteen-thousand Suns per minute, being left out, some paltry handful of Moons, and inert Balls, had been—looked at, nicknamed, and marked in the Zodiacal Way-bill ; so that we can now prate of their Whereabout ; their How, their Why, their What, being hid from us, as in the signless Inane ?

‘ System of Nature ! To the wisest man, wide as is his vision, Nature remains of quite *infinite* depth, of quite infinite expansion ; and all Experience thereof limits itself

to some few computed centuries and measured square-miles. The course of Nature's phases, on this our little fraction of a Planet, is partially known to us : but who knows what deeper courses these depend on ; what infinitely larger Cycle (of causes) our little Epicycle revolves on ? To the Minnow every cranny and pebble, and quality and accident, of its little native Creek may have become familiar : but does the Minnow understand the Ocean Tides and periodic Currents, the Trade-winds, and Monsoons, and Moon's Eclipses ; by all which the condition of its little Creek is regulated, and may, from time to time (*unmiraculously* enough), be quite overset and reversed ? Such a minnow is Man ; his Creek this Planet Earth ; his Ocean the immeasurable All ; his Monsoons and periodic Currents the mysterious Course of Providence through *Æons* of *Æons*.

'We speak of the Volume of Nature : and truly a Volume it is,—whose Author and Writer is God. To read it ! Dost thou, does man, so much as well know the Alphabet thereof ? With its Words, Sentences, and grand descriptive Pages, poetical and philosophical, spread out through Solar Systems, and Thousands of Years, we shall not try thee. It is a Volume written in celestial hieroglyphs, in the true Sacred-writing ; of which even Prophets are happy that they can read here a line and there a line. As for your Institutes, and Academies of Science, they strive bravely ; and, from amid the thick-crowded, inextricably intertwined hieroglyphic writing, pick out, by dextrous combination, some Letters in the vulgar Character, and therefrom put together this and the other economic Recipe, of high avail in Practice. That Nature is more than some boundless Volume of such Recipes, or huge, well-nigh inexhaustible Domestic-Cookery Book, of which the whole secret will in this manner one day evolve itself, the fewest dream.

'Custom,' continues the Professor, 'doth make dotards of us all. Consider well, thou wilt find that Custom is the greatest of Weavers ; and weaves air-raidment for all the Spirits of the Universe ; whereby indeed these dwell with us visibly, as ministering servants, in our houses and workshops ; but their spiritual nature becomes, to the most,



forever hidden. Philosophy complains that Custom has hoodwinked us, from the first ; that we do everything by Custom, even Believe by it ; that our very Axioms, let us boast of Free-thinking as we may, are oftenest simply such Beliefs as we have never heard questioned. Nay, what is Philosophy throughout but a continual battle against Custom ; an ever-renewed effort to *transcend* the sphere of blind Custom, and so become Transcendental ?

‘Innumerable are the illusions and legerdemain-tricks of Custom : but of all these, perhaps the cleverest is her knack of persuading us that the Miraculous, by simple repetition, ceases to be Miraculous. True, it is by this means we live ; for man must work as well as wonder : and herein is Custom so far a kind nurse, guiding him to his true benefit. But she is a fond foolish nurse, or rather we are false foolish nurselings, when, in our resting and reflecting hours, we prolong the same deception. Am I to view the Stupendous with stupid indifference, because I have seen it twice, or two-hundred, or two-million times ? There is no reason in Nature or in Art why I should : unless, indeed, I am a mere Work-Machine, for whom the divine gift of Thought were no other than the terrestrial gift of Steam is to the Steam-engine ; a power whereby cotton might be spun, and money and money’s worth realised.

‘Notable enough too, here as elsewhere, wilt thou find the potency of Names ; which indeed are but one kind of such custom-woven, wonder-hiding Garments. Witchcraft, and all manner of Spectre-work, and Demonology, we have now named Madness, and Diseases of the Nerves. Seldom reflecting that still the new question comes upon us : What is Madness, what are Nerves ? Ever, as before, does Madness remain a mysterious-terrific, altogether *infernal* boiling-up of the Nether Chaotic Deep, through this fair-painted Vision of Creation, which swims thereon, which we name the Real. Was Luther’s Picture of the Devil less a Reality, whether it were formed within the bodily eye, or without it ? In every the wisest Soul lies a whole world of internal Madness, an authentic Demon-empire ; out of which, indeed, his world of Wisdom has been creatively built together, and now rests there, as on its dark foundations does a habitable flowery Earth-rind.



‘But deepest of all illusory Appearances, for hiding Wonder, as for many other ends, are your two grand fundamental world-enveloping Appearances, SPACE and TIME.—These, as spun and woven for us from before Birth itself, to clothe our celestial ME for dwelling here, and yet to blind it,—lie all-embracing, as the universal canvas, or warp and woof, whereby all minor Illusions, in this Phantasm Existence, weave and paint themselves. In vain, while here on Earth, shall you endeavour to strip them off: you can, at best, but rend them asunder for moments, and look through.

‘Fortunatus had a wishing Hat, which when he put on, and wished himself Anywhere, behold he was There. By this means had Fortunatus triumphed over Space, he had annihilated Space; for him there was no Where, but all was Here. Were a Hatter to establish himself, in the Wahngasse of Weissnichtwo, and make felts of this sort for all mankind, what a world we should have of it! Still stranger, should, on the opposite side of the street, another Hatter establish himself; and, as his fellow-craftsman made Space-annihilating Hats, make Time-annihilating! Of both would I purchase, were it with my last groschen; but chiefly of this latter. To clap-on your felt, and, simply by wishing that you were *Anywhere*, straightway to be *There*! Next to clap-on your other felt, and, simply by wishing that you were *Anywhen*, straightway to be *Then*! This were indeed the grander: shooting at will from the Fire-Creation of the World to its Fire-Consummation; here historically present in the First Century, conversing face to face with Paul and Seneca; there prophetically in the Thirty-first, conversing also face to face with other Pauls and Senecas, who as yet stand hidden in the depth of that late Time!

‘Or thinkest thou it were impossible, unimaginable? Is the Past annihilated, then, or only past; is the Future non-extant, or only future? Those mystic faculties of thine, Memory and Hope, already answer: already through those mystic avenues, thou the Earth-blinded summonest both Past and Future, and communest with them, though as yet darkly, and with mute beckonings. The curtains of Yesterday drop down, the curtains of Tomorrow roll up;

but Yesterday and Tomorrow both *are*. Pierce through the Time-element, glance into the Eternal. Believe what thou findest written in the sanctuaries of Man's Soul, even as all Thinkers, in all ages, have devoutly read it there : that Time and Space are not God, but creations of God ; that with God as it is a universal *HERE*, so is it an everlasting *Now*.

' And seest thou therein any glimpse of IMMORTALITY ?—O Heaven ! Is the white Tomb of our Loved One, who died from our arms, and had to be left behind us there, which rises in the distance, like a pale, mournfully receding Milestone, to tell how many toilsome uncheered miles we have journeyed on alone,—but a pale spectral Illusion ! Is the lost Friend still mysteriously *Here*, even as we are *Here* mysteriously, with God !—Know of a truth that only the Time-shadows have perished, or are perishable ; that the real Being of whatever was, and whatever is, and whatever will be, *is* even now and forever. This, should it unhappily seem new, thou mayest ponder at thy leisure ; for the next twenty years, or the next twenty centuries : believe it thou must ; understand it thou canst not.

That the Thought-forms, Space and Time, wherein, once for all, we are sent into this Earth to live, should condition and determine our whole Practical reasonings, conceptions, and imagings or imaginings, seems altogether fit, just, and unavoidable. But that they should, furthermore, usurp such sway over pure spiritual Meditation, and blind us to the wonder everywhere lying close on us, seems nowise so. Admit Space and Time to their due rank as Forms of Thought ; nay even, if thou wilt, to their quite undue rank of Realities ; and consider, then, with thyself how their thin disguises hide from us the brightest God-effulgences ! Thus, were it not miraculous, could I stretch forth my hand and clutch the Sun ? Yet thou seest me daily stretch forth my hand and therewith clutch many a thing, and swing it hither and thither. Art thou a grown baby, then, to fancy that the Miracle lies in miles of distance, or in pounds avoirdupois of weight ; and not to see that the true inexplicable God-revealing Miracle lies in this, that I can stretch forth my hand at all ; that I have free

Force to clutch aught therewith ? Innumerable other of this sort are the deceptions, and wonder-hiding stupefactions, which Space practises on us.

‘Still worse is it with regard to Time. Your grand anti-magician, and universal wonder-hider, is this same lying Time. Had we but the Time-annihilating Hat, to put on for once only, we should see ourselves in a World of Miracles, wherein all fabled or authentic Thaumaturgy, and feats of Magic, were outdone. But unhappily we have not such a Hat ; and man, poor fool that he is, can seldom and scantily help himself without one.

‘Were it not wonderful, for instance, had Orpheus, or Amphion, built the walls of Thebes by the mere sound of his Lyre ? Yet tell me, Who built these walls of Weissnichtwo ; summoning out all the sandstone rocks, to dance along from the *Steinbruch* (now a huge Troglodyte Chasm, with frightful green-mantled pools) ; and shape themselves into Doric and Ionic pillars, squared ashlar houses and noble streets ? Was it not the still higher Orpheus, or Orpheuses, who, in past centuries, by the divine Music of Wisdom, succeeded in civilising Man ? Our highest Orpheus walked in Judea, eighteen-hundred years ago : his sphere-melody, flowing in wild native tones, took captive the ravished souls of men ; and, being of a truth sphere-melody, still flows and sounds, though now with thousandfold accompaniments, and rich symphonies, through all our hearts ; and modulates, and divinely leads them. Is that a wonder, which happens in two hours ; and does it cease to be wonderful if happening in two million ? Not only was Thebes built by the music of an Orpheus ; but without the music of some inspired Orpheus was no city ever built, no work that man glories in ever done.

‘Sweep away the Illusion of Time ; glance, if thou have eyes, from the near moving-cause to its far distant Mover : The stroke that came transmitted through a whole galaxy of elastic balls, was it less a stroke than if the last ball only had been struck, and sent flying ? O, could I (with the Time-annihilating Hat) transport thee direct from the Beginnings to the Endings, how were thy eyesight unsealed, and thy heart set flaming in the Light-sea of celestial

wonder ! Then sawest thou that this fair Universe, were it in the meanest province thereof, is in very deed the star-domed City of God ; that through every star, through every grass-blade, and most through every Living Soul, the glory of a present God still beams. But Nature, which is the Time-vesture of God, and reveals Him to the wise, hides Him from the foolish.

Again, could anything be more miraculous than an actual authentic Ghost ? The English Johnson longed, all his life, to see one ; but could not, though he went to Cock Lane, and thence to the church-vaults, and tapped on coffins. Foolish Doctor ! Did he never, with the mind's eye as well as with the body's, look round him into that full tide of human Life he so loved ; did he never so much as look into Himself ? The good Doctor was a Ghost, as actual and authentic as heart could wish ; well-nigh a million of Ghosts were travelling the streets by his side. Once more I say, sweep away the illusion of Time ; compress the threescore years into three minutes : what else was he, what else are we ? Are we not Spirits, that are shaped into a body, into an Appearance ; and that fade away again into air and Invisibility ? This is no metaphor, it is a simple scientific *fact* : we start out of Nothingness, take figure, and are Apparitions ; round us, as round the veriest spectre, is Eternity ; and to Eternity minutes are as years and æons. Come there not tones of Love and Faith, as from celestial harp-strings, like the Song of beatified Souls ? And again, do not we squeak and jibber (in our discordant, screech-owlsh debatings and recriminations) ; and glide bodeful, and feeble, and fearful ; or uproar (*poltern*), and revel in our mad Dance of the Dead, —till the scent of the morning air summons us to our still Home ; and dreamy Night becomes awake and Day ? Where now is Alexander of Macedon : does the steel Host, that yelled in fierce battle-shouts at Issus and Arbela, remain behind him ; or have they all vanished utterly, even as perturbed Goblins must ? Napoleon too, and his Moscow Retreats and Austerlitz Campaigns ! Was it all other than the veriest Spectre-hunt ; which has now, with its howling tumult that made Night hideous, flitted away ? —Ghosts ! There are nigh a thousand-million walking

the Earth openly at noontide ; some half-hundred have vanished from it, some half-hundred have arisen in it, ere thy watch ticks once.

O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we not only carry each a future Ghost within him ; but are, in very deed, Ghosts ! These Limbs, whence had we them ; this stormy Force ; this life-blood with its burning Passion ? They are dust and shadow ; a Shadow-system gathered round our ME ; wherein, through some moments or years, the Divine Essence is to be revealed in the Flesh. That warrior on his strong war-horse, fire flashes through his eyes ; force dwells in his arm and heart : but warrior and war-horse are a vision ; a revealed Force, nothing more. Stately they tread the Earth, as if it were a firm substance : fool ! the Earth is but a film ; it cracks in twain, and warrior and war-horse sink beyond plummet's sounding. Plummet's ? Fantasy herself will not follow them. A little while ago, they were not ; a little while, and they are not, their very ashes are not.

So has it been from the beginning, so will it be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself the Form of a Body ; and forth-issuing from Cimmerian Night, on Heaven's mission APPEARS. What Force and Fire is in each he expends : one grinding in the mill of Industry ; one hunter-like climbing the giddy Alpine heights of Science ; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of Strife, in war with his fellow :—and then the Heaven-sent is recalled ; his earthly Vesture falls away, and soon even to Sense becomes a vanished Shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's Artillery, does this mysterious MANKIND thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown Deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane ; haste stormfully across the astonished Earth ; then plunge again into the Inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up, in our passage : can the Earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits which have reality and are alive ? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped-in ; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the earliest Van. But whence ?—O Heaven, whither ? Sense knows not ;

Faith knows not ; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.

“ We are such stuff  
As Dreams are made of, and our little Life  
Is rounded with a sleep ! ”

## CHAPTER IX

### CIRCUMSPECTIVE

HERE, then, arises the so momentous question : Have many British Readers actually arrived with us at the new promised country ; is the Philosophy of Clothes now at last opening around them ? Long and adventurous has the journey been : from those outmost vulgar, palpable Woollen Hulls of Man ; through his wondrous Flesh-Garments, and his wondrous Social Garnitures ; inwards to the Garments of his very Soul's Soul, to Time and Space themselves ! And now does the spiritual, eternal Essence of Man, and of Mankind, bared of such wrappings, begin in any measure to reveal itself ? Can many readers discern, as through a glass darkly, in huge wavering outlines, some primeval rudiments of Man's Being, what is changeable divided from what is unchangeable ? Does that Earth-Spirit's speech in *Faust*,—

‘ 'Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,  
And weave for God the Garment thou see'st Him by ; ’

or that other thousand-times repeated speech of the Magician, Shakespeare,—

‘ And like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloudeapt Towers, the gorgeous Palaces,  
The solemn Temples, the great Globe itself,  
And all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;  
And like this unsubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a wrack behind ; ’

begin to have some meaning for us ? In a word, do we at length stand safe in the far region of Poetic Creation and

Palingenesia, where that Phoenix Death-Birth of Human Society, and of all Human Things, appears possible, is seen to be inevitable ?

Along this most insufficient, unheard-of Bridge, which the Editor, by Heaven's blessing, has now seen himself enabled to conclude if not complete, it cannot be his sober calculation, but only his fond hope, that many have travelled without accident. No firm arch, overspanning the Impassable with paved highway, could the Editor construct ; only, as was said, some zigzag series of rafts floating tumultuously thereon. Alas, and the leaps from raft to raft were too often of a breakneck character ; the darkness, the nature of the element, all was against us !

Nevertheless, may not here and there one of a thousand, provided with a discursiveness of intellect rare in our day, have cleared the passage, in spite of all ? Happy few ! little band of Friends ! be welcome, be of courage. By degrees, the eye grows accustomed to its new Whereabout ; the hand can stretch itself forth to work there : it is in this grand and indeed highest work of Palingenesia that ye shall labour, each according to ability. New labourers will arrive ; new Bridges will be built ; nay, may not our own poor rope-and-raft Bridge, in your passings and repassings, be mended in many a point, till it grow quite firm, passable even for the halt ?

Meanwhile, of the innumerable multitude that started with us, joyous and full of hope, where now is the innumerable remainder, whom we see no longer by our side ? The most have recoiled, and stand gazing afar off, in unsympathetic astonishment, at our career : not a few, pressing forward with more courage, have missed footing, or leaped short ; and now swim weltering in the Chaos-flood, some towards this shore, some towards that. To these also a helping hand should be held out ; at least some word of encouragement be said.

Or, to speak without metaphor, with which mode of utterance Teufelsdröckh unhappily has somewhat infected us,—can it be hidden from the Editor that many a British Reader sits reading quite bewildered in head, and afflicted rather than instructed by the present Work ? Yes, long ago has many a British Reader been, as now, demanding with

something like a snarl : Whereto does all this lead ; or what use is in it ?

In the way of replenishing thy purse, or otherwise aiding thy digestive faculty, O British Reader, it leads to nothing, and there is no use in it ; but rather the reverse, for it costs thee somewhat. Nevertheless, if through this unpromising Horn-gate, Teufelsdröckh, and we by means of him, have led thee into the true Land of Dreams ; and through the Clothes-Screen, as through a magical *Pierre-Pertuis*, thou lookest, even for moments, into the region of the Wonderful, and seest and feelest that thy daily life is girt with Wonder, and based on Wonder, and thy very blankets and breeches are Miracles,—then art thou profited beyond money's worth ; and hast a thankfulness towards our Professor ; nay, perhaps in many a literary Tea-circle wilt open thy kind lips, and audibly express that same.

Nay farther, art not thou too perhaps by this time made aware that all Symbols are properly Clothes ; that all Forms whereby Spirit manifests itself to sense, whether outwardly or in the imagination, are Clothes ; and thus not only the parchment Magna Charta, which a Tailor was nigh cutting into measures, but the Pomp and Authority of Law, the sacredness of Majesty, and all inferior Worshipships (Worthships) are properly a Vesture and Raiment ; and the Thirty-nine Articles themselves are articles of wearing-apparel (for the Religious Idea) ? In which case, must it not also be admitted that this Science of Clothes is a high one, and may with infinitely deeper study on thy part yield richer fruit : that it takes scientific rank beside Codification, and Political Economy, and the Theory of the British Constitution ; nay rather, from its prophetic height looks down on all these, as on so many weaving-shops and spinning-mills, where the Vestures which *it* has to fashion, and consecrate, and distribute, are, too often by haggard hungry operatives who see no farther than their nose, mechanically woven and spun ?

But omitting all this, much more all that concerns Natural Supernaturalism, and indeed whatever has reference to the Ulterior or Transcendental portion of the Science, or bears never so remotely on that promised Volume of



the *Palingenesie der menschlichen Gesellschaft* (Newbirth of Society),—we humbly suggest that no province of Clothes-Philosophy, even the lowest, is without its direct value, but that innumerable inferences of a practical nature may be drawn therefrom. To say nothing of those pregnant considerations, ethical, political, symbolical, which crowd on the Clothes-Philosopher from the very threshold of his Science ; nothing even of those 'architectural ideas', which, as we have seen, lurk at the bottom of all Modes, and will one day, better unfolding themselves, lead to important revolutions,—let us glance for a moment, and with the faintest light of Clothes-Philosophy, on what may be called the Hability Class of our fellow-men. Here too overlooking, where so much were to be looked on, the million spinners, weavers, fullers, dyers, washers, and wringers, that puddle and muddle in their dark recesses, to make us Clothes, and die that we may live,—let us but turn the reader's attention upon two small divisions of mankind, who, like moths, may be regarded as Cloth-animals, creatures that live, move and have their being in Cloth : we mean, Dandies and Tailors.

In regard to both which small divisions it may be asserted without scruple, that the public feeling, unenlightened by Philosophy, is at fault ; and even that the dictates of humanity are violated. As will perhaps abundantly appear to readers of the two following Chapters.

## CHAPTER X

### THE DANDIACAL BODY

FIRST, touching Dandies, let us consider, with some scientific strictness, what a Dandy specially is. A Dandy is a Clothes-wearing Man, a Man whose trade, office and existence consists in the wearing of Clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, purse and person is heroically consecrated to this one object, the wearing of Clothes wisely and well : so that as others dress to live, he lives to dress. The all-importance of Clothes, which a German Professor, of unequalled learning and acumen, writes his enormous Volume to demonstrate,

has sprung up in the intellect of the Dandy without effort, like an instinct of genius ; he is inspired with Cloth, a Poet of Cloth. What Teufelsdröckh would call a ' Divine Idea of Cloth ' is born with him ; and this, like other such Ideas, will express itself outwardly, or wring his heart asunder with unutterable throes.

But, like a generous, creative enthusiast, he fearlessly makes his Idea an Action ; shows himself in peculiar guise to mankind ; walks forth, a witness and living Martyr to the eternal worth of Clothes. We called him a Poet : is not his body the (stuffed) parchment-skin whereon he writes, with cunning Huddersfield dyes, a Sonnet to his mistress' eyebrow ? Say, rather, an Epos, and *Clotho Virumque cano*, to the whole world, in Macaronic verses, which he that runs may read. Nay, if you grant, what seems to be admissible, that the Dandy has a Thinking-principle in him, and some notions of Time and Space, is there not in this Life-devotedness to Cloth, in this so willing sacrifice of the Immortal to the Perishable, something (though in reverse order) of that blending and identification of Eternity with Time, which, as we have seen, constitutes the Prophetic character ?

And now, for all this perennial Martyrdom, and Poesy, and even Prophecy, what is it that the Dandy asks in return ? Solely, we may say, that you would recognise his existence ; would admit him to be a living object ; or even failing this, a visual object, or thing that will reflect rays of light. Your silver or your gold (beyond what the niggardly Law has already secured him) he solicits not ; simply the glance of your eyes. Understand his mystic significance, or altogether miss and misinterpret it ; do but look at him, and he is contented. May we not well cry shame on an ungrateful world, which refuses even this poor boon ; which will waste its optic faculty on dried Crocodiles, and Siamese Twins ; and over the domestic wonderful wonder of wonders, a live Dandy, glance with hasty indifference, and a scarcely concealed contempt ! Him no Zoologist classes among the Mammalia, no Anatomist dissects with care : when did we see any injected Preparation of the Dandy in our Museums ; any specimen of him preserved in spirits ? Lord Herringbone may dress himself in a snuff-brown suit, with snuff-brown shirt and shoes : it skills not ; the

undiscerning public, occupied with grosser wants, passes by regardless on the other side.

The age of Curiosity, like that of Chivalry, is indeed, properly speaking, gone. Yet perhaps only gone to sleep : for here arises the Clothes-Philosophy to resuscitate, strangely enough, both the one and the other ! Should sound views of this Science come to prevail, the essential nature of the British Dandy, and the mystic significance that lies in him, cannot always remain hidden under laughable and lamentable hallucination. The following long Extract from Professor Teufelsdröckh may set the matter, if not in its true light, yet in the way towards such. It is to be regretted, however, that here, as so often elsewhere, the Professor's keen philosophic perspicacity is somewhat marred by a certain mixture of almost owlish purblindness, or else of some perverse, ineffectual, ironic tendency ; our readers shall judge which :

‘ In these distracted times,’ writes he, ‘ when the Religious Principle, driven out of most Churches, either lies unseen in the hearts of good men, looking and longing and silently working there towards some new Revelation ; or else wanders homeless over the world, like a disembodied soul seeking its terrestrial organisation,—into how many strange shapes, of Superstition and Fanaticism, does it not tentatively and errantly cast itself ! The higher Enthusiasm of man's nature is for the while without Exponent ; yet does it continue indestructible, unweariedly active, and work blindly in the great chaotic deep : thus Sect after Sect, and Church after Church, bodies itself forth, and melts again into new metamorphosis.

‘ Chiefly is this observable in England, which, as the wealthiest and worst-instructed of European nations, offers precisely the elements (of Heat, namely, and of Darkness), in which such moon-calves and monstrosities are best generated. Among the newer Sects of that country, one of the most notable, and closely connected with our present subject, is that of the *Dandies* ; concerning which, what little information I have been able to procure may fitly stand here.

‘ It is true, certain of the English Journalists, men

generally without sense for the Religious Principle, or judgment for its manifestations, speak, in their brief enigmatic notices, as if this were perhaps rather a Secular Sect, and not a Religious one ; nevertheless, to the psychologic eye its devotional and even sacrificial character plainly enough reveals itself. Whether it belongs to the class of Fetish-worships, or of Hero-worships or Polytheisms, or to what other class, may in the present state of our intelligence remain undecided (*schweben*). A certain touch of Manichæism, not indeed in the Gnostic shape, is discernible enough : also (for human Error walks in a cycle, and reappears at intervals) a not-inconsiderable resemblance to that Superstition of the Athos Monks, who by fasting from all nourishment, and looking intensely for a length of time into their own navels, came to discern therein the true Apocalypse of Nature, and Heaven Unveiled. To my own surmise, it appears as if this Dandiacal Sect were but a new modification, adapted to the new time, of that primeval Superstition, *Self-worship* ; which Zerdusht, Quangfoutechee, Mohamed, and others, strove rather to subordinate and restrain than to eradicate ; and which only in the purer forms of Religion has been altogether rejected. Wherefore, if any one chooses to name it revived Ahrimanism, or a new figure of Demon-Worship, I have, so far as is yet visible, no objection.

‘ For the rest, these people, animated with the zeal of a new Sect, display courage and perseverance, and what force there is in man’s nature, though never so enslaved. They affect great purity and separatism ; distinguish themselves by a particular costume (whereof some notices were given in the earlier part of this Volume) ; likewise, so far as possible, by a particular speech (apparently some broken *Lingua-franca*, or English-French) ; and, on the whole, strive to maintain a true Nazarene deportment, and keep themselves unspotted from the world.

‘ They have their Temples, whereof the chief, as the Jewish Temple did, stands in their metropolis ; and is named *Almack’s*, a word of uncertain etymology. They worship principally by night ; and have their Highpriests and Highpriestesses, who, however, do not continue for life. The rites, by some supposed to be of the Menadic

sort, or perhaps with an Eleusinian or Cabiric character, are held strictly secret. Nor are Sacred Books wanting to the Sect ; these they call *Fashionable Novels* : however, the Canon is not completed, and some are canonical and others not.

‘Of such Sacred Books I, not without expense, procured myself some samples ; and in hope of true insight, and with the zeal which befits an Inquirer into Clothes, set to interpret and study them. But wholly to no purpose : that tough faculty of reading, for which the world will not refuse me credit, was here for the first time foiled and set at naught. In vain that I summoned my whole energies (*mich weidlich anstrenge*), and did my very utmost ; at the end of some short space, I was uniformly seized with not so much what I can call a drumming in my ears, as a kind of infinite, unsufferable, Jew’s-harping and scrannel-piping there ; to which the frightfullest species of Magnetic Sleep soon supervened. And if I strove to shake this away, and absolutely would not yield, there came a hitherto unfelt sensation, as of *Delirium Tremens*, and a melting into total deliquium : till at last, by order of the Doctor, dreading ruin to my whole intellectual and bodily faculties, and a general breaking-up of the constitution, I reluctantly but determinedly forbore. Was there some miracle at work here ; like those Fire-balls, and supernal and infernal prodigies, which, in the case of the Jewish Mysteries, have also more than once scared-back the Alien ? Be this as it may, such failure on my part, after best efforts, must excuse the imperfection of this sketch ; altogether incomplete, yet the completest I could give of a Sect too singular to be omitted.

‘Loving my own life and senses as I do, no power shall induce me, as a private individual, to open another *Fashionable Novel*. But luckily, in this dilemma, comes a hand from the clouds ; whereby if not victory, deliverance is held out to me. Round one of those Book-packages, which the *Still-schweigen’sche Buchhandlung* is in the habit of importing from England, come, as is usual, various waste printed-sheets (*Maculatur-blätter*), by way of interior wrappage : into these the Clothes-Philosopher, with a certain Mohamadan reverence even for waste-paper, where curious

knowledge will sometimes hover, disdains not to cast his eye. Readers may judge of his astonishment when on such a defaced stray-sheet, probably the outcast fraction of some English Periodical, such as they name *Magazine*, appears something like a Dissertation on this very subject of *Fashionable Novels* ! It sets out, indeed, chiefly from a Secular point of view ; directing itself, not without asperity, against some to me unknown individual named *Pelham*, who seems to be a Mystagogue, and leading Teacher and Preacher of the Sect ; so that, what indeed otherwise was not to be expected in such a fugitive fragmentary sheet, the true secret, the Religious physiognomy and physiology of the Dandiacal Body, is nowise laid fully open there. Nevertheless, scattered lights do from time to time sparkle out, whereby I have endeavoured to profit. Nay, in one passage selected from the Prophecies, or Mythic Theogonies, or whatever they are (for the style seems very mixed) of this Mystagogue, I find what appears to be a Confession of Faith, or Whole Duty of Man, according to the tenets of that Sect. Which Confession or Whole Duty, therefore, as proceeding from a source so authentic, I shall here arrange under Seven distinct Articles, and in very abridged shape lay before the German world ; therewith taking leave of this matter. Observe also, that to avoid possibility of error, I, as far as may be, quote literally from the Original :

‘ ARTICLES OF FAITH.

“ 1. Coats should have nothing of the triangle about them ; at the same time, wrinkles behind should be carefully avoided.

“ 2. The collar is a very important point : it should be low behind, and slightly rolled.

“ 3. No license of fashion can allow a man of delicate taste to adopt the posterial luxuriance of a Hottentot.

“ 4. There is safety in a swallow-tail.

“ 5. The good sense of a gentleman is nowhere more finely developed than in his rings.

“ 6. It is permitted to mankind, under certain restrictions, to wear white waistcoats.

“ 7. The trousers must be exceedingly tight across the hips.”

‘ All which Propositions I, for the present, content myself with modestly but peremptorily and irrevocably denying.

‘ In strange contrast with this Dandiacal Body stands another British Sect, originally, as I understand, of Ireland, where its chief seat still is ; but known also in the main Island, and indeed everywhere rapidly spreading. As this Sect has hitherto emitted no Canonical Books, it remains to me in the same state of obscurity as the Dandiacal, which has published Books that the unassisted human faculties are inadequate to read. The members appear to be designated by a considerable diversity of names, according to their various places of establishment : in England they are generally called the *Drudge* Sect ; also, unphilosophically enough, the *White Negroes* ; and, chiefly in scorn by those of other communions, the *Ragged-Beggar* Sect. In Scotland, again, I find them entitled *Hallanshakers*, or the *Stook of Duds* Sect ; any individual communicant is named *Stook of Duds* (that is, Shock of Rags), in allusion, doubtless, to their professional Costume. While in Ireland, which, as mentioned, is their grand parent hive, they go by a perplexing multiplicity of designations, such as *Bogtrotters*, *Redshanks*, *Ribbonmen*, *Cottiers*, *Peep-of-Day Boys*, *Babes of the Wood*, *Rockites*, *Poor-Slaves* : which last, however, seems to be the primary and generic name ; whereto, probably enough, the others are only subsidiary species, or slight varieties ; or, at most, propagated offsets from the parent stem, whose minute subdivisions, and shades of difference, it were here loss of time to dwell on. Enough for us to understand, what seems indubitable, that the original Sect is that of the *Poor-Slaves* ; whose doctrines, practices, and fundamental characteristics pervade and animate the whole Body, howsoever denominated or outwardly diversified.

‘ The precise speculative tenets of this Brotherhood : how the Universe, and Man, and Man’s Life, picture themselves to the mind of an Irish Poor-Slave ; with what feelings and opinions he looks forward on the Future, round on the Present, back on the Past, it were extremely difficult to specify. Something Monastic there appears to be in their Constitution : we find them bound by the two Monastic Vows, of Poverty and Obedience ; which Vows, especially the former, it is said, they observe with great strictness ;



nay, as I have understood it, they are pledged, and be it by any solemn Nazarene ordination or not, irrevocably consecrated thereto, even *before* birth. That the third Monastic Vow, of Chastity, is rigidly enforced among them, I find no ground to conjecture.

‘Furthermore, they appear to imitate the Dandiacal Sect in their grand principle of wearing a peculiar Costume. Of which Irish Poor-Slave Costume no description will indeed be found in the present Volume ; for this reason, that by the imperfect organ of Language it did not seem describable. Their raiment consists of innumerable shirts, lappets and irregular wings, of all cloths and of all colours ; through the labyrinthic intricacies of which their bodies are introduced by some unknown process. It is fastened together by a multiplex combination of buttons, thrums and skewers ; to which frequently is added a girdle of leather, of hempen or even of straw rope, round the loins. To straw rope, indeed, they seem partial, and often wear it by way of sandals. In head-dress they affect a certain freedom : hats with partial brim, without crown, or with only a loose, hinged, or valve crown ; in the former case, they sometimes invert the hat, and wear it brim uppermost, like a University-cap, with what view is unknown.

The name Poor-Slaves seems to indicate a Slavonic, Polish, or Russian origin : not so, however, the interior essence and spirit of their Superstition, which rather displays a Teutonic or Druidical character. One might fancy them worshippers of Hertha, or the Earth : for they dig and affectionately work continually in her bosom ; or else, shut-up in private Oratories, meditate and manipulate the substances derived from her ; seldom looking-up towards the Heavenly Luminaries, and then with comparative indifference. Like the Druids, on the other hand, they live in dark dwellings ; often even breaking their glass-windows, where they find such, and stuffing them up with pieces of raiment, or other opaque substances, till the fit obscurity is restored. Again, like all followers of Nature-Worship, they are liable to outbreaks of an enthusiasm rising to ferocity ; and burn men, if not in wicker idols, yet in sod cottages.

‘In respect of diet, they have also their observances. All



Poor-Slaves are Rhizophagous (or Root-eaters) ; a few are Ichthyophagous, and use Salted Herrings : other animal food they abstain from ; except indeed, with perhaps some strange inverted fragment of a Brahminical feeling, such animals as die a natural death. Their universal sustenance is the root named Potato, cooked by fire alone ; and generally without condiment or relish of any kind, save an unknown condiment named *Point*, into the meaning of which I have vainly inquired ; the victual *Potatoes-and-Point* not appearing, at least not with specific accuracy of description, in any European Cookery-Book whatever. For drink, they use, with an almost epigrammatic counterpoise of taste, Milk, which is the mildest of liquors, and *Potheen*, which is the fiercest. This latter I have tasted, as well as the English *Blue-Ruin*, and the Scotch *Whisky*, analogous fluids used by the Sect in those countries : it evidently contains some form of alcohol, in the highest state of concentration, though disguised with acrid oils ; and is, on the whole, the most pungent substance known to me,—indeed, a perfect liquid fire. In all their Religious Solemnities, *Potheen* is said to be an indispensable requisite, and largely consumed.

‘An Irish Traveller, of perhaps common veracity, who presents himself under the to me unmeaning title of *The late John Bernard*, offers the following sketch of a domestic establishment, the inmates whereof, though such is not stated expressly, appear to have been of that Faith. Thereby shall my German readers now behold an Irish Poor-slave, as it were with their own eyes ; and even see him at meat. Moreover, in the so precious waste-paper sheet above mentioned, I have found some corresponding picture of a Dandiacal Household, painted by that same Dandiacal Mystagogue, or Theogonist : this also, by way of counter-part and contrast, the world shall look into.

‘First, therefore, of the Poor-Slave, who appears likewise to have been a species of Innkeeper. I quote from the original :

*Poor-Slave Household*

‘“ The furniture of this Caravansera consisted of a large iron Pot, two oaken Tables, two Benches, two Chairs, and a *Potheen Noggin*. There was a Loft above (attainable

by a ladder), upon which the inmates slept ; and the space below was divided by a hurdle into two Apartments ; the one for their cow and pig, the other for themselves and guests. On entering the house we discovered the family, eleven in number, at dinner : the father sitting at the top, the mother at the bottom, the children on each side, of a large oaken Board, which was scooped-out in the middle, like a trough, to receive the contents of their Pot of Potatoes. Little holes were cut at equal distances to contain Salt ; and a bowl of Milk stood on the table : all the luxuries of meat and beer, bread, knives and dishes were dispensed with." The Poor-Slave himself our Traveller found, as he says, broad-backed, black-browed, of great personal strength, and mouth from ear to ear. His Wife was a sun-browned but well-featured woman ; and his young ones, bare and chubby, had the appetite of ravens. Of their Philosophical or Religious tenets or observances, no notice or hint.

' But now, secondly, of the Dandiacal Household ; in which, truly, that often-mentioned Mystagogue and inspired Penman himself has his abode :

#### *Dandiacal Household*

" A Dressing-room splendidly furnished ; violet-coloured curtains, chairs and ottomans of the same hue. Two full-length Mirrors are placed, one on each side of a table, which supports the luxuries of the Toilet. Several Bottles of Perfumes, arranged in a peculiar fashion, stand upon a smaller table of mother-of-pearl : opposite to these are placed the appurtenances of Lavation richly wrought in frosted silver. A Wardrobe of Buhl is on the left ; the doors of which, being partly open, discover a profusion of Clothes ; Shoes of a singularly small size monopolise the lower shelves. Fronting the wardrobe a door ajar gives some slight glimpse of a Bath-room. Folding-doors in the background.—Enter the Author," our Theogonist in person, " obsequiously preceded by a French Valet, in white silk Jacket and cambric Apron."

' Such are the two Sects which, at this moment, divide the more unsettled portion of the British People ; and

agitate that ever-vexed country. To the eye of the political Seer, their mutual relation, pregnant with the elements of discord and hostility, is far from consoling. These two principles of Dandiacal Self-worship or Demon-worship, and Poor-Slavish or Drudgical Earth-worship, or whatever that same Drudgism may be, do as yet indeed manifest themselves under distant and nowise considerable shapes : nevertheless, in their roots and subterranean ramifications, they extend through the entire structure of Society, and work unweariedly in the secret depths of English national Existence ; striving to separate and isolate it into two contradictory, uncommunicating masses.

‘ In numbers, and even individual strength, the Poor-Slaves or Drudges, it would seem, are hourly increasing. The Dandiacal, again, is by nature no proselytising Sect ; but it boasts of great hereditary resources, and is strong by union ; whereas the Drudges, split into parties, have as yet no rallying-point ; or at best only coöperate by means of partial secret affiliations. If, indeed, there were to arise a *Communion of Drudges*, as there is already a Communion of Saints, what strangest effects would follow therefrom ! Dandyism as yet affects to look-down on Drudgism : but perhaps the hour of trial, when it will be practically seen which ought to look down, and which up, is not so distant.

‘ To me it seems probable that the two Sects will one day part England between them ; each recruiting itself from the intermediate ranks, till there be none left to enlist on either side. Those Dandiacal Manicheans, with the host of Dandyising Christians, will form one body : the Drudges, gathering round them whosoever is Drudgical, be he Christian or Infidel Pagan ; sweeping-up likewise all manner of Utilitarians, Radicals, refractory Potwallopers, and so forth, into their general mass, will form another. I could liken Dandyism and Drudgism to two bottomless boiling Whirlpools that had broken-out on opposite quarters of the firm land : as yet they appear only disquieted, foolishly bubbling wells, which man’s art might cover-in ; yet mark them, their diameter is daily widening : they are hollow Cones that boil-up from the infinite Deep, over which your firm land is but a thin crust or rind ! Thus daily is the intermediate land crumbling-in, daily the

empire of the two Buchan-Bullers extending ; till now there is but a foot-plank, a mere film of Land between them ; this too is washed away : and then—we have the true Hell of Waters, and Noah's Deluge is outdeluged !

‘ Or better, I might call them two boundless, and indeed unexampled Electric Machines (turned by the “ Machinery of Society ”), with batteries of opposite quality ; Drudgism the Negative, Dandyism the Positive : one attracts hourly towards it and appropriates all the Positive Electricity of the nation (namely, the Money thereof) ; the other is equally busy with the Negative (that is to say the Hunger), which is equally potent. Hitherto you see only partial transient sparkles and sputters : but wait a little, till the entire nation is in an electric state ; till your whole vital Electricity, no longer healthfully Neutral, is cut into two isolated portions of Positive and Negative (of Money and of Hunger) ; and stands there bottled-up in two World-Batteries ! The stirring of a child's finger brings the two together ; and then—What then ? The Earth is but shivered into impalpable smoke by that Doom's-thunder-peal ; the Sun misses one of his Planets in Space, and thenceforth there are no eclipses of the Moon.—Or better still, I might liken ’——

O, enough, enough of likenings and similitudes ; in excess of which, truly, it is hard to say whether Teufelsdröckh or ourselves sin the more.

We have often blamed him for a habit of wire-drawing and over-refining ; from of old we have been familiar with his tendency to Mysticism and Religiosity whereby in everything he was still scenting-out Religion : but never perhaps did these amaurosis-suffusions so cloud and distort his otherwise most piercing vision, as in this of the *Dandiacal Body* ! Or was there something of intended satire ; is the Professor and Seer not quite the blinkard he affects to be ? Of an ordinary mortal we should have decisively answered in the affirmative ; but with a Teufelsdröckh there ever hovers some shade of doubt. In the mean while, if satire were actually intended, the case is little better. There are not wanting men who will answer : Does your Professor take us for simpletons ? His irony has overshot itself ; we see through it, and perhaps through him.

## CHAPTER XI

## TAILORS

THUS, however, has our first Practical Inference from the Clothes-Philosophy, that which respects Dandies, been sufficiently drawn; and we come now to the second, concerning Tailors. On this latter our opinion happily quite coincides with that of Teufelsdröckh himself, as expressed in the concluding page of his Volume, to whom, therefore, we willingly give place. Let him speak his own last words, in his own way:

‘Upwards of a century,’ says he, ‘must elapse, and still the bleeding fight of Freedom be fought, whoso is noblest perishing in the van, and thrones be hurled on altars like Pelion on Ossa, and the Moloch of Iniquity have his victims, and the Michael of Justice his martyrs, before Tailors can be admitted to their true prerogatives of manhood, and this last wound of suffering Humanity be closed.

‘If aught in the history of the world’s blindness could surprise us, here might we indeed pause and wonder. An idea has gone abroad, and fixed itself down into a wide-spreading rooted error, that Tailors are a distinct species in Physiology, not Men, but fractional Parts of a Man. Call any one a *Schneider* (Cutter, Tailor), is it not, in our dislocated, hoodwinked, and indeed delirious condition of Society, equivalent to defying his perpetual fellest enmity? The epithet *schneidermässig* (tailor-like) betokens an otherwise unapproachable degree of pusillanimity: we introduce a *Tailor’s-Melancholy*, more opprobrious than any Leprosy, into our Books of Medicine; and fable I know not what of his generating it by living on Cabbage. Why should I speak of Hans Sachs (himself a Shoemaker, or kind of Leather-Tailor), with his *Schneider mit dem Panier*? Why of Shakespeare, in his *Taming of the Shrew*, and elsewhere? Does it not stand on record that the English Queen Eliza-

beth, receiving a deputation of Eighteen Tailors, addressed them with a "Good morning, gentlemen both!" Did not the same virago boast that she had a Cavalry Regiment, whereof neither horse nor man could be injured; her Regiment, namely, of Tailors on Mares? Thus everywhere is the falsehood taken for granted, and acted on as an indisputable fact.

'Nevertheless, need I put the question to any Physiologist, whether it is disputable or not? Seems it not at least presumable, that, under his Clothes, the Tailor has bones and viscera, and other muscles than the sartorius? Which function of manhood is the Tailor not conjectured to perform? Can he not arrest for debt? Is he not in most countries a tax-paying animal?

'To no reader of this Volume can it be doubtful which conviction is mine. Nay if the fruit of these long vigils, and almost preternatural Inquiries, is not to perish utterly, the world will have approximated towards a higher Truth; and the doctrine, which Swift, with the keen forecast of genius, dimly anticipated, will stand revealed in clear light: that the Tailor is not only a Man, but something of a Creator or Divinity. Of Franklin it was said, that "he snatched the Thunder from Heaven and the Sceptre from Kings": but which is greater I would ask, he that lends, or he that snatches? For, looking away from individual cases, and how a Man is by the Tailor new-created into a Nobleman, and clothed not only with Wool but with Dignity and a Mystic Dominion,—is not the fair fabric of Society itself, with all its royal mantles and pontifical stoles, whereby, from nakedness and dismemberment, we are organised into Politics, into nations, and a whole coöperating Mankind, the creation, as has here been often irrefragably evinced, of the Tailor alone?—What too are all Poets and moral Teachers, but a species of Metaphorical Tailors? Touching which high Guild the greatest living Guild-brother has triumphantly asked us: "Nay if thou wilt have it, who but the Poet first made Gods for men; brought them down to us; and raised us up to them?"

'And this is he, whom sitting downcast, on the hard basis of his Shopboard, the world treats with contumely,

as the ninth part of a man ! Look up, thou much-injured one, look up with the kindling eye of hope, and prophetic bodings of a noble better time. Too long hast thou sat there, on crossed legs, wearing thy ankle-joints to horn ; like some sacred Anchorite, or Catholic Fakir, doing penance, drawing down Heaven's richest blessings, for a world that scoffed at thee. Be of hope ! Already streaks of blue peer through our clouds ; the thick gloom of Ignorance is rolling asunder, and it will be Day. Mankind will repay with interest their long-accumulated debt : the Anchorite that was scoffed at will be worshipped ; the Fraction will become not an Integer only, but a Square and Cube. With astonishment the world will recognise that the Tailor is its Hierophant and Hierarch, or even its God.

'As I stood in the Mosque of St. Sophia, and looked upon these Four-and-Twenty Tailors, sewing and embroidering that rich Cloth, which the Sultan sends yearly for the Caaba of Mecca, I thought within myself : How many other Unholies has your covering Art made holy, besides this Arabian Whinstone !

'Still more touching was it when, turning the corner of a lane, in the Scottish Town of Edinburgh, I came upon a Signpost, whereon stood written that such and such a one was "Breeches-Maker to his Majesty" ; and stood painted the Effigies of a Pair of Leather Brecehes, and between the knees these memorable words, SIC ITUR AD ASTRA. Was not this the martyr prison-speech of a Tailor sighing indeed in bonds, yet sighing towards deliverance, and prophetically appealing to a better day ? A day of justice, when the worth of Breeches would be revealed to man, and the Scissors become forever venerable.

'Neither, perhaps, may I now say, has his appeal been altogether in vain. It was in this high moment, when the soul, rent, as it were, and shed asunder, is open to inspiring influence, that I first conceived this Work on Clothes : the greatest I can ever hope to do ; which has already, after long retardations, occupied, and will yet occupy, so large a section of my Life ; and of which the Primary and simpler Portion may here find its conclusion.'



## CHAPTER XII

## FAREWELL

So have we endeavoured, from the enormous, amorphous Plum-pudding, more like a Scottish Haggis, which Herr Teufelsdröckh had kneaded for his fellow mortals, to pick out the choicest Plums, and present them separately on a cover of our own. A laborious, perhaps a thankless enterprise ; in which, however, something of hope has occasionally cheered us, and of which we can now wash our hands not altogether without satisfaction. If hereby, though in barbaric wise, some morsel of spiritual nourishment have been added to the scanty ration of our beloved British world, what nobler recompense could the Editor desire ? If it prove otherwise, why should he murmur ? Was not this a Task which Destiny, in any case, had appointed him ; which having now done with, he sees his general Day's-work so much the lighter, so much the shorter ?

Of Professor Teufelsdröckh it seems impossible to take leave without a mingled feeling of astonishment, gratitude and disapproval. Who will not regret that talents, which might have profited in the higher walks of Philosophy, or in Art itself, have been so much devoted to a rummaging among lumber-rooms ; nay too often to a scraping in kennels, where lost rings and diamond-necklaces are nowise the sole conquests ? Regret is unavoidable ; yet censure were loss of time. To cure him of his mad humours British Criticism would essay in vain : enough for her if she can, by vigilance, prevent the spreading of such among ourselves. What a result, should this piebald, entangled, hyper-metaphorical style of writing, not to say of thinking, become general among our Literary men ! As it might so easily do. Thus has not the Editor himself, working over Teufelsdröckh's German, lost much of his own English purity ? Even as the smaller whirlpool is sucked into the larger, and made to whirl along with it, so has the lesser mind, in this instance, been forced to become portion of the greater, and,



like it, see all things figuratively : which habit time and assiduous effort will be needed to eradicate.

Nevertheless, wayward as our Professor shows himself, is there any reader that can part with him in declared enmity ? Let us confess, there is that in the wild, much-suffering, much-inflicting man, which almost attaches us. His attitude, we will hope and believe, is that of a man who had said to Cant, Begone ; and to Dilettantism, Here thou canst not be ; and to Truth, Be thou in place of all to me : a man who had manfully defied the 'Time-Prince', or Devil, to his face ; nay perhaps, Hannibal-like, was mysteriously consecrated from birth to that warfare, and now stood minded to wage the same, by all weapons, in all places, at all times. In such a cause, any soldier, were he but a Polack Scythe-man, shall be welcome.

Still the question returns on us : How could a man occasionally of keen insight, not without keen sense of propriety, who had real Thoughts to communicate, resolve to emit them in a shape bordering so closely on the absurd ? Which question he were wiser than the present Editor who should satisfactorily answer. Our conjecture has sometimes been, that perhaps Necessity as well as Choice was concerned in it. Seems it not conceivable that, in a Life like our Professor's, where so much bountifully given by Nature had in Practice failed and misgone, Literature also would never rightly prosper : that striving with his characteristic vehemence to paint this and the other Picture, and ever without success, he at last desperately dashes his sponge, full of all colours, against the canvas, to try whether it will paint Foam ? With all his stillness, there were perhaps in Teufelsdröckh desperation enough for this.

A second conjecture we hazard with even less warranty. It is, that Teufelsdröckh is not without some touch of the universal feeling, a wish to proselytise. How often already have we paused, uncertain whether the basis of this so enigmatic nature were really Stoicism and Despair, or Love and Hope only seared into the figure of these ! Remarkable, moreover, is this saying of his : ' How were Friendship possible ? In mutual devotedness to the Good and True : otherwise impossible ; except as Armed Neutrality, or hollow Commercial League. A man, be the Heavens ever

praised, is sufficient for himself ; yet were ten men, united in Love, capable of being and of doing what ten thousand singly would fail in. Infinite is the help man can yield to man.' And now in conjunction therewith consider this other : ' It is the Night of the World, and still long till it be Day : we wander amid the glimmer of smoking ruins, and the Sun and the Stars of Heaven are as if blotted out for a season ; and two immeasurable Phantoms, HYPOCRISY and ATHEISM, with the Gowl, SENSUALITY, stalk abroad over the Earth, and call it theirs : well at ease are the Sleepers for whom Existence is a shallow Dream.'

But what of the awestruck Wakeful who find it a Reality ? Should not these unite ; since even an authentic Spectre is not visible to Two ?—In which case were this enormous Clothes-Volume properly an enormous Pitchpan, which our Teufelsdröckh in his lone watchtower had kindled, that it might flame far and wide through the Night, and many a disconsolately wandering spirit be guided thither to a Brother's bosom !—We say as before, with all his malignant Indifference, who knows what mad Hopes this man may harbour ?

Meanwhile there is one fact to be stated here, which harmonises ill with such conjecture ; and, indeed, were Teufelsdröckh made like other men, might as good as altogether subvert it. Namely, that while the Beacon-fire blazed its brightest, the Watchman had quitted it ; that no pilgrim could now ask him : Watchman, what of the Night ? Professor Teufelsdröckh, be it known, is no longer visibly present at Weissnichtwo, but again to all appearance lost in space ! Some time ago, the Hofrath Heuschrecke was pleased to favour us with another copious Epistle ; wherein much is said about the ' Population-Institute ' ; much repeated in praise of the Paper-bag Documents, the hieroglyphic nature of which our Hofrath still seems not to have surmised ; and, lastly, the strangest occurrence communicated, to us for the first time, in the following paragraph :

' *Ew. Wohlgeboren* will have seen from the public Prints, with what affectionate and hitherto fruitless solicitude Weissnichtwo regards the disappearance of her Sage. Might but the united voice of Germany prevail on him to

return ; nay could we but so much as elucidate for ourselves by what mystery he went away ! But, alas, old Lieschen experiences or affects the profoundest deafness, the profoundest ignorance : in the Wahngasse all lies swept, silent, sealed up ; the Privy Council itself can hitherto elicit no answer.

‘ It had been remarked that while the agitating news of those Parisian Three Days flew from mouth to mouth, and dinned every ear in Weissnichtwo, Herr Teufelsdröckh was not known, at the *Gans* or elsewhere, to have spoken, for a whole week, any syllable except once these three : *Es geht an* (It is beginning). Shortly after, as *Ew. Wohlgeboren* knows, was the public tranquillity here, as in Berlin, threatened by a Sedition of the Tailors. Nor did there want Evil-wishers, or perhaps mere desperate Alarmists, who asserted that the closing Chapter of the Clothes-Volume was to blame. In this appalling crisis, the serenity of our Philosopher was indescribable : nay, perhaps through one humble individual, something thereof might pass into the *Rath* (Council) itself, and so contribute to the country’s deliverance. The Tailors are now entirely pacificated.—

‘ To neither of these two incidents can I attribute our loss : yet still comes there the shadow of a suspicion out of Paris and its Politics. For example, when the *Saint-Simonian Society* transmitted its Propositions hither, and the whole *Gans* was one vast cackle of laughter, lamentation and astonishment, our Sage sat mute ; and at the end of the third evening said merely : “ Here also are men who have discovered, not without amazement, that Man is still Man ; of which high, long-forgotten Truth you already see them make a false application.” Since then, as has been ascertained by examination of the Post-Director there passed at least one Letter with its Answer between the Messieurs Bazard-Enfantin and our Professor himself ; of what tenor can now only be conjectured. On the fifth night following, he was seen for the last time !

Has this invaluable man, so obnoxious to most of the hostile Sects that convulse our Era, been spirited away by certain of their emissaries ; or did he go forth voluntarily to their head-quarters to confer with them, and confront them ? Reason we have, at least of a negative sort, to

believe the Lost still living ; our widowed heart also whispers that ere long he will himself give a sign. Otherwise, indeed, his archives must, one day, be opened by Authority ; where much, perhaps the *Palingenesie* itself, is thought to be repositied.

Thus far the Hofrath ; who vanishes, as is his wont, too like an Ignis Fatuus, leaving the dark still darker.

So that Teufelsdröckh's public History were not done, then, or reduced to an even, unromantic tenor ; nay, perhaps the better part thereof were only beginning ? We stand in a region of conjectures, where substance has melted into shadow, and one cannot be distinguished from the other. May Time, which solves or suppresses all problems, throw glad light on this also ! Our own private conjecture, now amounting almost to certainty, is that, safe-moored in some stillest obscurity, not to lie always still, Teufelsdröckh is actually in London !

Here, however, can the present Editor, with an ambrosial joy as of over-weariness falling into sleep, lay down his pen. Well does he know, if human testimony be worth aught, that to innumerable British readers likewise, this is a satisfying consummation ; that innumerable British readers consider him, during these current months, but as an uneasy interruption to their ways of thought and digestion ; and indicate so much, not without a certain irritancy and even spoken invective. For which, as for other mercies, ought not he to thank the Upper Powers ? To one and all of you, O irritated readers, he, with outstretched arms and open heart, will wave a kind farewell. Thou too, miraculous Entity, who namest thyself YORKE and OLIVER, and with thy vivacities and genialities, with thy all-too Irish mirth and madness, and odour of palled punch, makest such strange work, farewell ; long as thou canst, fare-*well* ! Have we not, in the course of Eternity, travelled some months of our Life-journey in partial sight of one another ; have we not existed together, though in a state of quarrel ?

## APPENDIX

### TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS

THIS questionable little Book was undoubtedly written among the mountain solitudes, in 1831 ; but, owing to impediments natural and accidental, could not, for seven years more, appear as a Volume in England ;—and had at last to clip itself in pieces, and be content to struggle out, bit by bit, in some courageous *Magazine* that offered. Whereby now, to certain idly curious readers, and even to myself till I make study, the insignificant but at last irritating question, What its real history and chronology are, is, if not insoluble, considerably involved in haze.

To the first English Edition, 1838, which an American, or two American had now opened the way for, there was slightly prefixed, under the title '*Testimonies of Authors*', some straggle of real documents, which, now that I find it again, sets the matter into clear light and sequence ;—and shall here, for removal of idle stumbling-blocks and nugatory guessings from the path of every reader, be reprinted as it stood. (*Author's Note, of 1868.*)

#### I. HIGHEST CLASS, BOOKSELLER'S TASTER

*Taster to Bookseller.*—'The Author of *Teufelsdrückh* is a person of talent ; his work displays here and there some felicity of thought and expression, considerable fancy and knowledge : but whether or not it would take with the public seems doubtful. For a *jeu d'esprit* of that kind it is too long ; it would have suited better as an essay or article than as a volume. The Author has no great tact ; his wit is frequently heavy ; and reminds one of the German Baron who took to leaping on tables, and answered that he was learning to be lively. Is the work a translation ?'

*Bookseller to Editor.*—'Allow me to say that such a writer requires only a little more tact to produce a popular as well as an able work. Directly on receiving your permission, I sent your *Ms.* to a gentleman in the highest class of men of letters, and an accomplished

German scholar : I now enclose you his opinion, which, you may rely upon it, is a just one ; and I have too high an opinion of your good sense to ' &c. &c.—*Ms. (penes nos), London, 17th September 1831.*

## II. CRITIC OF THE SUN

' *Fraser's Magazine* exhibits the usual brilliancy, and also the ' &c. ' *Sartor Resartus* is what old Dennis used to call "a heap of clotted nonsense," mixed however, here and there, with passages marked by thought and striking poetic vigour. But what does the writer mean by "Baphometric fire-baptism" ? Why cannot he lay aside his pedantry, and write so as to make himself generally intelligible ? We quote by way of curiosity a sentence from the *Sartor Resartus* ; which may be read either backwards or forwards, for it is equally intelligible either way : indeed, by beginning at the tail, and so working up to the head, we think the reader will stand the fairest chance of getting at its meaning : "The fire-baptised soul, long so scathed and thunder-riven, here feels its own freedom ; which feeling is its Baphometric baptism : the citadel of its whole kingdom it has thus gained by assault, and will keep inexpugnable ; outwards from which the remaining dominions, not indeed without hard battering, will doubtless by degrees be conquered and pacificated." Here is a '—..... — *Sun Newspaper, 1st April 1834.*

## III. NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEWER

..... 'After a careful survey of the whole ground, our belief is that no such persons as Professor Teufelsdröckh or Counsellor Heuschrecke ever existed ; that the six Paper-bags, with their China-ink inscriptions and multifarious contents, are a mere figment of the brain ; that the "present Editor" is the only person who has ever written upon the Philosophy of Clothes ; and that the *Sartor Resartus* is the only treatise that has yet appeared upon that subject ;—in short, that the whole account of the origin of the work before us, which the supposed Editor relates with so much gravity, and of which we have given a brief abstract, is, in plain English, a *hum*.

'Without troubling our readers at any great length with our reasons for entertaining these suspicions, we may remark, that the absence of all other information on the subject, except what is contained in the work, is itself a fact of a most significant character. The whole German press, as well as the particular one where the work purports to have been printed, seems to be under the control of *Stillschweigen and Co.*—Silence and Company. If the Clothes-Philosophy and its author are making so great a sensation throughout Germany as is pretended, how happens it that the only notice we have of the fact is contained in a few numbers of a monthly Magazine published at London ? How happens it that no intelligence about

the matter has come out directly to this country ? We pique ourselves here in New England upon knowing at least as much of what is going on in the literary way in the old Dutch Mother-land as our brethren of the fast-anchored Isle ; but thus far we have no tidings whatever of the " extensive close-printed close-meditated volume," which forms the subject of this pretended commentary. Again, we would respectfully inquire of the " present Editor " upon what part of the map of Germany we are to look for the city of *Weissnichtwo*—" Know-not-where "—at which place the work is supposed to have been printed, and the Author to have resided. It has been our fortune to visit several portions of the German territory, and to examine pretty carefully, at different times and for various purposes, maps of the whole ; but we have no recollection of any such place. We suspect that the city of *Know-not-where* might be called, with at least as much propriety, *Nobody-knows-where*, and is to be found in the kingdom of *Nowhere*. Again, the village of *Entepfuhl*—" Duck-pond "—where the supposed Author of the work is said to have passed his youth, and that of *Hinterschlag*, where he had his education, are equally foreign to our geography. Duck-ponds enough there undoubtedly are in almost every village in Germany, as the traveller in that country knows too well to his cost, but any particular village denominated Duck-pond is to us altogether *terra incognita*. The names of the personages are not less singular than those of the places. Who can refrain from a smile at the yoking together of such a pair of appellatives as Diogenes Teufelsdröckh ? The supposed bearer of this strange title is represented as admitting, in his pretended autobiography, that " he had searched to no purpose through all the Heralds' books in and without the German empire, and through all manner of Subscribers' lists, Militia-rolls, and other Name-catalogues," but had nowhere been able to find " the name Teufelsdröckh except as appended to his own person." We can readily believe this, and we doubt very much whether any Christian parent would think of condemning a son to carry through life the burden of so unpleasant a title. That of Counsellor Heuschrecke—" Grass-hopper "—though not offensive, looks much more like a piece of fancy work than a " fair business transaction." The same may be said of *Blumine*—" Flower-Goddess "—the heroine of the fable; and so of the rest.

'In short, our private opinion is, as we have remarked, that the whole story of a correspondence with Germany, a university of Nobody-knows-where, a Professor of Things in General, a Counsellor Grasshopper, a Flower-Goddess Blumine, and so forth, has about as much foundation in truth as the late entertaining account of Sir John Herschel's discoveries in the moon. Fictions of this kind are, however, not uncommon, and ought not, perhaps, to be condemned with too much severity ; but we are not sure that we can exercise the same indulgence in regard to the attempt, which seems to be made to



mislead the public as to the substance of the work before us, and its pretended German original. Both purport, as we have seen, to be upon the subject of Clothes, or dress. *Clothes, their Origin and Influence*, is the title of the supposed German treatise of Professor Teufelsdröckh, and the rather odd name of *Sartor Resartus*—the Tailor Patched—which the present Editor has affixed to his pretended commentary, seems to look the same way. But though there is a good deal of remark throughout the work in a half-serious, half-comic style upon dress, it seems to be in reality a treatise upon the great science of Things in General, which Teufelsdröckh is supposed to have professed at the university of Nobody-knows-where. Now, without intending to adopt a too rigid standard of morals, we own that we doubt a little the propriety of offering to the public a treatise on Things in General, under the name and in the form of an Essay on Dress. For ourselves, advanced as we unfortunately are in the journey of life, far beyond the period when dress is practically a matter of interest, we have no hesitation in saying, that the real subject of the work is to us more attractive than the ostensible one. But this is probably not the case with the mass of readers. To the younger portion of the community, which constitutes everywhere the very great majority, the subject of dress is one of intense and paramount importance. An author who treats it appeals, like the poet, to the young men and maidens—*virginibus puerisque*—and calls upon them, by all the motives which habitually operate most strongly upon their feelings, to buy his book. When, after opening their purses for this purpose, they have carried home the work in triumph, expecting to find in it some particular instruction in regard to the tying of their neckcloths, or the cut of their corsets, and meet with nothing better than a dissertation on Things in General, they will—to use the mildest term—not be in very good humour. If the last improvements in legislation, which we have made in this country, should have found their way to England, the author, we think, would stand some chance of being *Lynched*. Whether his object in this piece of *supercherie* be merely pecuniary profit, or whether he takes a malicious pleasure in quizzing the Dandies, we shall not undertake to say. In the latter part of the work, he devotes a separate chapter to this class of persons, from the tenour of which we should be disposed to conclude, that he would consider any mode of divesting them of their property very much in the nature of a spoiling of the Egyptians.

The only thing about the work, tending to prove that it is what it purports to be, a commentary on a real German treatise, is the style, which is a sort of Babylonish dialect, not destitute, it is true, of richness, vigour, and at times a sort of singular felicity of expression, but very strongly tinged throughout with the peculiar idiom of the German language. This quality in the style, however, may be a mere result of a great familiarity with German literature; and we cannot,



therefore, look upon it as in itself decisive, still less as outweighing so much evidence of an opposite character.'—*North-American Review*, No. 89, October 1835.

#### IV. NEW ENGLAND EDITORS

'The Editors have been induced, by the expressed desire of many persons, to collect the following sheets out of the ephemeral pamphlets<sup>1</sup> in which they first appeared, under the conviction that they contain in themselves the assurance of a longer date.

'The Editors have no expectation that this little Work will have a sudden and general popularity. They will not undertake, as there is no need, to justify the gay costume in which the Author delights to dress his thoughts, or the German idioms with which he has sportively sprinkled his pages. It is his humour to advance the gravest speculations upon the gravest topics in a quaint and burlesque style. If his masquerade offend any of his audience, to that degree that they will not hear what he has to say, it may chance to draw others to listen to his wisdom; and what work of imagination can hope to please all? But we will venture to remark that the distaste excited by these peculiarities in some readers is greatest at first, and is soon forgotten; and that the foreign dress and aspect of the Work are quite superficial, and cover a genuine Saxon heart. We believe, no book has been published for many years, written in a more sincere style of idiomatic English, or which discovers an equal mastery over all the riches of the language. The Author makes ample amends for the occasional eccentricity of his genius, not only by frequent bursts of pure splendour, but by the wit and sense which never fail him.

'But what will chiefly commend the Book to the discerning reader is the manifest design of the work, which is, a Criticism upon the Spirit of the Age—we had almost said, of the hour—in which we live; exhibiting in the most just and novel light the present aspects of Religion, Politics, Literature, Arts, and Social Life. Under all his gaiety the Writer has an earnest meaning, and discovers an insight into the manifold wants and tendencies of human nature, which is very rare among our popular authors. The philanthropy and the purity of moral sentiment, which inspire the work, will find their way to the heart of every lover of virtue.'—*Preface to Sartor Resartus*: Boston, 1835, 1837.

SUNT, FUERUNT VEL FUERE

London, 30th June 1838.

*Fraser's (London) Magazine*, 1833-4.



## NOTES

[NOTE.—Readers who wish to make a close study of this book will do well to read with it Carlyle's two essays on 'The State of German Literature' and 'Characteristics', written in 1827 and 1831 respectively, where similar problems are discussed. The references to Carlyle's Miscellaneous Writings and other works are to the popular edition.]

### BOOK I. CHAPTER I

**SARTOR RESARTUS.** The Tailor Patched. The tailor is Teufelsdröckh, in recognition of his Clothes-philosophy: the patching is done by Carlyle in his capacity as editor.

**PAGE 1. Theory of Gravitation.** Gravitation is a force acting equally between all pairs of bodies, the force being directly proportional to the product of their masses and inversely as the square of the distance between their centres of gravity. The laws of the attraction of gravity were demonstrated by Sir Isaac Newton in 1687.

**Lagrange,** Joseph Louis, Comte (1736-1813). A French mathematician.

**Laplace,** Marquis Pierre Simon de (1749-1827). A French astronomer and mathematician: best known by his work entitled *Mécanique Céleste*, which is an attempt—almost completely successful—to explain all the motions of the heavenly bodies on mathematical principles.

**Geognosy.** Lit. knowledge of the earth, a geological term variously used to denote different branches of geology.

**Werner,** Abraham Gottlob (1750-1817). A German mineralogist and geologist, regarded generally as the founder of the modern scientific study of geology.

**Hutton,** James (1726-97). A British geologist; the first to attempt an explanation of the phenomena of the earth's crust solely in the light of changes still occurring; the originator also of a valuable 'Theory of Rain'.

**dumpling.** The story is told of George III.

**Social Contract.** The name (*Contrat social*) given by Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712-78) to the theory that society is based upon a compact entered into by the individual members for their mutual protection and convenience. Free and independent in his primitive state, man exchanges his natural rights for the political rights assured to him by the greater security of a society.

*Standard of Taste.* Burke wrote *A Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful, with an Introduction on Taste*, in 1756.

*Doctrine of Rent.* The most famous is that of Ricardo (1772-1823), which defines Rent as 'that portion of the produce of the earth which is paid to the landlord for the use of the original and indestructible powers of the soil'; or, in other words, the net profit on land after deducting all expenses of labour and cultivation and the usual interest on capital sunk.

*Theory of Value.* J. S. Mill (1806-73) defines the 'value' of a thing as 'its general power of purchasing, the command which its possession gives over purchaseable commodities in general'; thus distinguishing it from 'price', which is equivalent to 'value in money'.

P. 2. *Stewart, Dugald* (1753-1828). A Professor of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh University from 1785-1810. Carlyle had a genuine respect for him. 'The name of Dugald Stewart is a name venerable to all Europe, and to none more dear and venerable than to ourselves.'—*Misc.* i. 67 note.

*Cousin, Victor* (1792-1867). A French philosopher and statesman; at first a follower of the Scottish school, but influenced later by German thought.

*Royer-Collard, Pierre Paul* (1763-1845). Also a French philosopher and statesman. As professor at Paris in 1811 he taught the doctrines of the Scottish school, and was President of the Chamber of Deputies in 1828.

*Lawrence, Sir William* (1783-1867). An English surgeon and anatomist; Professor of Anatomy at the College of Surgeons in 1815, and also Lecturer at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

*Majendie*, more correctly *Magendie*, François (1783-1855). A French physiologist, known chiefly for his researches into the nervous system.

*Bichat, Marie François Xavier* (1771-1802). A French physiologist and anatomist.

*property, not an accident.* Logical terms. A property 'signifies an attribute which is not indeed part of the essence, but which flows from, or is a consequence of, the essence, and is therefore inseparably attached to the species'; while 'an accident, whether separable or inseparable from the species in actual experience may be supposed separated, without the necessity of supposing any other alteration'. Of the first kind is the power of understanding speech in man because it follows from rationality, which is part of his essence; of the second, blackness in crows. Mill's *Logic*, I. vii.

*look before and after.* *Hamlet*, Act iv. Sc. iv.

*Catholic Emancipation.* The Bill removing the greater number of the Catholic disabilities received the Royal assent on April 13,

1829. It was brought in by Peel and Wellington, and passed by their influence but against their inclinations.

*Rotten Boroughs.* The distinction between Rotten boroughs and 'Nomination' boroughs is that whereas in the latter the proprietor of the freehold of the constituency, very often some quite paltry piece of ground, had the absolute right of appointing the member, in the former he could only secure the election of his nominee by direct influence or bribery. Both classes of boroughs were abolished by the Reform Bill of 1832.

*Revolt of Paris.* The famous 'three days' of July 1830, in which by an almost bloodless revolution Charles X was expelled and Louis-Philippe seated on the throne of France in his place.

*Höret ihr Herren, &c.* 'Listen, gentlemen, and be informed,' the formula of the watchman.

P. 3. *that unwise science.* Mathematics. The meaning of the Humorist is here distorted.

*By geometric scale, &c. Hudibras,* by Samuel Butler (1600-80), Part I, cant. i, l. 121.

'Many shall run to and fro.' Dan. xii. 4.

P. 4. *German Learned.* The *Gelehrter* or Scholar. Fichte delivered a series of lectures on 'The Vocation of the Scholar', whom he defined as the 'highest and truest man'.

P. 5. *Müchte es, &c.* 'May it flourish also in British soil.'

## CHAPTER II

'whose seedfield is Time.' From a poem by Goethe, to be found in *Der Westöstliche Divan*.

*orients.* Pearls. One of Carlyle's eccentricities in the use of words to which Sterling objected. See *Life of Sterling*, p. 97.

P. 6. *endanger the circulation.* As indeed it did of *Fraser's Magazine*, in which it appeared.

*Fraser's Magazine.* First published by a certain Hugh Fraser in February 1830. Oliver Yorke is the pseudonym of the editor of *Fraser's*.

*Waterloo-Crackers.* Fireworks designed to celebrate the victory of Waterloo.

*Hofrath Heuschrecke.* 'Privy Councillor Grasshopper.'

*Weissnichtwo.* 'Where you please.' See Introduction.

P. 7. *crystallisation.* The process by which the molecules of a liquid or vaporous subject unite in a regular, or crystalline, form.

*twopenny post.* So long ago as 1683 a penny post was established for the conveyance of letters in London itself: this charge was, however, subsequently increased to twopence, and so remained,

hampered by various restrictions, until the introduction of the penny post in 1840.

P. 8. *Amicus Plato*. This saying is taken from the *Ethics* of Aristotle, I. vi. 1: 'For when both are dear, friends (i.e. the Platonists) and the truth, it is our duty to prefer the truth.'

### CHAPTER III

P. 9. *Hegel*, Georg Wilhelm Friedrich (1770-1831). The last of the great German idealists. His mission was to sum up and harmonize the results of the philosophical system founded by Kant and developed by Fichte and Schelling. Kant had failed to bridge the gulf between subject and object. Hegel strove to resume the antagonism between the two in a higher unity and to make it intelligible. It was for this reason that he was obnoxious to Teufelsdröckh, who held, as a mystic, that the reconciliation could only be effected by an act of faith.

*Bardili*, Christoph Gottfried (1761-1808). His contribution to philosophy was the discovery, for what it is worth, that possibility is the basis of reality.

*Transcendentalism*. 'Transcendental method is simply the patient and rigorous analysis of experience itself. For any question or theorem which might pass beyond possible experience Kant reserved the term "transcendent"; and the distinction, if not the mode of expressing it, is accepted by all his successors.'—Adamson's *Fichte*, p. 112. Carlyle seems here to be using the term 'transcendental' in its popular, non-philosophic sense in which it is almost equivalent to vague or unpractical.

*Oken*, Lorenz (1779-1851). A German naturalist and transcendentalist natural philosopher. He was professor at Jena in 1807, but resigned his post rather than give up the editorship of the *Isis*, a paper with revolutionary ideas.

P. 10. *Bleibt doch*, &c. 'Still the same wag and gallows-bird.'

*Wo steckt*, &c. 'What has become of the rogue?'

*in petto*. Lit. in the breast; hence, in secret.

*Sansculottism*. Revolutionary radicalism. See also note to p. 40.

P. 11. *Melchizedek*. In Old Testament history a mysterious priest-king of Salem who blessed Abraham and received tithes from him. For a discussion of his personality as a type of Christ see Heb. v-vii.

P. 12. *Denial and Destruction*. A reaction against the scepticism of Hume, which denies the possibility of knowing anything of the nature of things except in relation to ourselves. Kant, it is true, said much the same; but with the difference that, whereas Hume

held the impressions of sense to be misleading or valueless, Kant held them to be true as far as they go, but imperfect.

P. 13. *Airts*. Points of the compass: so used by Burns.

P. 14. *Hengst and Horsa*. Leaders of the Jutes who landed at Ebbsfleet about A.D. 449 and founded the kingdom of Kent.

*Boötes*. An Ox-driver or Ploughman; a constellation in the northern hemisphere, situated behind the Great Bear or Wain, which he is supposed to be driving: he is also represented as a Huntsman holding dogs in leash, a constellation which has in modern times been interposed between him and the Bear.

P. 15. *Rouge-et-Noir*. A game of chance, played with cards; also called *trente et quarante*.

*Rabenstein*. Place of execution, lit. Ravens' stone.

P. 16. 'united in a common element of dust.' 'United by a common element, powder and dust,' is a phrase used by Goethe in describing Mariana's room; see *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, Book I, chap. xv. (vol. i, p. 47 in Carlyle's translation).

P. 17. *burin*. A sharp tool used by an engraver for drawing on metal.

P. 18. *Boswell*, James (1740-95). Known chiefly as the biographer of Dr. Johnson, to whom he attached himself with a doglike fidelity. Carlyle, in his essay on *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, was the first critic to do him some kind of justice.

*Das glaub' ich*. 'I believe you!'

*Dalai-Lama*. The head of a large sect professing a form of impure Buddhism, prevalent chiefly in Thibet. The term 'Lama' signifies 'the superior one', and was originally confined to the head of a monastery, but came later to be applied indiscriminately to all monks and priests. The title of 'Dalai', or 'vast as the ocean', was conferred by the Emperor of China on the fifth Grand Lama, the same who built the gigantic palace of Lhassa, in 1650.

*Talapoin*. A name given to Buddhist priests in Siam and Burma.

*outwatching the Bear*. Sitting up all night, because in northern latitudes the constellation of the Bear never sets. Cf. Milton, *Il Penseroso*, l. 87.

P. 19. *Pedro Garcia*. The reference is to the preface of Le Sage's *Gil Blas*.

#### CHAPTER IV

P. 20. *spelter*. Zinc, akin to It. *peltro* (pewter).

*Transcendental Philosophies*. 'A transcendental enquiry, then, is an enquiry not into things in general, or any particular sort of things, but into the conditions in the mental constitution which make us know or estimate things in the way we do. It seeks to present the fundamental features of mental action which are

operative in generating the product known as the world of knowledge.'—*Kant*, by William Wallace, p. 159. 'The Kantist . . . commences from within and looks outwards.'—*State of German Literature* (Misc. i. 67). All philosophers take for their basis that which appears to have the greatest reality. But whereas the materialistic find it in the objects presented to the senses, the idealistic find it in the mind or subject which receives them.

*locusts and wild honey.* Mark i. 6.

P. 21. *Sanchoniathon*. A Phœnician writer, said to have lived before the Trojan War, whose works, real or pretended, were translated by a certain Philo of Byblos who lived in the first and second centuries A. D.

*Dr. Lingard* (1771–1851). An English Roman Catholic historian; he wrote a *History of England*, first published 1819–30.

*Shaster*. A text-book of Hindu laws; particularly applied to a book containing the institutes of their religion, and considered to be of divine origin.

*Talmud* (= Study, Doctrine). The great Jewish record, comprising the traditional regulations of life and conduct, as explanatory of the laws laid down in the Pentateuch.

*Koran*. The sacred book of the Mohammedans, written down by Mahomet (570–632) from the dictation of an angel.

*Cassini*. A distinguished family of astronomers who controlled for four generations, and a period of 122 years (1671–1793), the fortunes of the Paris Observatory.

*Mécanique Céleste*. \*See note to p. 1.

*Robinson Crusoe*. Published by Daniel Defoe (1661–1731) in 1719.

*Belfast Town and Country Almanack*. Given apparently as an instance of out-of-the-way and valueless reading to prove the Professor's omnivorous habit.

*Minerva*. The legend is that Minerva (or Athene) started, fully armed, from the brain of Jove. She was the goddess of wisdom, war, and the liberal arts.

P. 22. *real Humour*. 'The essence of Humour is sensibility; warm, tender, fellow-feeling with all forms of existence.' *Jean Paul Friedrich Richter* (Misc. i, p. 14).

*Mephistopheles*. A name coined in mediæval times and applied to the, or a Devil, best known in connexion with Goethe's *Faust*.

*Chancery suitors*. A hundred years ago the English Court of Chancery was a byword for mismanagement and delay, see Dickens's *Bleak House*, and the case of *Jarndyce v. Jarndyce*.

P. 23. *Seven Sleepers*. Seven Christian youths who are said to have concealed themselves from the persecution under Decius



(249-251) in a cave near Ephesus, and to have fallen asleep for two or three hundred years.

*Jean Paul.* A familiar and affectionate way of speaking of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter (1763-1825), a German humorist. See Carlyle's Essay on him in *Misc.*, vol. i, written about this time.

*World-Mahlstrom*, or Maelstrom, a whirlpool in the Arctic Ocean off the coast of Norway; celebrated in Norse tales.

*fit for treasons*, &c. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, Act v, Sc. i; of the lack of music, not laughter.

P. 24. *rubric.* Anything which it was the custom in old manuscripts to write in red, as the title of a subject or division; or rules and directions to be observed, as in liturgies.

## CHAPTER V

*Montesquieu*, Baron de la Brède et de (1689-1755). 'The greatest man of letters of the French eighteenth century' (Saintsbury). *L'Esprit des Lois* is his best book, though ill-named. 'An exact if cumbrous title for the book would be "On the relation of Human Laws and Customs to the Laws of Nature".' It deals with climate, soil, manners and customs, commerce, jurisprudence, religion, and in fact, like Teufelsdröckh, with 'things in general'.

*folded mantles*, &c. The costumes here sketched are those of the four periods mentioned in the next sentence: the Grecian, the Gothic, the Later Gothic, and the Modern. They correspond roughly to the fashions of Greek, Plantagenet, Elizabethan, and modern times.

P. 25. *Cause-and-Effect Philosophy.* In the Cause-and-Effect philosophy, 'to explain a fact is to assign its causes—that is, to give the preceding set of facts out of which it arose.' It regards nature as a chain or sequence with neither beginning nor end. Hence, however far it may carry its researches, there must always remain something behind still unexplained.

P. 26. *Lilis*, or Lilith. The legend is probably of Babylonian origin.

*Adam-Kadmon.* Lit. the First (or original) Man, about whom many theories sprang up in Rabbinical and Alexandrian philosophies.

*Nifl.* Niflhel in Norse mythology was the domain of the goddess Hel; the abode of the dead. Hel was the daughter of Loki by the giantess Angurboda. Muspelheim, on the other hand, was the realm of fire and warmth, ruled over by the fire-giant Surt or Surtr.

*Orbis Pictus*, or *Orbis Sensualium pictus*, the representation of the visible world; the first picture-book for children, published by Comenius (Johann Amos Komenski, 1592-1671) at Nuremberg in 1658.

*King Nibelung.* After slaying, for good and sufficient reasons,

his foster-father Mimir the Smith, Siegfried went on a journey and chanced upon the two sons of the dead King Nibelung, who were dividing their father's treasure which they had brought from the cave in which it usually lay hid. Finding themselves unable to agree, they asked Siegfried to arbitrate between them, promising him the good sword Balmung, a part of the treasure, for his trouble. They were, however, not satisfied with his ruling, and from words came to blows, when Siegfried killed them and their twelve attendant giants with his new sword, thus becoming master of the whole treasure, which played a prominent part in the *Nibelungenlied*, of which Siegfried is the chief hero.

*wampum*. Shell beads strung together and used for coin or ornament by the North American Indians.

*phylacteries*. Charms or amulets, which with the Jews took the form of strips of parchment inscribed with passages of the Old Testament, and worn on their persons.

*stoles*. Scarfs, more particularly as worn by priests.

*albs*. White linen ecclesiastical garments.

*chlamydes*. The chlamys was a kind of tunic worn by the Greeks.

*togas*. Loose robes of white wool worn by the Romans as their ordinary dress.

*philibegs*, or filibegs, a word of Gaelic origin meaning kilts.

*Gallia Braccata*. Wearing breeches. A term used to denote the idea of foreign or effeminate: also geographically to distinguish Transalpine from Cisalpine Gaul, which was known as Gallia Togata, or toga-wearing.

*Kilmarnock nightcap*. An old manufacture of the town, known also as 'Kilmarnock cowls'.

P. 27. *Anthropophagus*. Cannibal.

*Out of the eater, &c.* Samson's riddle, Judges xiv. 14.

P. 28. *Art of Printing*. For the consequences of the invention of printing see *Hero-Worship*, V. The inventor of printing from movable types is generally considered to have been Johann Gutenberg, and the first book printed from them the Mazarin Bible (1450-5).

*Monk Schwartz*. A German Franciscan monk, born at Freiburg, Baden; said to have invented gunpowder about 1330.

P. 29. *Ude*, Louis Eustache. Chef to Louis XVI, and author of a book called *The French Cook*, which was translated into English and ran through many editions.

*Humboldt*, Alexander von (1769-1859). A German scientific writer and explorer.

*Dibble*. A short pointed stick used by gardeners for making holes in the earth to receive seeds or young plants.

*six-hundred and fifty-eight*. Members of Parliament.

## CHAPTER VI

*Gao.* Better known as Kaweh, belongs to the mythical history of Persia. He appealed to Zohâk, the king, for the life of his one remaining son, whose brothers, sixteen in number, had been sacrificed to certain magical serpents, dependent on the king. The king granted his prayer, but at the same time required him to join the nobles in signing a declaration that his reign had been beneficial. He tore the document in two, and rushing forth, called on the people to revolt. His leather apron raised on a spear became their standard, and embellished with gold and gems it continued to be carried before the Persian hosts until it fell into the hands of the Arabs at the battle of Kadisiyeh, in A.D. 635.

P. 30. *John Knox's Daughter.* Elizabeth, youngest daughter of John Knox by his second marriage. She married John Welch or Welsh, who became minister of Ayr in 1604, but on a charge of treason went into exile from 1606-22. In the latter year he returned to take his trial. To his wife who pleaded with the king for his remission, James replied that he would gladly grant it if he would submit to the bishops; to which she made answer that she would rather receive his head in her lap. No proceedings were, however, taken against him, and he died a few weeks later. Mrs. Carlyle claimed descent from these Welchs.

*Landgravine Elizabeth, Saint (1207-31).* Daughter of Andrew II of Hungary and wife of Louis, Landgrave of Thuringia. The story is, that being forbidden by her husband, in a time of distress, to carry provisions to the poor, she was nevertheless taking some loaves, hidden in her apron, for their relief. Detected and stopped on her way, she was bidden to say what it was that she carried in her apron. She replied that it was roses; and when the apron was opened it was found that the loaves had been miraculously changed to roses.

*Episcopal or Cassock.* The cassock is a long outer garment recognized as the distinctively priestly garb. In Roman Catholic countries it is of four colours, according to the degree of the wearer, black for a priest, purple for a bishop, scarlet for a cardinal, and white for the Pope. The episcopal apron is said to be a relic of the cassock cut short.

P. 31. *Laystall.* An obsolete word meaning a rubbish-heap.  
*vitreous and resinous.* When electricity is produced by rubbing glass with silk, that of the glass is called vitreous or positive electricity, that of the silk resinous or negative electricity.

*The Journalists.* Compare *Hero-Worship*, V, 'I many a time say the writers of Newspapers, Pamphlets, Poems, Books, these are the real working effective Church of a modern country.'

*Satan's Invisible World Displayed.* The title of the book

Carlyle had in his mind, which he makes the professor mistake for a history of the British Press, is *Satan's Invisible World Discovered*, &c., by Mr. George Sinclair, printed in Edinburgh in 1685, by John Reid. It purports to give the 'Marvellous History of Major Weir and his sister, with two relations of Apparitions'. Carlyle alludes to it also in his review of *Goethe's Helena* (*Misc.* i. 135).

*Presbyterian Witchfinder.* In the reign of Charles I witches or sorcerers as they were called shared with the Malignants or Churchmen the hatred of the Covenanters. 'In a village near Berwic, which contained only fourteen houses, fourteen persons were punished by fire; and it became a science, everywhere much studied and cultivated, to distinguish a true witch by proper trials and symptoms.'—Hume's *History of Great Britain*, chap. lx.

## CHAPTER VII

P. 32. *Teniers.* There were two Dutch painters of this name, both christened David, father (1582–1649) and son (1610–90).

*Callot, Jacques* (1592–1635). A French painter.

*Merrick.* Apparently Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick (1783–1848), whose great work entitled 'A critical Inquiry into Ancient Armour as it existed in Europe, but particularly in England, from the Norman Conquest to the reign of Charles II, &c.,' was first published in 1824.

*Zeitkürzende Lust.* Literally 'Time-shortening Pleasure'. This elaborate reference to a non-existent book is typical of Carlyle's humour.

P. 33. *welt.* An applied hem or border.

P. 34. *cornuted.* Furnished with horns.

*Sir Walter Raleigh* (1552–1618). A favourite of Queen Elizabeth's, executed for conspiracy by James I.

*slashed and galooned.* A slash is a slit made in the stuff of which a garment is made, to show a different, usually brighter-coloured, material underneath. Galoon is a kind of worsted lace used for edgings and trimmings (obs.).

*Erostratus.* An Ephesian who set fire to the temple of Diana at Ephesus for the sake of notoriety (356 B.C.).

*Milo.* The strong man of Croton, who is said to have carried a four-year-old heifer round the stadium at Olympia, and, killing it afterwards, to have eaten the whole in twenty-four hours.

*Darnley.* The second husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, and father of James I; more remarkable for physique than brains. He was murdered by Bothwell, it is said with the queen's connivance (1541–67).

*Boileau-Despréaux, Nicholas* (1636–1711). A French poet and

critic. On his criticism chiefly was founded the French school of classical poetry, and his influence, through Pope and others, was strongly felt in England. The high opinion of him formed by his contemporaries has been since disputed. Helvétius, in particular, who disliked his coldness, seems to have given currency to the story of the turkey, which is without foundation in fact. 'Ils en vinrent à avancer, sans appuyer leur assertion d'aucune preuve, sans apporter le moindre témoignage que si Boileau avait fait sa dixième satire contre les femmes c'était parce que un coq d'Inde l'avait mutilé dans son enfance. Helvétius s'empara de cette anecdote, dont on n'avait jamais entendu parler, et par parenthèse l'Année Littéraire eut l'insigne honneur de publier la première comme une bonne fortune.'—*Dict. de la Conversation*, 1857.

*Themistocles.* When Simonides offered to teach Themistocles the art of memory, he answered, 'Ah! rather teach me the art of forgetting; for I often remember what I would not, and cannot forget what I would.' Langhorne's Plutarch, *Themistocles*, note.

P. 35. *Bolívar*, Simon (1783–1830), called by Carlyle, 'the Washington of Columbia,' 'a Ulysses, Polytlas and Polymetis.' He was a Venezuelan general and statesman, and a determined enemy of the Spanish occupation, who united at one time Venezuela, New Granada, and Ecuador in a single republic under the title of Columbia. The union fell to pieces shortly after his death. The Republic of Bolivia is named after him. See *Dr. Francia* (*Misc.* vii. 2).

## CHAPTER VIII

P. 36. *Faust's Mantle.* Mephistopheles produces the mantle in Faust's study when they start on their journey to see the world. 'We have but to spread out this mantle; that shall bear us through the air.'

*the Sheet.* Acts xi. 5.

*Reason.* The following passage gives Carlyle's version of the meaning given to the term 'Reason' in the German idealistic philosophy. 'Virtue is Virtue, and not Prudence; not less surely than the angle in a semicircle is a right angle, and no trapezium; Shakspeare is a poet and Boileau is none, think of it as you may: neither is it more certain that I myself exist, than that God exists, infinite, eternal, invisible, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. To discern these truths is the province of Reason, which therefore is to be cultivated as the highest faculty in man. Not by logic and argument does it work; yet surely and clearly may it be taught to work: and its domain lies in that higher region whither logic and argument cannot reach; in that holier region, where Poetry and Virtue and Divinity abide, in whose presence Understanding wavers and recoils, dazzled into utter darkness by that "sea of light",

at once the fountain and the termination of all true knowledge.'—*State of German Literature* (Misc., vol. i, p. 70).

a mighty maze yet . . . not without a plan. Pope, *Essay on Man*, i. 6.

not Argument . . . but Experience. 'The thing a man will do is the thing he feels commanded to do: of which command again, the origin and reasonableness remains often as good as indemonstrable by logic; and, indeed, lies mainly in this, That it has been demonstrated otherwise and better; by experiment namely.'—*Mirabeau* (Misc. v. 204).

*Fortunate Islands.* Imaginary islands in the Western Ocean; when Madeira and the Canaries were discovered the name was attached to them.

P. 37. *Cogito, ergo sum.* 'I think, therefore I am.' This is the basis of the Cartesian philosophy communicated by Descartes (1596–1650). It makes consciousness, as the one fact about which doubt is impossible, the ultimate reality, and the thread upon which ideas are strung, thus giving them cohesion and unity: and it further affirms that 'a clear and distinct perception is the certain evidence of reality and truth'.

*Phantasmagoria.* Specifically an exhibition of pictures by means of light and shade as in a magic lantern; commonly also any confusing medley of strange or terrifying objects.

*Sun that made it.* Cf. Plato's myth of the cave, *Rep.* vii.

*the Sphinx's secret.* The Sphinx, a fabulous monster, sat by the wayside propounding a riddle, and slaying those who were unable to solve it. The riddle was this: 'What animal walks on four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three in the evening?' The answer 'Man' was discovered by Oedipus, whereupon the Sphinx killed herself.

*rede.* Interpret.

P. 38. *Nature abhors a vacuum.* A doctrine of the Eleatic school of Greek philosophers, adopted by Aristotle, which modern scientific theory does not altogether support.

*Nothing can act but where it is.* This is true only of matter. Hence the will of man, which acts where it is not, becomes for him the only instance he has of a real cause, and the true type of causality in general.

*Space . . . Time.* In Kant's view all knowledge begins with sensation, and 'Space and Time are the very essence and primary condition of sense-perception. They are not so much forms of sense; rather sense-perception, in its generic subjective aspect, means these forms.' (Wallace's *Kant*.) They are, in fact, the indispensable conditions of all sense-perceptions, and therefore of all knowledge, since it is impossible to perceive anything except in its relation to time and space.

our *Me* the only reality. This is the position of pure idealism. Berkeley held that, 'All our knowledge of objects is a knowledge of ideas; objects and ideas are the same. *Ergo*, nothing exists but what is perceived.' G. H. Lewes, *History of Philosophy*, ii. 310.

the reflex of our own inward Force. Such a conception of Nature corresponds precisely enough with that of Fichte. He regards the Ego or Self as an activity, and 'reduces Nature to a mere negative condition which spirit lays down for itself. To attain consciousness of itself the absolute *Ego* must limit itself, and by this self-limitation it gives rise to a *non-ego*, which, however, is quite as much a part of itself as the limited *ego* with which alone it is consciously identified.' Caird's *Hegel*, p. 126. It is obvious enough that the *Ego* in positing, or affirming, itself, which is the basis from which Fichte starts, must at the same time by implication affirm a *Non-Ego* without which the consciousness of the *Ego* would be clearly impossible. The difficulty is to see in what way exactly the *Ego* lays down the *Non-Ego* as part of itself, and yet in opposition to itself, and so identifies subject and object. Fichte does not attempt an adequate explanation.

## CHAPTER IX

P. 40. *Sansculottist*. The name given to the poorer class of revolutionaries in France at the time of the taking of the Bastille; hence applied to revolutionaries in general, and here particularly appropriate because the literal meaning is 'without breeches'.

*Adamite*. A sect which originated in the north of Africa in the second century; it pretended to a recovery of original innocence, which it signalized by abolishing marriage and discarding the use of clothes. It made several reappearances in Europe in the fifteenth century, and experienced a short revival so lately as 1848.

*muling and puking*. *As You Like It*, Act II, sc. vii.

P. 41. *hulls*. Husks, a provincialism for the use of which Carlyle was taken to task by Sterling. *Life of Sterling*, p. 97, "hulls" perpetually for *coverings*, it being a word hardly used, and then only for the husk of a nut.

*Dandy*. The use of the slang word 'dandy' in its present sense dates from about 1816; the term *incroyable* was borrowed from the French of the period of the Directorate, 1790-5; while the term 'macaroni' was in use from the middle of the eighteenth century, especially in connexion with the Macaroni Club, a meeting-place of young and travelled exquisites.

P. 42. *Man is a Spirit*. It is characteristic of Fichte's idealism that he regarded man not as 'a Spirit' but as Spirit; and the Spirit which is the Divine Idea underlying the universe as one and indivisible. Hence society was not so much united by bonds—visible or invisible—as organically one; cf. below, p. 177: 'If Nature is



one, and a living indivisible whole, much more is Mankind, the Image that reflects and creates Nature, without which Nature were not.'

*Frankfort Coronations.* From ancient times the Emperors were elected at Frankfort, and crowned in the cathedral there by the Elector of Mainz.

*Couchee.* A reception at bedtime (obs.), and so opposed to Levee, which meant, in its original sense, a reception on rising.

P. 43. *Pickleherring-Farce.* 'Pickelhäring' in German means a Merry-Andrew or buffoon, derived from the English 'pickle' in the sense of rogue.

*the tables.* 'Solvuntur risu tabulae.' Hor. Sat. II. i. 86.

*Windlestraw.* The old stalk of various grasses, and so suggestive of anything dry and withered.

'a forked Radish.' 2 Henry IV, Act III, sc. ii.

P. 44. *a Bed of Justice.* Originally the seat upon which a King of France sat when he attended Parliament; hence, a term for those state visits of the King to his Parliament, which he made in order to extort their consent to edicts they did not wish to pass. Cf. *French Revolution*, i. 73.

*benefit of clergy.* Originally the right of the clergy to be exempt from the jurisdiction of the lay courts, and to be handed over to the ordinary to make 'purgation', which the clerk did by swearing to his own innocence and producing twelve compurgators to do the like. The privilege was afterwards extended to all persons who could read.

*Yorick Sterne.* Laurence Sterne (1713-68), author of *Tristram Shandy* and *A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy*, by Mr. Yorick. For the turkeys see *Tristram Shandy*, vol. v, chap. vii ad fin.

## CHAPTER X

P. 45. *stable equilibrium.* When a body slightly moved out of its position tends to return to it again it is said to be in *stable equilibrium*; but when however slightly moved it tends to deflect still further from its position it is said to be in *unstable equilibrium*.

*Serbonian Bog.* From *Par. Lost*, II. 592. Lake Serbonis was a marshy tract situated, in ancient geography, between the Isthmus of Suez, the Mediterranean, and the Delta.

*pineal gland.* A rudimentary sense-organ located in the brain, at one time believed to be the seat of the soul.

*thrums.* The fringe that remains attached to the loom after the web has been cut off, hence any loose threads.

*Descendentalism.* A term invented, as it would seem, by Carlyle to express the antithesis of Transcendentalism in its non-philosophic sense.

P. 46. *Saint Chrysostom.* A Father of the Greek Church (347-407). His name signifies golden-mouthed.



*the true Shekinah.* Repeated in *Hero-Worship*, i: 'The Highest Being reveals himself in man. This body, these faculties, this life of ours, is it not all as a vesture for that Unnamed?' Shekinah is the Rabbinical name for the symbol of the divine presence which rested over the mercy-seat.

*Platonic Mysticism.* Cf. note to p. 149.

*tendency to Mysticism.* 'The term mysticism is fitly in place where the movement of revulsion from a mechanical philosophy takes the form rather of immediate assertion than of reasoned demonstration, and where the writers after insisting generally on the spiritual bases of phenomena, either leave the position without further definition, or expressly declare that the intimate problems of philosophy cannot be reduced to articulate formulae. Examples of these are men like Novalis, Carlyle, and Emerson, in whom philosophy may be said to be impatient of its own task.' *Enc. Brit.*, Mysticism.

P. 47. *dark with excess of bright.* 'Dark with excessive bright.' Milton, *P. L.* iii. 380.

*The Philosopher.* When Carlyle says 'the wisest of this age' he always means Goethe. For this passage see *Wilhelm Meister's Travels*, chap. x, vol. iii, p. 72. 'For the philosopher stations himself in the middle, and must draw down to him all that is higher, and up to him all that is lower, and only in this medium condition does he merit the title of Wise.'

*Arkwright*, Sir Richard (1732-92). The inventor of the spinning-jenny.

*Arachne.* A Lydian girl who challenged Athene to a contest at weaving, and, losing, was turned into a spider.

*in partibus.* A phrase used of Roman episcopal sees in countries which do not acknowledge allegiance to Rome.

*Mensuration and Numeration.* The arts of measuring and numbering, which are the chief processes employed in the exact sciences.

P. 48. *Hopper.* A trough through which the grain, or other substance to be ground, passed into a mill; so called because it used formerly to have a hopping or shaking motion.

*the Arabian Tale.* See the story of 'The Greek King and Douban the Physician' in the *Arabian Nights*.

*Old-Roman geese.* An alarm raised by the disturbed geese is said to have saved the Capitol from surprise when besieged by Brennus and the Gauls, 390 B. C.

## CHAPTER XI

P. 49. *not an Aggregate but a Whole.* That is to say that it is not put together mechanically, but grows like a living organism. The difference is as between a building and a tree. Given a certain quantity of bricks you may build a palace or a workhouse; the

parts can be taken to pieces and rebuilt at pleasure, in another form. But an acorn by the law of its being grows into an oak and nothing else. It is in this way that the parts of the universe are united.

*the Hebrew Psalmist. Ps. cxxxix. 8.*

P. 50. *the mystery of Force.* 'Force, Force, everywhere Force; we ourselves a mysterious Force in the centre of that.' "There is not a leaf rotting in the highway but has Force in it: how else could it rot?" Quoted in *Hero-Worship*, I.

*windows.* Quoted again in the same section of *Hero-Worship*. The objects are symbols which reveal the infinite reality beyond.

P. 51. *strictly taken, is not there at all.* 'Now nobody ever believed that external objects had no reality; the only possible doubt is as to whether they have any reality independent of mind.' G. H. Lewes, *Hist. of Philos.* ii. 564. In other words, as Kant says, objects can exist only for a conscious subject.

*Imagination* is here represented as the faculty which weaves garments for the higher spiritual realities discerned by Reason (cf. note to p. 36). These garments are the symbols by which we shall recognize them, whether they be resemblances, though imperfect, of the realities, or merely conventional signs which suggest their presence. 'The poet's imagination *bodies forth* the forms of things unseen, his pen turns them to *shape*.' Goethe (*Misc.* i. 212).

*fluid and . . . solid-grown.* Metaphors may be divided into two classes, the living and the dead, which correspond to Carlyle's distinction between fluid and solid-grown. The former are those which retain some trace of their original meaning in their transformed use, the latter those in which it has completely disappeared. Between these two classes lies a transitional class of those which are passing from the living to the dead stage, in which the original sense lies dormant or may be revived at will. See *The King's English*, p. 201.

P. 52. *the Heavens and the Earth.* Ps. cii. 25. See also Heb. i. 10.

P. 53. *Man is properly.* The allusion is to *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, Book II, chap. iv (vol. i, p. 85, in Carlyle's Translation). But Pope said it before Goethe. 'The proper study of mankind is man.' *Essay on Man*, ii, 2. Anticipated also by Charron (1541-1603), *De la Sagesse*, i. 1.

P. 54. *sloughs of Despair.* Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. *Pisgah*, or Nebo, the mountain from which Moses surveyed the promised land. *Hebron*, the home and burial-place of the patriarchs.

P. 55. *Sibylline leaves.* Books offered for sale by the Cumæan Sibyl to Tarquin the Proud. They were originally nine in number, but on his refusal to purchase, the Sibyl destroyed three, and afterwards offered the remaining six at the same price. Upon a second

refusal she destroyed three more and again offered the remaining three at the original price, which was then paid. A Sibyl was a woman reputed to have special powers of prophecy or intercession: the generally accepted record gives ten such.

*P. P. Clerk of this Parish.* *Per procuratorem*, or by the hand of an agent. Carlyle had in mind a parody of Bishop Burnet's *History of his own Time*, written by Swift and Gay, and published among the Scriblerus papers under the title of *Memoirs of P. P. Clerk of this Parish*, in which the bishop's minuteness and self-importance are cleverly ridiculed.

*Limbo.* A term usually applied to the border-land of Hell, but used also of any similar region detached from the earth.

*P. 56. cursiv-schrift.* Running hand, i. e. one in which the letters are joined.

*that stupendous Arch, &c.* See *Par. Lost*, ii, 1024-30.

*Pontifex, or Pontiff.* Lit. 'bridge-builder'. An order of priests in ancient Rome was so designated, probably because the Pons Sublicius, built by King Ancus, was committed to their charge. Wooden materials only were used in its construction, and it was held a sacred duty to maintain it in its original state.

## BOOK II. CHAPTER I

*P. 57. Entepfuhl.* Duck-pond, the counterpart of Carlyle's birthplace, Ecclefechan.

*Andreas Futteral and his wife.* There does not seem to be much resemblance to Carlyle's father in Andreas; the wife has much more in common with his mother.

*Cincinnatus-like.* Cincinnatus, when called by his countrymen to the Dictatorship (458 B.C.) for the purpose of repelling the Aequians, was found by the messengers digging on his farm beyond the Tiber.

*Rosbach.* Frederick defeated the French and allied troops at Rosbach on November 5, 1757, during the Seven Years' War, thereby confirming himself in the possession of Silesia, a territory which he had violently seized from Maria Theresa. At Kunersdorf during the same war he was defeated by the Russians and Austrians on August 12, 1759.

*P. 58. Desdemona.* See *Othello*, Act I, sc. iii:

'She loved me for the dangers I had passed,  
And I loved her that she did pity them.'

*Cicero and Cid.* Typical names for scholar and hero. The Cid, or Master, Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar (1040-99) is the chief national hero of Spain, and famous for his exploits against the Moors.

*Büsching,* Anton Friedrich (1724-93). A noted German geographer.

*Hochkirch.* Frederick was defeated by the Austrians at Hochkirch on October 14, 1758. A 'camisade' was a surprise at night or daybreak, so called because the soldiers wore shirts over their armour to distinguish their friends.

*Bauergut.* Not so much Copyhold, which signifies a peculiar form of tenure, as Small Holding, or Peasant Proprietorship.

*Libra.* The sun enters Libra at the autumnal equinox.

P. 59. *Pitt Diamond.* Came originally from India, was purchased by Thomas Pitt, grandfather of Lord Chatham, and was sold by him in 1717 to the Regent d'Orléans for about £115,000.

*Hapsburg.* The reigning Imperial family of Austria.

*Friedrichs.* Gold coins, so called after the analogy of the Louis d'Or.

P. 60. *Diogenes Teufelsdrückh.* God-born Devils-dung. A whimsical title which would be intolerable but for the wrapping of a foreign language.

P. 61. *Time-Spirit.* Known in English writers also as Zeitgeist, the stream of tendency which characterizes a particular period.

*Walter Shandy.* Father of Tristram Shandy. See *Tristram Shandy*, Book I, chap. xix.

## CHAPTER II

P. 64. *old Arnauld*, Antoine (1612-94). A French theologian of eminence and supporter of the Jansenists. It was during the heat of a controversy with Malebranche, when his colleague, Nicole, expressed a desire for repose from strife and argument, that he made use of the words here attributed to him.

*Nepenthe.* A magic drug, mentioned by Homer and other ancient writers, which induced forgetfulness of pain or sorrow.

*Pyrrhus* (318-272 B. c.), King of Epirus, one of the great generals of antiquity; he proved the inferiority of the Macedonian phalanx to the Roman order of battle at Beneventum in 275 B. c.

*Alexander*, the Great (356-323 B. c.), King of Macedon, and conqueror of the East.

*Donau.* Danube.

*Linden.* Lime-tree.

*Agora.* A generic term for the market-places of Greek towns, used more especially for that of Athens.

*Campus Martius.* An open space in ancient Rome lying between the City and the Tiber, used for athletic exercises of all kinds.

P. 65. *pen-gun.* A pop-gun formed from the barrel of a quill.

*little picture.* This is usually regarded as a personal reminiscence, drawn from Carlyle's own memory of his childhood.

P. 66. *Helvetius*, Claude Adrien (1715-71). A French philosopher

and moralist. He was one of the originators of the 'greatest happiness' principle and derived all virtue from self-interest. He further believed in the natural equality of intelligences, and the all-importance of education as the instrument which distinguished one from another. Inequalities were due to the unequal desire for instruction, which could be cultivated through passions of which all men of averagely good organization are susceptible.

*double-barrelled Game-preserver.* A favourite description with Carlyle of the non-working land-owner of his day. 'An idle, game-preserving and even Corn-Lawing Aristocracy.' *Past and Present*, 129.

P. 68. *Schiller's Wilhelm Tell.* From Tell's soliloquy, Act iv, sc. iii, spoken as he awaits the passing of the Austrian tyrant, Gessler, whom he has determined to kill.

P. 69. *Ormuz.* An ancient town of Persia, situated at the entrance to the Persian Gulf.

*heuriger.* Lit. of the current year.

*Prospero's Island.* See Shakespeare's *Tempest*.

*the ring of Necessity.* An indication of the burden which weighed so heavily upon Carlyle during his student days, and which he finally cast from him in Leith Walk, Edinburgh, in June 1821, as described in Chapter VII, 'The Everlasting No', with the substitution of Teufelsdröckh and the Rue Saint-Thomas de l'Enfer. In the world of sense and phenomena, the natural world, man is governed by the law of mechanical necessity. It is only when he mounts into the higher region of Reason and Idea that he is able to assert his freedom.

P. 70. *Would . . . Should . . . Shall.* Pleasure, that is to say, is as a mere nothing compared to Duty, and not very much when weighed in the scale against compulsion. What a man would like to do is of no consequence compared with what he ought to do, and of very little compared with what he is obliged to do.

## CHAPTER III

P. 71. *his aspect is rather generic.* He has not yet begun to separate himself from his class.

P. 72. *Hindoo character.* The Hindoos are mostly of the Brahman religion, which ranks meditation and the contemplative life as the highest good.

*'Passivity.'* So Carlyle says of Novalis, 'His chief fault, again, figures itself to us as a certain undue softness, a want of rapid energy; something which we might term *passiveness* extending both over his mind and his character.' *Novalis* (*Misc.* ii, p. 227).

*Gymnasium.* In Germany the higher form of public or secondary

school where classics and literature are taught, as distinguished from the Realschule, or Technical School.

P. 73. *Joshua forded Jordan.* Joshua iii.

*Caesar . . . swam the Nile.* The incident is said to have occurred in 46 B. C., when Caesar, landing at Alexandria in pursuit of Pompey after the battle of Pharsalia, interfered in the dispute between Ptolemy and Cleopatra over the affairs of Egypt.

*Tiber, Eurotas or Siloa.* Streams connected with Rome, Sparta, and Jerusalem.

*the Euphrates and the Ganges.* The chief rivers of Asia Minor and India.

*six-thousand years.* The time is short; but Teufelsdröckh seems to be adopting the Biblical chronology.

*Hinterschlag.* Lit. 'strike-behind'; representative of the school at Annan. Carlyle describes his introduction to the latter in almost the same terms, *Reminiscences*, i. 58.

P. 74. *succeeded ill in battle.* Carlyle tells us that in his own case his mother, mistakenly as he thought afterwards, had exacted from him a promise not to fight; and that his position was thereby rendered so intolerable that he was forced in desperation to take back his pledge.

P. 77. *Henry the Fowler (876-936).* Son of Otto, Duke of Saxony; King of Germany, and Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. He gained a great victory over the Hungarians, thus stopping their advance into Germany, in 933.

*University.* Resemblances to Edinburgh University may be traced.

P. 78. *Capabilities.* The 'capabilities' would be developed rather than super-added; cf. *The Nigger Question* (*Misc.* vii. 87). 'The idle black man had, not long since, the right . . . to be compelled to work as he was fit, and to do the Maker's will, who had constructed him with such and such capabilities, and prefigUREMENTS of capability.'

*so questionable an aspect.* *Hamlet*, Act i, Sc. iv, 'Thou comest in such a questionable shape,' i. e. capable of being questioned.

*the Nameless*, sc. University.

P. 79. *When the blind lead the blind.* Matt. xv. 14.

*Crim Tartary.* Another name for the Crimea.

P. 80. *undershot wheel.* A water-wheel with float-boards disposed on its circumference, and turned by water directed on to the float-boards at a point below the centre of the wheel.

P. 81. *a Rational University.* Rationalism is a revolt against the dogmatic in religion and philosophy. It begins again at the beginning, brings everything to the test of common-sense, and requires

logical proofs. In the Progress of the Species man outgrows the old faiths, exchanges prejudice for free inquiry, and rejects authority, such as that of the scholastic formulas of the Dark Ages. The danger of such a procedure is that Understanding or Intelligence, the faculty which deals with 'practical and material knowledge', is apt to usurp the function of Reason, which discerns Truth itself in the sphere of Ideas. 'Should Understanding attempt to prove the existence of God, it ends, if thorough-going and consistent with itself, in Atheism, or a faint possible Theism, which scarcely differs from this; should it speculate of Virtue, it ends in *Utility*, making Prudence and a sufficiently cunning love of Self the highest good.' *State of German Literature* (Misc. i. 70).

*systole . . . diastole.* The alternate movements of contraction and dilatation which together constitute the rhythmic pulsation of the heart.

*Salamanca University.* In 1486 a council of scholars was held at Salamanca to consider the projects of Columbus, which had been referred to them by the king. They decided against them; but it is by no means certain that the University, as such, was responsible.

*Sybaris.* A city of Southern Italy, colonized by the Achaeans about 720 B.C., and famous for its wealth and luxury.

*Castle of Indolence.* The title of a poem by James Thomson, published in 1748.

P. 82. *the chaos of that Library.* The records of the University Library of Edinburgh show that Carlyle himself, though a diligent and rapid reader, did not make any special call for out-of-the-way books. He was more interested in books of action and travel than in pure literature or philosophy.

*fever-paroxysms of Doubt.* The particulars here given of Teufelsdröckh's state of mind, leading up to the episode of the Rue Saint-Thomas de l'Enfer, may be taken as substantially true of Carlyle and the years preceding the 'conversion' of Leith Walk, Edinburgh. He made no other contemporary record, and when, late in life, he wished to recall his experiences of that time, he drew freely upon the pages of *Sartor* to explain his condition.

*Evidences of religious Faith.* These he came later to regard as superfluous, the existence of God and Virtue being self-evident truths apprehended by the Reason, and, as such, more certain than the facts of experience.

*healing under its wings.* Cf. Mal. iv. 2.

P. 84. *Frisch zu!* 'Fall to!'

*a kind of Stomach.* A common reproach of Carlyle's against the Utilitarian creed because it aimed at material good, and made a balance of pain and pleasure the only criterion of moral conduct.



## CHAPTER IV

P. 85. *Daymoth*. The May-fly or Ephemera is probably meant, so called because its existence in the perfect state is often limited to a single day.

*Scottish Brassmith*. James Watt (1736-1819) is usually recognized as the inventor of the steam-engine. He was born at Greenock.

P. 86. *Industrialism*. The relation of Feudalism to Industrialism is fully discussed in *Past and Present*. 'The Leaders of Industry, if Industry is ever to be led, are virtually the Captains of the World; if there be no nobleness in them, there will never be an Aristocracy more' (p. 232).

*Environment*. This word, according to Sterling, was an invention of Carlyle's, and he calls it 'positively barbarous'. *Life of Sterling*, p. 97.

P. 87. *gin-horse*. A horse used for working a gin, a kind of machine used in mines for raising ore.

*Ancient Pistol*. *Merry Wives*, Act II, Sc. ii.

P. 88. *Monodrama*. A dramatic piece performed by a single player.

*Examen Rigorosum*. The final examination. An Auscultator in those days in Prussia was a student who had passed his first examination in a college of judges: and an assessorship was an assistant judgeship.

P. 90. *faculty of Translation*. Carlyle himself had done a good many translations, including Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, and selections from Musaeus, Tieck, and Richter.

'*Herr Teufelsdröckh wird*,' &c. 'Herr Teufelsdröckh is most cordially invited by the Countess to an Aesthetic Tea on Thursday.'

P. 91. *rede*. 'Interpret,'

*but for Evil there were no Good*. An obvious but by no means certain antithesis. 'Thus Evil, what we call Evil, must ever exist while man exists. Evil in the widest sense we can give it, is precisely the dark, disordered materia lout of which man's Freewill has to create an edifice of order and Good.' *Characteristics* (Misc. iv. 25.)

P. 92. *Saturn*. The Greek Kronos, father and predecessor of Zeus; later identified with Chronos or Time. He had the habit of eating his children; but Zeus was concealed after birth and brought up by certain nymphs.

*Holy Alliance*. A League formed by the Emperors of Russia and Austria and the King of Prussia after the fall of Napoleon for the better preservation of their dynasties, under guise of a profession of Christian brotherhood.

P. 93. *our Whole Duty*. The notion of Duty as work or move-



ment is strongly emphasized by Fichte. Duty, he says, is self-realization in action. So far as the Self is limited by the not-Self it is not free; but it is of the essence of the Self to be free, and the aim of conscious existence is therefore the assimilation of the not-Self by the Self. This is 'Duty', which becomes therefore not so much an obligation imposed from without as an impulse from within, which continually exhausts itself in action.

*To eat into itself.* *Hudibras*, Part I, Canto i, 358.

*The mystery of a Person.* "There is but one Temple in the Universe," says the devout Novalis, "and that is the Body of Man. Nothing is holier than that high form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this Revelation in the Flesh. We touch Heaven when we lay our hand on a human body." *Hero-Worship*, I.

P. 94. *torpedo*. A kind of fish, the electric ray, which has the faculty of administering a shock to any one who touches it. Carlyle admits that at this period of his life he took refuge in sarcasm from what he considered impertinent curiosity.

P. 95. *Hic jacet*. 'Here lies Philip Zaehdarm, surnamed the Great, Count of Zaehdarm, Member of the Imperial Council, Knight of the Golden Fleece, the Anklet and the Black Vulture. Who, while he lived beneath the moon, slaughtered with lead five thousand partridges: openly reduced to dung, not without disturbance in its course, by the agency of himself and his servants, two-legged and four-legged, ten thousand million pounds of various food. Now he rests from his labour, and his works follow him. If you ask for his monument, regard the dunghill. He passed his first day on earth [date]; his last [date].' The Anklet and the Black Vulture seem to be base representations of the Garter and the Black Eagle, while the reference to a monument is a parody of the inscription to Wren in St. Paul's Cathedral, '*Si monumentum requiris circumspice*.'

## CHAPTER V

P. 96. *herring-busses*. Dutch, haring-buis. Vessels used in the herring fishery.

*Calypso-Island*. Calypso was a nymph who lived on the island of Ogygia, where she detained Ulysses for seven years. 'People's ineffable carelessness,' says Ruskin, 'usually mixes up the gentle, industrious, kind Calypso with the enchantress Circe.'

*Anthropomorphism*. Generally used of the ascription of human attributes to beings not human: here the 'orthodox' meaning intended seems to be the recognition of a common humanity in others.

*Negative and Positive*. In magnetized pieces of iron the unlike poles attract and the like repel one another.

*indifferent to us*. 'Hatred itself is but an inverse love. The

philosopher's wife complained to the philosopher that certain two-legged animals without feathers spake evil of him, spitefully criticized his goings out and comings in; wherein she, too, failed not of her share: "Light of my life," answered the philosopher, "it is their love of us, unknown to themselves, and taking a foolish shape; thank them for it, and do thou love them more wisely. Were we mere steam-engines working here under this roof-tree, they would scorn to speak of us once in a twelvemonth." *Goethe's Works* (Misc. iv. 135).

P. 97. *a reverberating furnace* is one in which the fuel is not brought into direct contact with the ore or other material, but the heat is deflected from a roof or covering on to the object to be dealt with.

*Jacob's-ladder.* Gen. xxviii.

P. 98. *not wisely but too well.* *Othello*, Act v, Sc. ii.

*Congreve*, Sir William (1772-1828). An engineer who invented the rocket named after him.

*grand-climacteric.* The climacterics are critical periods at which it was supposed a man's constitution underwent some mysterious change. They were fixed at the end of the third, fifth, seventh, and ninth periods of seven years of his life. The last of these was called the 'grand-climacteric'.

*St. Martin's Summer.* St. Martin was a bishop of Tours about the year 371. His festival, Martinmas, is kept on November 11, and the name of St. Martin's Summer is given to the bright and sunny days, more common abroad than in England, that sometimes occur about that time of the year.

P. 99. *Petrarchan.* Petrarch (1304-1374), a famous Italian poet, and lover of Laura, in whose honour he composed many odes and sonnets.

*Werterean.* Werther was the hero of a sentimental novel by Goethe, written in the form of letters, and published in 1774. It was a typical example of the earlier and less-restrained romantic school, and fixed the type of Byronic hero.

*Blumine.* Her original, in so far as she had one, was Margaret Gordon (see Introduction). 'To me who had only known her for a few months, and who within twelve or fifteen months saw the last of her, she continued for perhaps some three years a figure hanging more or less in my fancy on the usual romantic, or latterly quite elegiac and silent terms, and to this day there is in me a goodwill to her, a candid and gentle pity if needed at all.' *Reminiscences*, i. 139.

*Relatio ex Actis.* 'A report.'

P. 100. *Ammon's Temple.* Ammon was the supreme Egyptian deity, and his temple and oracle were situated on an oasis in the Libyan desert near Memphis. He was later identified by the Romans with Jupiter under the title of Jupiter Ammon.

*ahnungsvoll*. Other editions read *ahndungsvoll*, which may well be what Carlyle wrote, since the two words are often confused. The former means 'full of foreboding', the latter 'full of revenge'.

P. 101. *Sea swelling*. Under the influence of the moon, the attraction of which is the cause of the tides.

P. 102. '*Philistine*.' In Germany the term was originally applied to a person without a University education, hence without culture generally. Matthew Arnold had not as yet made the word his own.

P. 103. *Love . . . a Delirium*. Some forms of madness were held in high esteem among the ancients. 'There is also,' says Socrates, 'a madness which is the special gift of heaven and the source of the chiefest blessings among men.' And he goes on to show that prophecy, poetry, and the art of purification are all forms of madness; here the sane man is nowhere at all when he enters into rivalry with the madman. But the highest form of madness is love, and 'the madness of love is the greatest of heaven's blessings'. Plato, *Phaedrus*, 244-5.

*Archimedes-lever*. Archimedes (287-212 B. C.) was born and lived in Syracuse; he was famous for his application of geometry to mechanics, and the invention of the water-screw and the lever. 'Give me where to stand and I will move the world,' is a saying attributed to him.

P. 104. *Pyrrhus*. 'But when we have conquered all,' said Cineas, 'what are we to do then?' 'Why then, my friend,' said Pyrrhus laughing, 'we will take our ease and drink and be merry.' Cineas having brought him thus far replied, 'And what hinders us from drinking and taking our ease now, when we have already those things in our hands at which we propose to arrive through seas of blood?' Plutarch's *Life of Pyrrhus*.

*Memnon's Statue*. Memnon was the son of Tithonus and Eos, or the Dawn. He is mentioned in Homer as the King of the Ethiopians. The Greeks gave his name to a colossal statue at Thebes in Egypt, which was supposed to give forth a musical sound when the rays of the sun first touched it.

P. 105. *brass-bound Gig*. Carlyle had been much struck by the reply given by a witness at the trial of Thurtell, the notorious murderer, when questioned as to his respectability. 'He kept a gig,' was the answer. Thenceforward 'gigmanity' came into use with him as a contemptuous equivalent for conventional respectability.

*Montgolfier*. Two French brothers of this name invented a form of air balloon in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

## CHAPTER VI

P. 107. *Calenture*. A kind of delirium brought on by heat, specially in the tropics and on ship-board, in which the patient sees visions of unreal scenes.

P. 108. *Satanic School*. Lurid and passionate writers, of whom Byron is given as a typical example.

'made like unto a wheel.' Cf. Ps. lxxxiii. 13.

P. 109. *Primitive*. So-called because they were supposed to be 'the most ancient mineral productions of the globe'; in which the fossil remains, if any, have become so defaced as to be indistinguishable.

'Whoso can look on Death.' The line which Carlyle had in mind, though he slightly misinterprets the meaning, is quoted by Plutarch in the *Consolatio ad Apollonium*, § 10, ἄδην δ' ἔχων βοηθόν, οὐ πρόμω σκιάς. The whole treatise is an elaborate attempt to console his friend for the loss of his son. 'It is a great thing,' he says, 'to be able to say with confidence, Who then is a slave but he who takes no thought of death? "But with Hades for my support I start at no shadows."'

P. 111. *Jenner*, Edward (1749-1823). The inventor of vaccination.

*Basilisk-glance*. The Basilisk was a fabulous animal whose breath and look were supposed to be fatal. The Barouche here passes for the basilisk.

*Hadjee*. The title given to a Mussulman who has performed his Hadj, or pilgrimage to Mecca.

P. 112. *Fortunatus*. A legendary hero of folk-lore, who received from Fortune a purse which could never be emptied, and subsequently took from a Sultan's treasure a hat which had the property of conveying the wearer to any spot where he wished to be. He was thus enabled to indulge all his fancies. The first known account of him was published at Augsburg in 1509. For the wishing-carpet, see *Arabian Nights*.

*Mahmoud*, the Second (1785-1839). It was during his sultanate that the independence of Greece was secured by the battle of Navarino.

*Napoleon*, the First.

P. 113. *Enchiridion*. Lit. a hand-book or manual. Epictetus was a Stoic philosopher and native of Hierapolis in Phrygia. He became a Roman freedman, and taught philosophy in Rome towards the close of the first century A. D.

*The end of Man*. This is rather a favourite quotation with Carlyle, but his memory is again at fault. In his diary he attributes it to Aristotle. Aristotle, however, never said as much, nor does

the idea correspond with his thought. The passage from which Carlyle is quoting is to be found in *Ethics*, iii, 6, where Aristotle does indeed say that 'the end is not knowledge but action'. But he is speaking of the end, not of man but of political science. Cf. *Characteristics*, Misc. iv. 22.

'rugged all-nourishing Earth.' From the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, l. 391.

*Estrapades* and . . . *Malzleins*. 'Riding-schools and brew-houses.'

## CHAPTER VII

P. 116. *To such readers . . . loss of everything.* In this long and rather involved sentence we get at the root of the matter. If God is lost, and morality means something more than the pursuit of pleasure and the satisfaction of natural desires, where is man to look for a guide, and on what is he to base his rule of conduct?

*Profit-and-Loss Philosophy.* The utilitarian (see Introduction) feels no such need. The term 'moral', in its ordinary acceptation, has for him no significance. If a man is deliberating between two lines of conduct, the only question he will ask himself is, 'Which will make for the greatest happiness of the greatest number?' And this criterion itself is based on the experimental truth that, as a member of society, by aiming at the greatest happiness of the greatest number he will be most likely to secure his own.

*an absentee God.* A favourite conception of Goethe's. 'This whole current hypothesis of the Universe being "a Machine", and then of an Architect, who constructed it, sitting as it were apart, and guiding it and seeing it go,—may turn out an inanity and nonentity; not much longer tenable . . . "Think ye," says Goethe, "that God made the Universe, and then let it run round his finger?"' *Diderot*, Misc. v. 50.

*Duty.* Unlike the utilitarian Carlyle believed in an absolute standard of right and wrong, independent of consequences. Duty was for him the law of his being, external in so far as it was imposed by God, internal in so far as it was recognized as of necessary validity by man himself. Duty is, in fact, conformity to the will of God. This is the vital fact which gave value to the teaching of Mahomet. 'In one form or other, I say it is still the one thing worthy of being believed by all men. Man does hereby become the high-priest of this Temple of a World. He is in harmony with the decrees of the Author of this World; co-operating with them, not vainly withstanding them: I know, to this day, no better definition of Duty than that same.' *Hero-Worship*, II.

*Desire and Fear.* Anticipation of rewards and punishments here or hereafter.

*Dr. James Graham* (1745-94) was a fashionable quack doctor. He established a magnificent Temple of Health in London, charged

high fees and attracted the notice of Horace Walpole. To sleep on the Celestial Bed was a cure for sterility, for which the price demanded was £50. He died mad.

'chief of sinners.' 1 Tim. i. 15.

*Nero.* Fourth Emperor of Rome (A.D. 37-68). He is said to have fiddled while Rome was burning, and was suspected of having caused the conflagration, of which he in his turn accused the Christians.

*Prometheus.* In Greek mythology a benevolent Titan, who endowed mankind with the gift of fire, which he stole from heaven. For this offence Zeus ordered him to be chained to a rock and tormented by a vulture, which preyed upon his liver. He was delivered by Hercules; see the tragedy of Aeschylus.

P. 117. *Pillar of Cloud.* Exod. xiii. 21.

*Louis Quinze* (1710-74). King of France. He reigned for nearly sixty years, and the beginning of his reign is taken as being more or less coincident with the rise of rationalism.

*Lubberland.* An imaginary home of luxury and idleness.

P. 118. *His heaven-written Law.* Though the external sanction of duty was gone, yet the internal remained, in the voice of conscience, which was not silenced. The distinction between right and wrong survived even the loss of God.

*English Milton.* 'To be weak is miserable,

Doing or suffering.' P. L. i. 157.

*Self-consciousness* is only possible in the presence and by the limitation of something other than self. It realizes itself by activity and resistance.

'*Know thyself.*' The well-known maxim of Solon. '*Know thyself*, value thyself is a moralist's commandment (which I only half approve of); but *know others*, value others, is the best of Nature herself. Or again, *Work while it is called To-day*: is not that also the irreversible law of being for mortal man?' Count Cagliostro (*Misc.* v. 65).

P. 119. *Faust* was tempted rather than tormented, since the spirit which accompanied him was of his own raising; and he went with it of his own free will. 'Did we force ourselves on thee, or thou thyself on us?' says Mephistopheles.

*the very Devil.* Carlyle's belief in the Devil was no less strong than his belief in God. There can be no good, he says, without evil, and equally there can be no God without a Devil.

*immeasurable Steam-engine.* The metaphor of the steam-engine as the type of a mechanical universe occurs constantly, usually in conjunction with the Profit-and-loss theory of ethics; as for instance, where, contrasting Mahomet's and Bentham's views of Right and Wrong, he speaks of 'Benthamee Utility, virtue by Profit and Loss; reducing this God's World to a dead brute Steam-engine, the infinite,

celestial Soul of Man to a kind of Hay-balance for weighing hay and thistles on, pleasures and pains on'. *Hero-Worship*, II.

*Mill of Death.* Carlyle borrowed this phrase from Novalis's *Die Lehrlinge zu Sais*.

P. 120. *Faust's Deathsong.* 'Oh! happy the man around whose brows he (Death) wreathes the bloody laurel in the glitter of victory—whom, after the maddening dance, he finds in a maiden's arms.' Translated by A. Hayward. This is in no sense a deathsong, and occurs quite early in the poem; before Faust has even gone out to see the world. It is rather a suggestion, in reply to Mephistopheles, of situations in which death would be a welcome guest. Carlyle misquotes and misapplies the passage.

*Destiny itself.* This thought is repeated as a quotation in Carlyle's account of Dante. *Hero-Worship*, IV.

*one sultry Dogday.* The date of the incident, as it happened to Carlyle himself, was June 22, 1821, and the place Leith Walk, Edinburgh (see Introduction). The victory here begun was completed during the quiet year spent at Hoddam Hill in 1825-6. The effect on him was immediate and decisive. It was in fact, as he himself calls it, his 'conversion'. 'I understood well what the old Christian people meant by "*conversion*", by God's infinite mercy to them. I had, in effect, gained an immense victory, and for a number of years had, in spite of nerves and chagrins, a constant inward happiness that was quite royal and supreme, in which all temporal evil was transient and insignificant, and which remains essentially with me still, though far oftener *eclipsed* and lying deeper down than then.' *Reminiscences*, i. 288.

P. 121. *Nebuchadnezzar's Furnace.* Dan. iii.

*pip* = peep, to chirp like a bird.

*there rushed like a stream of fire.* This was a purely personal inspiration, a mystical communion with God, and felt so to be by Carlyle as surely as by any Hebrew Prophet of old. 'It dominated his life and conduct; it is the adequate explanation—or the nearest approach to an adequate explanation now possible—of his glorious inconsistencies in religion, politics, ethics, and economics.' Professor Wallace.

*Spiritual New-birth.* Cf. John iii.

*Baphometic Fire-baptism.* What Carlyle intended by this phrase has always been regarded as uncertain. His earliest critics treated it as a deliberate attempt at mystification, and were angry accordingly. Baphomet is the name given to an imaginary symbol, which the Templars, who were in the popular imagination supposed to be devoted to some secret or mysterious form of Devil-worship, were accused of venerating. The meaning of the term has been variously given as a 'baptism of wisdom' (from the Greek), a corruption of the name of Mahomet, with whose followers the Templars



were brought into close contact in the East, or even a combination of the names of Pope and Mahomet (an ingenious suggestion of De Quincey's); though all such conjectures are usually put aside as valueless. Be that as it may, the source from which Carlyle derived his idea seems to be in little doubt. In the year 1828 he had published a criticism of the *Life and Writings of Werner* (*Misc. i. p. 74*), and to illustrate it he had translated, among other things, some passages from Werner's curious dramatic poem, 'The Templars in Cyprus.' Here in Act I, Sc. ii (p. 85), we find described, in an elaborate scene of much symbolic and imaginative force, the actual Fire-baptism of a certain Baffomettus, or as he is otherwise called, the Fallen Master. This Baffomettus had received from the Lord a command to complete his Temple, but had diverted the precious materials that had been given him for the purpose to his own uses. So when the Lord came and found his Temple still unfinished he first gave Baffomettus further time, but afterwards being three times deceived 'came down in wrath', and taking the gold which was the price for which Baffomettus had sold the stones, he put it in a melting-pot which he set upon the Sun, and with the molten gold anointed Baffomettus on the brow, and heart, and put a crown upon his head and a cross upon his neck, and set two Deaths to guard him, the Death of Life and the Death of Hope. Baffomettus was thereupon turned into an image of horror and despair, and was left in a state of absolute passivity for four thousand years and four-and-forty moons, until 'the Saviour from over the water' should come to deliver him. Who Baffomettus was, who 'the Lord', who 'the Saviour from over the water' Carlyle professes himself unable to determine with accuracy, but it seems that we need look no further for the origin of the phrase. Nor is it quite clear what the exact analogy may be between Baffomettus and Teufelsdröckh (or Carlyle), unless it be that like the 'Fallen Master' he was reduced by the Baptism from a state of actual sin to a condition of passivity or Indifference, as he calls it, in which he was ready to receive the call of Redemption when it came.

## CHAPTER VIII

P. 122. *Ernulfus-cursings*. Ernulfus was bishop of Rochester, 1114-24. For his curse see *Tristram Shandy*, vol. iii, chap. xi. *method in their madness*. Cf. *Hamlet*, Act II, Sc. i. Nor-ME. The external world.

P. 123. *Cain and Tubalcain*. Cain was a husbandman, and Tubalcain, son of Lamech the Cainite, 'the master of those that work in brass and iron.' Gen. iv.

*Schönbrunn*. An Imperial castle three miles from Vienna, where important engagements were entered into between the



Emperors Napoleon and Francis. Downing Street, in Whitehall, is the centre of English government, as the Palais Bourbon, in Paris, now the Chamber of Deputies, of French.

*Armida's Palace.* An enchantress who figures in Tasso's poem of 'Jerusalem Delivered'. Her palace was a by-word of beauty and luxury.

*Books.* The idea of their importance is more freely developed in the lecture on the Hero as Man of Letters, *Hero-Worship*, V. 'All that mankind has done, thought, gained or been; it is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of Books. They are the chosen possession of men.'

P. 124. *outlast all marble and metal. Exegi monumentum cere perennius.* Hor. *Odes*, III. xxx. 1.

*Geeza . . . Sacchara.* The Pyramids, of Geeza or Gizeh belong to the fourth dynasty and date from about 4,000 B.C.; that of Sacchara, or the Step Pyramid, is still older, and is assigned to the fourth Pharaoh of the first dynasty.

*Luther's Version.* His complete translation of the Bible was first published in 1534, and is regarded as the foundation of the literary language of Germany.

*Wagram.* Nine miles from Vienna. The French defeated the Austrians here on July 5-6, 1809, with a loss of about twenty-five thousand men on each side.

*Marchfeld.* A plain lying between the Danube and the March. Here in 1260 Ottokar, King of Bohemia, defeated Bela, King of Hungary, to be himself defeated near the same place, eight years later, by Rudolf of Hapsburg. The site of this encounter is usually placed at Stillfried, a village on the plain.

P. 125. *Place of Skulls.* Golgotha. Matt. xxvii. 33.

P. 126. '*what devilry soever Kings do.*' Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achiivi." Hor. *Ep.* I. ii. 14.

*English Smollett.* Tobias George Smollett (1721-71), novelist and historian. The incident of the Brimstone is found in *The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom*, chap. xli.

P. 127. *Hadrian.* Roman Emperor, nephew and successor of Trajan (A.D. 76-138). He spent the last eighteen years of his reign in almost ceaseless travel, and said that an emperor should be like the sun and visit every part of his dominions.

*Vauchuse.* A village eighteen miles east of Avignon; celebrated for a fountain, and as the dwelling-place of Petrarch.

*Tadmor,* otherwise known as Palmyra; a city on an oasis of the Syrian desert, famous for its revolt from Roman rule under Zenobia, who was defeated and taken captive by Aurelian, A.D. 272.

*Babylon.* A city on the Euphrates, and centre of the Babylonish Empire.

*Wall of China.* Built about 214-204 B. C. as a defence against northern enemies. It is about 1,500 miles in length.

*Berlin-and-Milan Customhouse-Officers.* Foiled in his other attempts to strike a vital blow at England, Napoleon attempted to boycott her trade, and so obsequious were the Continental Monarchs that they were not ashamed to try to enforce the prohibition. Taking their name from the towns in which they were issued, Napoleon's regulations were called the Berlin-and-Milan decrees; and it was the refusal of the Czar to join in the conspiracy that led to the Russian invasion of 1812, and the subsequent downfall of Napoleon.

*Great Men.* The text on which the discourses on Heroes and Hero-Worship were hung. 'As I take it, Universal History, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the History of the Great Men who have worked here.' *Hero-Worship*, I.

*Tree at Treisnitz.* Schiller's acquaintance with Goethe, which ripened into lasting friendship, began at Weimar in 1788, when Goethe was thirty-nine years old and Schiller ten years younger. The following year Schiller was appointed to a professorship at Jena, which is only a few miles from Weimar, and was then under the same government. Opportunities of meeting were therefore frequent, and one of Schiller's biographers records that 'at Treisnitz, a couple of English miles from Jena, Goethe and he might sometimes be observed sitting at table beneath the shade of a spreading tree; talking and looking at the current of passengers.' Quoted in his *Life of Schiller* (p. 108), by Carlyle, who adds that 'there are some who would have travelled fifty miles on foot to join the party'.

P. 128. *Pope Pius.* The seventh (1742-1823); became Pope in 1800 and consecrated Napoleon as Emperor in 1804. He suffered much for his opposition to French aggression.

*Emperor Tarakwang* (1781-1850). The son of a lax father, Chiach'ing, he ascended the throne in 1820, and proved himself a capable ruler. The '*White Water-roses*,' or White Lily sect, were in their origin a purely philanthropic institution, intended for the benefit of the sick and destitute; but more ambitious designs attracted their leaders, and they became involved in revolutionary movements. The *Carbonari*, or charcoal-burners, were a secret society formed in the kingdom of Naples during the reign of Murat, for the liberation of Italy from foreign rule.

*'Ideologist.'* One who lives in a world of ideas, a dreamer, not usually also an Ideopraxist, or one who carries them into action.

*La carrière, &c.* Repeated in the same connexion in the account of Napoleon as Hero. *Hero-Worship*, VI.

P. 129. *Hyperborean.* Dwelling in the region beyond the North Wind.

P. 130. *Hugo von Trimberg*. One of the earliest of the Meistersingers, who flourished about the year 1300. He was a prolific writer, and his best-known work, the *Renner*, survives. See *German Literature of the XIV and XV Centuries* (Misc. iii. 175).

*caput-mortuum*. A term used by the old chemists to denote the residuum of chemicals when all their volatile properties had escaped. Hence, anything from which the valuable qualities have been exhausted.

P. 131. *Boy Alexander*. Whenever news was brought of some victory of Philip's, he used to say to his companions, 'My father will go on conquering till there is nothing left for you and me to do.' Plutarch. But the story is usually given as in the text.

*Shinar*. A tract lying between the Euphrates and the Tigris down to the Persian Gulf. The Babylonians were noted for their skill in astronomy.

CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE. In a magnet the point, midway between the two extremes, at which the attractive force, gradually diminishing from either end, at length ceases altogether.

## CHAPTER IX

*the meaning of Life itself*. Is man as a moral agent subject to the necessary law of mechanical causation which he sees operating in the Universe around him, and which Carlyle himself admits cannot be interrupted by miraculous intervention? Undoubtedly not, says Carlyle. Man, too, has a law of his being, the law of God. But he has it in his power to defeat this law. 'The organism we are considering (man) is removed from slavish subjection to the necessary laws of nature through the fact of will, and through its dependence on the operation of this free-moving energy for knowing its own ends and regulating them. This removal out of the sphere of natural necessity necessarily carries with it the possibility of error. Herein lies the prime and supreme characteristic of this organic unity, man.' *Ethica, or the Ethics of Reason*, by 'Scotus Novanticus' (Prof. S. S. Laurie), p. 90.

*a warfare*. This is implied by the freedom. 'The word *must* denotes what is involved in or due to the law of a thing: when we transfer this notion to an object which has the power of deviating from its law, *must* becomes *ought*, *obligation* duty. *Ought* then is merely *must* moralized.' *Ibid.* p. 91.

*Promethean*. The meaning of the name Prometheus is Fore-thinker.

P. 132. *the Tempter*. Matt. iv.

P. 133. *Apaga Satana*. 'Get thee hence, Satan.' Matt. iv. 10.  
*chiaroscuro*. The general distribution of light and shade as seen in any picture or object.

*The hot Harmattan wind*, sc. of unbelief. Cf. the Essay on Goethe. Describing the state of thought in Europe when Goethe first appeared, Carlyle writes, 'Whatever belonged to the finer nature of man had withered under the Harmattan breath of Doubt, or passed away in the conflagration of open Infidelity.' *Misc.* i. 187. The Harmattan is a hot and very dry land-wind blowing on the coast of Africa.

P. 134. *Annihilation of Self*. 'The true philosophical Act is annihilation of self (*Selbsttödtung*); this is the real beginning of all Philosophy; all requisites for being a Disciple of Philosophy point hither. This act alone corresponds to all the conditions and characteristics of transcendental conduct.' Quoted by Carlyle from Novalis; see *Novalis* (*Misc.* ii. 216).

P. 135. *why do I not name thee God?* There is no logical reason. Idealism leads naturally to some form of Pantheism, or the identification of Man and Nature with God. It was probably early association that kept Carlyle, like Browning's Critic, from making

the important stumble  
Of adding, he, the sage and humble,  
Was likewise one with the Creator.

*Christmas Eve.*

*wipe away all tears.* Rev. vii. 17.

P. 136. '*Sanctuary of Sorrow*.' The idea, like many others in this chapter, is borrowed from Goethe. The reference here is to the passage in the *Wanderjahre* (chap. x, p. 72), where the mysterious Three explain to Wilhelm the kind of education his son will receive with them. There are, he is told, but three religions worthy of the name: the first is called the Ethnic; 'it is the religion of the Nations, and the first happy deliverance from a degrading fear.' It is based on Reverence for what is Above us. The second is based on Reverence for what is Around us, and is called the Philosophical. The third and most sacred 'is grounded on Reverence for what is Under us: this we name the Christian; as in the Christian Religion such a temper is the most distinctly manifested: it is a last step to which mankind were fitted and destined to attain.' This is the Sanctuary of Sorrow. See also *Goethe* (*Misc.* i. 206).

*Divine Depth of Sorrow*. This last religion is not imparted immediately, nor to all. 'That veneration of the contradictory, the hated, the avoided, we give to each of our pupils, in small portions, by way of outfit, along with him into the world, merely that he may know where more is to be had, should such a want spring up within him.' They are too solemn, too sad, and too sacred to be rashly handled, those 'mysterious secrets, in which the divine depth of Sorrow lies hid.' *Wilhelm Meister's Travels*, p. 79.

*Origin of Evil*. Carlyle offered no solution except that it was necessary to the existence of good. Some moralists hold that it is

a phantasm, in which man is yet irresistibly compelled to believe for the sake of his moral training; others again, that it is a connecting link between unconscious innocence and conscious virtue, sin being an indispensable stage on the road to perfection. Most get no further than the pious aspiration of Tennyson that

yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill.

*Man's Unhappiness . . . comes of his Greatness.* This idea is borrowed from Pascal. 'Man is so great that his greatness appears even in the fact that he knows that he is miserable. A tree does not know that it is miserable. True is it that to know oneself miserable is misery, but it is also greatness.'

*Ophiuchus.* The man holding a serpent, one of the constellations. The allusion here seems to be to the serpent only.

P. 137. *the Wisest of our time.* Goethe. Prof. Vaughan has pointed out that Goethe and Carlyle understood Renunciation in two different senses; the former regarding it as a sacrifice of the lower element of his nature to the higher, the latter as a mere act of repression valuable in itself.

*Byron.* 'A gifted Byron rises in his wrath; and feeling too surely that he for his part is not "happy", declares the same in very violent language, as a piece of news that may be interesting. It evidently has surprised him much. One dislikes to see a man and poet reduced to proclaim on the streets such tidings: but on the whole, as matters go, that is not the most dislikable. Byron speaks the truth in this matter. Byron's large audience indicates how true it is felt to be.' *Past and Present*, p. 133.

*Goethe.* Yet Byron was but following in the wake of Goethe's earlier work, which was typical of the Romantic revival. 'For *Werter*, infusing itself into the core and whole spirit of Literature, gave birth to a race of Sentimentalists, who have raged and wailed in every part of the world; till better light dawned on them, or at worst exhausted Nature laid herself to sleep . . . Byron was our English Sentimentalist; the strongest of his kind in Europe; the wildest, the gloomiest, and it may be hoped the last.' Goethe, *Misc.* i. 189. But Goethe passed through the breakers and floated out into the calm sea. 'Once more,' says Carlyle, 'thank Heaven for its highest gift. I then felt, and still feel, endlessly indebted to Goethe in the business. He, in his fashion, I perceived, had travelled the steep rocky road before me, the first of the moderns.' *Reminiscences*, i. 238.

P. 138. *Zeno.* A Greek philosopher, and founder of the Stoic school at Athens; died about 264 B. C.

*thou canst love the Earth.* 'But what a task was it, not only to be patient with the Earth, and let it lie beneath us, we appealing to a higher birthplace; but also to recognize humility and poverty,

mockery and despite, disgrace and wretchedness, suffering and death, to recognize these things as divine; nay, even on sin and crime to look not as hindrances, but to honour and love them as furtherances of what is holy.' *Wilhelm Meister's Travels*, chap. x, p. 72.

a Greater than Zeno. Christ.

the Altar still there. 'We may say that the Christian Religion, having once appeared, cannot again vanish; having once assumed its divine shape, can be subject to no dissolution.' Goethe, *Wilhelm Meister's Travels*, chap. x; quoted by Carlyle in his *Goethe* (*Misc.* i. 206). This does not mean that Goethe or Carlyle accepted Christianity as generally understood. But, as the Colosseum for the churches of Rome, so Christianity served as a quarry from which they, and many others, drew the material for strengthening and adorning their systems.

P. 139. *Voltaire* (1694-1778). 'Goethe has been called the German Voltaire, but it is a name which does him wrong and describes him ill. . . . He is not a questioner and a despiser, but a teacher and a reverencer; not a destroyer, but a builder up; not a wit only, but a wise man.' Introduction to *German Romance* (*Misc.* i. 281). In his essay on *Voltaire* Carlyle admits the service he rendered to religion in giving 'the death-stab to modern superstition', while regretting that he 'intermeddled in religion without being himself in any measure religious'. *Misc.* ii. 171.

'Plenary Inspiration'. The doctrine that every statement made by the inspired writers, whether moral, historical or chronological, is true and authoritative.

One BIBLE. The Universe as the Vesture of God.

share of Happiness. See 'Pig-Philosophy,' in No. viii of the *Latter-Day Pamphlets*.

P. 140. *Wissenschaftslehre*. Rendered by Professor Adamson as 'Theory of Knowledge'.

*Applied Christianity*. In the sense that Fichte borrowed from Christianity much of what was valuable in his ethical teaching; he was in no sense a Christian. The suggestion comes from Novalis, *Fragments*.

*Experience*. All philosophies worthy of the name start from an analysis of experience. The chief distinction which divides one from another is whether it begins from without or from within, in other words, from objects as the cause of sense-impressions, or from mind as the recipient of them.

'Doubt of any sort.' *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, Book V, chap. xvi (Carlyle's Trans., vol. ii, p. 59). 'Ere long he must feel how true it is that doubt of any kind can be removed by nothing but activity.' And again, Book VII, p. 119: 'To be active, is the primary vocation of man.' See also Book VIII, chap. iii, p. 209:

'He (the Abbé) maintained that with man the first and last consideration was activity.'

'*Do the Duty.*' 'The safe plan is always to do the task that lies nearest us.' *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, Book VII, chap. i, p. 125.

*the Lothario.* The point is that Lothario had fancied that he would be capable in a different environment of higher achievement. 'In America,' he says, 'I fancied that I might accomplish something; over seas, I hoped to become useful and essential: if any task was not begirt with a thousand dangers, I considered it trivial, unworthy of me. How differently do matters now appear! How precious, how important seems the duty which is nearest me, whatever it may be! "I recollect the letter which you sent me from the Western world," said Jarno: "it contained the words: I will return, and in my house, amid my fields, among my people, I will say: *Here or nowhere is America!*"' *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, Book VII, chap. iii, vol. ii, p. 133.

P. 141. *Whatsoever thy hand.* Eccles. ix. 10.

## CHAPTER X

P. 142. *Ecce Homo.* 'Behold the man!' John xix. 5. The words with which Pilate brought forth Jesus to the Jews after He had been mocked by the soldiers, and applied generally to pictures of Him wearing the crown of thorns and purple robe.

*Choice of Hercules.* Between the Life of self-indulgence and the Life of Labour, or Pleasure and Virtue, usually represented by two women.

*Plato.* The famous Greek philosopher and depositary of the wisdom of Socrates, the most persistent of seekers after truth, was born in Aegina 429 B.C., and died at Athens, where he lived and taught, 347 B.C.

*Zinzendorf,* Nikolaus Ludwig, Count von (1700-60), a German religious reformer and reorganizer of the Moravian Church or United Brethren, instituted by John Huss.

*Wesleys.* John Wesley (1703-91), was the founder of the religious body called Methodists, and later Wesleyans. His brother Charles (1708-88) was the writer of many well-known hymns.

*Pietists.* Advocates of a more practical and, at the same time, emotional form of religion, on principles laid down by Spenser, a German Pastor (1635-1705).

*warping-mill.* An apparatus used in weaving.

*Papin,* Denis (1647-1712), a French physicist, and inventor of the digester which went by his name. It was a strong closed vessel in which bones and other substances would be subjected to a higher temperature than in an open caldron.



*Aaron's Rod.* Num. xvii.

*Fiat.* 'Let it be done!' *Fiat lux.* 'Let there be light!' The act of creation.

P. 143. *found my Calling.* Here we trace Carlyle's own gratitude for having at last found his vocation.

*mustard-seed.* Matt. xiii. 31.

*Palladium.* A wooden image of the goddess Pallas, or Minerva, on the preservation of which the safety of Troy was said to depend; hence any specially valued safe-guard.

*Solon . . . Lycurgus.* The original law-givers of Athens and Sparta respectively; the former is said to have lived from about 638-559 B. C.; the latter much earlier, in the ninth century B. C.

*Justinian's Pandects.* A collection of decisions or judgements in civil law, drawn from various sources, to which the Emperor Justinian (483-565) gave by his authority the force and certainty of law.

*Code Napoléon.* A code drawn up under the régime of Napoleon I for systematizing the French law, promulgated 1804-10, and still valid.

P. 144. *Catchpoles.* 'Sheriff's officers.'

P. 145. *Nose-of-Wax.* A person or thing easily bent, pliable, 'to be turned every way.'

*Hierograms, or Hieroglyphs, picture-writing, a name given originally to the Egyptian inscriptions, with the idea that they were all of a sacred or sacerdotal character.*

*Moral or Immoral.* Facts are, of course, neither the one nor the other; but it is not so very stupid to judge by them of the morality of the agent, even though, without a knowledge of all the circumstances, the test is not conclusive. *Teufelsdröckh* is carried rather too far by his contempt for conventional standards.

*Bungler.* A term borrowed from Fichte, 'On the Nature of the Literary Man.' A bungler is he who aims at the outward form and the letter of culture only, not at the spirit, or, as Fichte calls it, the 'Divine Idea'.

*Rousseau (1712-78).* The harbinger of the French Revolution, and one of Carlyle's Literary Heroes, see *Hero-Worship*, V. The meaning is that a half-educated student is apt not to penetrate through the superficial and baneful elements in such a writer to the valuable and permanent.

*Serpent-of-Eternity.* A common symbol in primitive societies. The serpent is usually represented with its tail in its mouth and consequently endless: also thus interpreted because it changes its skin and so becomes new every year.

P. 146. *ultimate bent.* Just as Carlyle's did with *Sartor*.



*Psyche*. The personification of the soul, and the beloved of Eros; her symbol was always a butterfly.  
*the Hell-gate Bridge*. See p. 56.

P. 147. *the decisive Oneness*. This 'Oneness' is the aim of nearly all philosophies; Teufelsdröckh found it in spirit, or what Fichte calls the 'Divine Idea of the World', 'the reality which lies at the bottom of all Appearance.' Cf. *Hero-Worship*, V.

### BOOK III. CHAPTER I

P. 149. *Platonic mysticism*. What is meant is the doctrine of Plato, that the true life of the soul is to be sought in the world of ideas, those general conceptions of which the particular impressions received through the senses are but imperfect copies. 'And thought is best when the mind is gathered into herself, and none of these things trouble her—neither sounds, nor sights, nor pain, nor any pleasure—when she has as little as possible to do with the body, and has no bodily sense or feeling, but is aspiring after true being,' *Phaedo*, 65. 'Like the Oriental or Christian mystic, the philosopher is seeking to withdraw from impurities of sense, to leave the world and the things of the world, and to find his higher self.' Jowett's Introduction to the 'Phaedo', *Dialogues of Plato*, i, 421, 2nd ed.

*Greek-fire*. A combustible invented by the Greeks of the Eastern Empire, which would burn on or under water; hence of the utmost value in naval warfare. Here used metaphorically of the Platonic philosophy.

*a return to the savage state*. For his reading of history Rousseau reconstructed a noble savage as his idea of the primitive man, living as an isolated unit, and endowed with natural rights, which he voluntarily surrendered in exchange for the political rights assured to him by the greater security of a society; see *Hero-Worship*, V.

P. 150. *Diet of Worms*. Held in 1512. Luther attended under a safe conduct from Charles V, and was summoned to retract his heresies, which he refused to do.

*Austerlitz*. December 2, 1805. The French under Napoleon defeated the combined Austrians and Russians under Kutusoff. Three emperors were present on the field, Napoleon, Francis, and Alexander I.

*Waterloo*. Napoleon was finally crushed by Wellington on June 18, 1815.

*Peterloo*. An ironical name given to a riot which took place at St. Peter's Field, Manchester, August 16, 1819. The crowd which had assembled in favour of reform was charged by the military, and many persons were killed and wounded. It is generally regarded as a regrettable incident.

*George Fox* (1624-91). The Founder of the Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and began to preach when he was about twenty-five years of age. His leather breeches are first mentioned by him in his journal under date 1651. Croese makes his whole suit of leather, and Sewel seems to corroborate this, denying, however, that it had any connexion with 'his former leather-work'.

*Cordwainery*. Cordwainers are workers in leather, so called from the town of Cordova in Spain, whence in the Middle Ages the finest leather came.

*Thirdborough*. A 'constable', or 'officer'.

*hundred*. A territorial division, origin of name uncertain. In old days each hundred had its courts of civil and criminal jurisdiction.

P. 151. *Ætna*. Ancient mythology taught that volcanoes were mountains piled upon rebellious and vanquished Titans, whose struggles and pantings occasioned the earthquakes and eruptions.

Only to Typho it sounds hatefully ;  
To Typho only the rebel o'erthrown,  
Through whose heart Etna drives her roots of stone  
To imbed them in the sea.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Empedocles on Etna*, act ii.

*Vatican*. The palace of the Pope in Rome.

*Loretto-shrine*. A small Italian town in the province of Ancona, famous for the Chiesa della Santa Casa, which contains the reputed house of the Virgin, said to have been miraculously conveyed thither from Nazareth by angels.

*Angelo*, Michelagnolo Buonarroti (1475-1564). The greatest name in the Italian Renaissance.

*Rosa*, Salvator (1615-73). A painter of the Neapolitan school, less highly thought of now than when Carlyle wrote.

P. 152. *elbows jerk*. Indicating the motion made by shoemakers in pulling the thread through.

*the Poor*. The words of Christ to the messengers sent by John the Baptist. Matt. xi. 5.

*D'Alembert*. Mathematician, philosopher, and writer (1717-83); joint editor with Diderot of the famous *Encyclopédie*, which became the organ of the most advanced and revolutionary opinions of the time.

*Diogenes* (412-323 B. C.). The cynic philosopher who lived in a tub, and asked Alexander the Great to stand out of his sunshine.

*exhibit fire-arms*. The Quakers were men of peace, for whom bloodshed was unlawful. *Exhibit* here used perhaps in the medical sense of 'to administer'.

*Æotian*. Bœotia was a department of Greece, notorious for the stupidity of its inhabitants.

P. 153. *Day and Martin*. Famous makers of blacking.  
*Gibeonites*. Hewers of wood and drawers of water.  
 Joshua ix. 23.

## CHAPTER II

*the shortest, and the least inspiring.*

P. 154. 'two or three are gathered together.' "When two or three are gathered together" in the name of the Highest, then first does the Highest, as it is written, "appear among them to bless them;" then first does an Altar and act of united Worship open a way from Earth to Heaven; whereon, were it but a simple Jacob's-Ladder, the heavenly Messengers will travel, with glad tidings and unspeakable gifts for men. Such is Society, the vital articulation of many individuals into a new collective individual.' *Characteristics* (Misc. i. 11). Society, in short, first becomes possible in a common act of worship, which first reveals the vital interdependence of man on man.

'cloven tongues of fire.' Acts ii. 3.

*that of Novalis* (1772-1801). German poet and mystic, whose real name was Friedrich Ludwig von Hardenberg. This saying is repeated in *Hero-Worship*, II, with reference to the gratitude which Mahomet must have felt when one person, his wife Kadijah, owned her belief in him.

P. 155. *Pericardial*. Surrounding the heart. The pericardium is a kind of membranous sac enclosing the heart.

*no longer Social, but Gregarious*. That is to say, uniting, not for mutual advantage, but simply from an animal instinct.

## CHAPTER III

P. 156. *Fantasy*. It would be unfair to press the psychology of a mystic too far: but by 'Fantasy', roughly and metaphorically speaking, he means the 'eye of the soul'. As the bodily eye perceives the outer appearance or vesture, so the eye of the soul penetrates through this to the inner meaning and reality—to the idea itself.

SILENCE. 'As for me, I honour, in these loud-babbling days, all the Silent rather. A grand silence that of Romans;—nay, the grandest of all, is it not that of the gods!... Deeds are greater than Words.' *Past and Present*, p. 138.

P. 157. *William the Silent* (1533-84). Prince of Orange and Count of Nassau. He was the chief organizer of the resistance of the Netherlands to Philip II of Spain, and was named hereditary Stadholder, when they declared their independence in 1581.

*the Frenchman*. Voltaire, Dialogue XIV.

*Speech too is great.* From Wilhelm's Indenture. *Apprenticeship*, Book VII, chap. ix, vol. ii, p. 188.

'Words are good, but they are not the best.'

*Let not thy left hand, &c.* Matt. vi. 3.

*concealment and yet revelation.* The symbol is necessary to any discernment of the infinite truth; but even so it is only a partial revelation. The wise man sees through the symbol to the spiritual reality beyond, while the foolish man is content to rest in the symbol, thinking that it exists for itself alone.

P. 158. *some embodiment . . . of the Infinite :*

To see a world in a grain of sand  
And a heaven in a wild flower;  
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,  
And eternity in an hour.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

*Motive-Millwrights.* All action must be originated by motives. The view here combated is that these motives are themselves necessarily determined by the preponderance of pain or pleasure.

*Genius of Mechanism.* Mechanism admits of no freedom; it explains every set of circumstances in terms of its immediate antecedents, in a chain or series which can be carried back *ad infinitum* without ever reaching finality. Idealism, on the other hand, recognizes man as a free agent, looks forward to the end or purpose which it conceives to be running through creation, and instead of explaining the higher in terms of the lower sees in the lower the germ, or potentiality, of the higher. It is a levelling up instead of a levelling down. The one view gives motion and matter as the ultimate philosophical realities, the other spirit or God.

P. 159. *Logical, Mensurative faculty.* 'The healthy Understanding, we should say, is not the Logical, argumentative, but the Intuitive; for the end of Understanding is not to prove and find reasons, but to know and believe.' *Characteristics* (Misc. iv.). Intuitive and Imaginative are practically interchangeable terms.

*The Understanding is indeed thy window.* Because it is the outlet through which the higher faculty of Reason looks out upon the Universe; but it is Fantasy, the eye of the Soul, which gives colour and value to the impressions so received, just as the bodily eye clothes external objects with their apparent attributes.

*Kaiser Joseph.* Joseph II. 'In order to avoid taking an oath to observe the constitution, Joseph had refused on his accession to go through the ceremony of coronation at Pressburg; and he had outraged Hungarian sentiment by bringing the crown of St. Stephen to Vienna.' *Camb. Mod. Hist.* viii. 327. But other causes contributed to the insurrection of 1789.

P. 160. *Peasants' War*. The chief revolt of the Peasants, called the Peasants' War, broke out in Southern Germany in 1524, and was extinguished two years later, partly by the influence of Luther, in circumstances of the utmost brutality. But the movement, a protest against the intolerable oppression and exaction of the Princes, was more widely spread than this, and involved the greater part of Central Europe. The device of the shoe, the *Bandschuh* as it was called, had been adopted so far back as 1493, and again in 1502.

*Wallet-and-staff*. The real emblems were the wallet and bowl. Their adoption was due to an unfortunate expression used by the minister, Berlaymont, to the Regent of the Netherlands, the Duchess of Parma, in discussing a petition presented by a body of patriots, protesting against the barbarities of the Inquisition and other matters. 'Are you afraid, your Highness,' said he, 'of these beggars?' (*ces gueux*). At a banquet held later by the revolutionaries the title of 'beggars' was adopted for the party-name, and the beggar's wooden bowl and leather wallet for their device (1566).

*a Work of Art*. This reverence for art Carlyle borrows from Goethe; it is not natural to him, nor did he always remember to pay it. 'As regards Goethe, there is one feature of the business which, to us, throws considerable light on his moral persuasions, and will not, in investigating the secret of them, be overlooked. We allude to the spirit in which he cultivates his Art; the noble, disinterested, almost religious love with which he looks on Art in general, and strives towards it as towards the sure, highest, nay only good.' *Goethe* (*Misc.* i. 196).

P. 161. *Runic Thor*. The term 'Runes', signifying the ancient Teutonic alphabet, involved by its derivation the notion of something mysterious. It was applied also to mystical sayings and poems. *Thor*, son of Odin, was the Thunder-god of the Scandinavians, and much renowned in their mythology; the *Eddas* are two mediaeval Icelandic works, one in verse and one in prose, containing accounts of Scandinavian gods and heroes.

*Mumbo-Jumbo*. A fantastic African god, hence any object of foolish idolatry; *Pawaw*, or Powwow, is the name of the North American Indians for a medicine-man or conjurer, also for an assembly where mysterious rites were celebrated.

*the Pyx*. The vessel in which the reserved Eucharist is kept.

*Ancient Pistol*. *Henry V*, Act III, Sc. vi.

P. 162. *the last English Coronation*. That of George IV. The notion of the decrepit champion lifted into his saddle seems to have made a great impression on Carlyle. It recurs in *Past and Present*, p. 121.

## CHAPTER IV

*aloetic.* 'Disinfectant.'

P. 163. *Malthus*, Thomas Robert (1776-1834). An economist with strong views as to the danger of population increasing with greater rapidity than the means of support.

P. 165. *Helots*. The name given to slaves in Sparta. There existed in Sparta an institution, called the *Crypteia*, by which Lacedaemonian youths were sent into the country carrying provisions and armed with a dagger, with instructions to conceal themselves by day and sally forth at night to murder Helots. The origin of it is ascribed to *Lycurgus*.

*Have them salted and barrelled.* An idea borrowed from Swift's 'Proposal for preventing the children of the poor people in Ireland from becoming a burden on their parents or country'.

'*True, thou Gold-Hofrath.*' The passage from here to the end of the chapter is quoted as the last paragraph of *Chartism* (*Misc.* vi. 186).

P. 166. *the Altaic chain*. A mountainous system situated in Siberia and Mongolia.

*Hengst.* See above, p. 14, n.

*Alaric*, King of the Goths, who captured and sacked Rome, 410.

*Fire-pillars.* Exodus xiii. 21. The suggested remedy for over-population seems to be emigration, in the form of colonies led by members of the aristocratic class, who would thus be fulfilling the duties of their position better than by shooting partridges. For the responsibilities of an Aristocracy, see *Past and Present*, *passim*.

## CHAPTER V

*calls it Peace.* An adaptation from Tacitus, *Agricola*, c. 30, *Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant*.

P. 167. *Laissez faire*. The credit of this famous phrase is given to the Marquis d'Argenson (1751), one of the earliest of free-traders. The movement of trade, he says, should be as free as that of the air; all Europe should be organized as one market; public security should be maintained; and then *Laissez faire, morbleu, laissez faire* (*Cambridge Mod. Hist.* x. 770). The principle was further extended to non-interference generally with freedom of contract and the laws of supply and demand.

*Leave us alone.* This passage is repeated in *Chartism*. "'*Laissez-faire*," exclaims a sardonic German writer (Teufelsdröckh), "What is this universal cry for *Laissez-faire*? Does it mean that human affairs require no guidance; that wisdom and forethought

cannot guide them better than folly and accident? Alas, does it not mean: "*Such guidance is worse than none! Leave us alone of your guidance; eat your wages, and sleep.*"' *Misc.* vi. 144 (first published 1839).

*reverence for Superiors.* This, according to Carlyle, constitutes the only true liberty. It consists in a man's finding out or being compelled to find out the right path to walk in, and to be forced, if necessary, to walk in it. 'If liberty be not that, I for one have small care about liberty.' *Past and Present*, 182.

P. 169. *divested.* A play upon two meanings of the word 'divest', the literal sense to 'unrobe', and the legal to 'strip of rights or privileges' by process of law.

*Irish watchcoat.* A watchman's coat of Irish frieze.

*sic vos non vobis.* Unfair; a state of things where a man reaps what he has not sown.

Hos ego versiculos feci; tulit alter honores.

Sic vos non vobis nidificatis, aves.

The couplet is attributed to Virgil, and is said to have been written as a protest against an inferior writer who had appropriated some of his verses.

'*Society is not dead.*' 'In Society man first feels what he is; first becomes what he can be . . . Considered well it is the standing wonder of our existence.' *Characteristics* (*Misc.* iv.). In society common worship and morality first become possible; and of Society the two main supports are religion and law, religion as 'the crown and all-supporting keystone of the fabric', developing man's higher tendencies and aspirations, law as the restraining force holding in check the lower. These are represented by the Pulpit and the Gallows.

P. 170. *upwards to Heaven and downwards to Gehenna.* This notion of the infinite capacities of man and of society is never lost sight of. 'Every man, within that inconsiderable figure of his, contains a whole Spirit-kingdom and reflex of the All; and, though to the eye but some standard six feet in size, reaches downwards and upwards, unsurveyable, fading into the regions of Immensity and of Eternity.' *Diderot* (*Misc.* v. 5).

*Saint-Simon*, Claude Henri, Comte de (1760-1825). The Founder of French Socialism. He thought that the state should become possessed of all property, and be the distributor of the fruits of labour, not however in equal shares, but in proportion to merit, and according to capacity.

*the Phoenix.* A sacred bird of the Egyptians described by Herodotus, ii. 73. The Oriental myth says that the old bird fans its funeral pyre by the flapping of its wings, and that as it is consumed a new Phoenix arises from its ashes.



*her funeral pyre.* Carlyle thought that the eighteenth century, with the French Revolution, was the end of a social system. Tired of the slow process of patching and repairing, reform took the shape of pulling down and burning, so making a clean sweep of the whole. 'Such a torch and crow-bar period, of quick rushing-down and conflagration was this of the *Siècle de Louis Quinze*.' *Diderot* (*Misc.* v. 4).

P. 171. *Doctor utriusque Juris.* i. e. both of canon and civil law.

## CHAPTER VI

P. 172. *one temple.* A frequent quotation of Carlyle's. Cf. *Hero-Worship*, I, &c. It comes from the *Fragments*, and is given with other selections in Carlyle's *Essay on Novalis*.

*meant for the Cloth only.* A distinction drawn between the person and the office.

P. 173. *Toomtabard.* 'Toom' is an ancient Scottish word meaning 'empty'; 'tabard' was a sort of rough cloak, but came to be used more particularly of a loose garment without sleeves worn by knights over their armour, and also by heralds.

*John Baliol* (1249-1315). He was elected king of Scotland by the influence of Edward I, to whom he did homage. He subsequently renounced his allegiance, was deposed and died in honourable and not altogether unwilling exile. William Wallace and others raised the standard of revolt in his name, but without his authority.

*Pegasus.* The winged horse of Bellerophon.

*Spartan broth.* A mess served out to the hardy Spartans at their common meals, instituted by Lycurgus as a preventive of luxury.

*Monmouth Street.* A street in Seven Dials, afterwards known as Dudley Street, and since pulled down.

*'the Prison men call Life.'* A familiar idea from classical times. Carlyle probably borrowed it from Werner :

And when the Lord saw Phosphoros his pride,  
Being wrath thereat, he cast him forth,  
And shut him in a prison called LIFE.

WERNER'S *Friedenihaler*.

See *Werner* (*Misc.* i. 93). Cf. also Schiller's *Robbers*; and for classical instances, 'Ii vivunt, qui ex corporum vinculis, tanquam e carcere evolaverunt.' *Cic. Rep.* vi. 14, also *Tusc.* I, xxx. 74; and further *Luc.* vi. 721; *Plat. Cratyl.* 400 c, and *Phaed.* 62 B.

P. 174. *Field Lane.* A haunt of the 'dangerous classes' running northwards from the foot of Holborn Hill, long since abolished. It is described by Dickens in *Oliver Twist*: 'In its filthy shops are



exposed for sale huge bunches of second-hand silk handkerchiefs of all sizes and patterns; for here reside the traders who purchase them from pickpockets.' Chap. xxvi.

*Dionysius' Ear.* A subterranean ear-shaped passage by which Dionysius the elder, Tyrant of Syracuse (430-367 B.C.), is said to have connected his palace with his prisons, that he might hear the conversation of his political prisoners.

*Mirza's Hall.* From the Vision of Mirza, a pageant of life, written by Addison and published in the *Spectator*, No. 159.

*Whispering-gallery.* A gallery running round the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral with a curious property of conveying sound.

P. 175. *Egg of Eros.* The Eros here referred to is not the beautiful son of Aphrodite, but the Eros of the earlier cosmogonies and the Orphic hymns, who was the oldest of the gods, and sprang from the world's egg. There were practically three Erores in Greek mythology—this one, the Eros of the philosophers and mysteries who differs but little from the first, and the Eros of the Erotic poets. Cf. also Plato's *Symposium*.

## CHAPTER VII

*organic filaments.* Fibres or threads of animal tissue.

*'within two centuries.'* Cf. p. 170.

*'thou ART my brother.'* The Professor insists again on that organic unity of Society which makes indifference on the part of any member of it to the well-being of another impossible. Much discussion has taken place as to what is really meant by the term 'organic connexion', and many definitions must be rejected because, while holding that 'the end of Society is a form of human well-being', they regard that well-being as something outside the Society which promotes it. 'The existence of society as society' must be 'its own end, and also the end of the individuals who compose it'. 'I should suggest that the most suitable definition of an organic unity for our present purpose might be something like this: a unity which is the end of its parts.' (*Studies in Hegelian Cosmology*, by J. Ellis McTaggart, p. 186.) It can be nothing less than this, and if such a definition fails, then the *organic* unity of Society is necessarily denied. Cf. also *Characteristics* (*Misc.* iv. 11).

P. 176. *venous-arterial.* Pertaining to the combined system of veins and arteries by which the circulation and oxygenation of the blood is effected.

*nervous circulation.* 'In its essential nature a nerve is a definite tract of living substance through which the molecular changes which occur in any one part of the organism are conveyed to and affect some other part.' Huxley, *Anat. Invert.*, p. 61.

P. 177. *Cadmus*. Legendary founder of Thebes, and introducer of the letters of the Greek alphabet.

*Faust of Mentz*. Johann Fust (or Faust), a German printer and partner of Gutenberg (1450-55).

*Moesogothic Ulfila* (311-81). A Gothic bishop and translator of the Bible. He translated the Bible into Gothic from a Greek original, supplementing the Greek alphabet where necessary from Gothic runes. Fragments of this translation survive, and form the oldest record extant in the Germanic languages. Owing to persecutions he and his followers migrated from the neighbourhood of the lower Danube to Moesia, hence Moesogothic.

*without which Nature were not*. 'To a Transcendentalist, Matter has an existence, but only as a Phenomenon: were we not there, neither would it be there; it is a mere Relation, or rather the result of a Relation between our living Souls and the great First Cause; and depends for its apparent qualities on our bodily and mental organs.' *Novalis* (*Misc.* ii. 203).

*a cloud of witnesses*. Heb. xii. 1.

*Newton*, Sir Isaac (1642-1727), took up and completed the work of the German Kepler (1571-1630). The latter had established the laws of the planetary orbits, the former proved from these laws that the attraction of the sun upon the planets varies inversely as the squares of their distances.

*Hebrew Lawgiver*. Moses.

*Apostle of the Gentiles*. Paul.

*Luther*. 'It was on the 10th of December, 1520, three years after the beginning of the business, that Luther "with a great concourse of people" took this indignant step of burning the Pope's fire-decree "at the Elster-Gate of Wittenberg".' *Hero-Worship*, IV. This fire-decree was the Pope's Bull of Excommunication, commanding Luther's writings to be burnt, and his body to be sent bound to Rome, for his attack upon the sale of Indulgences.

*Voltaire* was not content with reformation; he attacked the stronghold of Christianity, which he thought was based on the Inspiration of the Bible.

P. 178. *Marshal*. Danish *Marskal*, lit. horse-servant; cf. 'mare' and the German *Schalk*, rogue, formerly 'servant', used of the Professor on p. 10.

*King*. This derivation, which Carlyle repeats in *Hero-Worship*, VI, 'The Hero as King,' is ingenious but etymologically unsound.

*Obedience*. 'Wise command, wise obedience; the capability of these two is the net measure of culture, and human virtue, in every man.' *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, III.

P. 179. *the Present* has less reality than either the Past or the Future. It is, as a fact, inconceivable, because it is gone in the very instant of reflection.

*Ballot-Box.* The Bill introducing vote by ballot was not passed until 1872. It was one of the six points of the Charter of 1838. Carlyle pours contempt on it in *Past and Present*. 'Drunken Ten-pound Franchisers with their ballot-boxes.'

"when you have but knit up my chains," &c.

'Walls I can see tumbled down, walls I see also a-building;  
Here sit prisoners, there likewise do prisoners sit:  
Is the world, then, itself a huge prison? Free only the madman,  
His chains still knitting up into some graceful festoon?'

From Goethe's *Epigrammatist at Venice*.

P. 180. *the inferior of nothing.* 'Recognized or not recognized, a man has his superiors, a regular hierarchy above him; extending up degree above degree, to Heaven itself and God the Maker, who made his world not for anarchy, but for rule and order.' *Chartism* (Misc. vi. 172).

*rebellious Independence.* 'It is not a light matter when the just man can recognize in the powers set over him no longer anything that is divine; when resistance against such becomes a deeper law of order than obedience to them.' *Ibid.*

*cast away Fear . . . not yet risen into . . . Reverence.* This idea is borrowed from Goethe. 'Nature is indeed adequate to fear, but to reverence not adequate . . . To fear is easy, but grievous; to reverence is difficult, but satisfactory. Man does not willingly submit himself to reverence, or rather he never so submits himself: it is a higher sense which must be communicated to his nature . . . Here lies the worth, here lies the business of all true Religions.' *Wilhelm Meister's Travels*, chap. x, vol. iii, p. 71.

*Hero-Worship.* The doctrine of Hero-Worship, as developed in the lectures delivered in 1840, was Carlyle's practical contribution, as he thought, to the problem of his day. The nation was suffering not from too much government, as the supporters of *Laissez-faire* would have it, but from too little and that of the wrong sort. The remedy proposed was that men should go back on their tracks, and learn a lesson from the old days when government was by the wise and strong. The essential weakness of the proposal lies in the difficulty of distinguishing between the true and the false hero.

*the corner-stone of living-rock.* 'Men do reverence men. Men do worship in that "one temple of the world", as Novalis calls it, the Presence of a Man! Hero-Worship, true and blessed, or else mistaken, false and accursed, goes on everywhere and everywhen. In this world there is one godlike thing, the essence of all that was or ever will be of godlike in this world: the veneration done to Human Worth by the hearts of men. Hero-Worship, in the souls of the heroic, of the clear and wise,—it is the perpetual presence of Heaven in our poor Earth.' *Past and Present*, p. 245.

*Paris and Voltaire.* The memorable entry of Voltaire into Paris,

as an old man, after long years of absence, in May 1776, is described in *The French Revolution*, II, iv: 'What an outburst! Sneering Paris has suddenly grown reverent, devotional with Hero-worship.'

P. 181. *dry tree . . . green.* Luke xviii. 31.

*Hortus Siccus.* 'Dry garden,' a collection of dried flowers.

*Show the dullest clodpole.* Quoted in the same words as a contribution from 'my invaluable German friend' in *Past and Present*, p. 247.

*Newspaper.* 'Literature is our Parliament, too. Printing, which comes necessarily out of Writing, I say often, is equivalent to Democracy: invent Writing, Democracy is inevitable. Writing brings Printing; brings universal everyday extempore Printing, as we see at present. Whoever can speak, speaking now to the whole nation becomes a power.' *Hero-Worship*, V.

*Fragments of a genuine Church-Homiletic.* 'Fragments of a real "Church Liturgy" and "Body of Homilies"', strangely disguised from the common eye, are to be found weltering in that huge froth-ocean of Printed Speech we loosely call Literature! Books are our church too.' *Ibid.* A picturesque way of saying that we get most of our opinions from the newspapers, and truer still with the advent of Sunday papers.

P. 182. *Goethe (1749-1832).* Carlyle's true hero, for Carlyle himself could only recognize the hero if he were removed from him some distance either in time or space, as were Burns and Goethe. There was also the fact that this influence came upon him in his young and more impressionable days. But there really was little in common between the two. The 'calm', so characteristic of Goethe, the wide tolerance were never Carlyle's. Only the strong conviction of duty, and the sense that Goethe too, had suffered and conquered, seem to have bound the pupil to the master.

*a sacred Miserere*, a penitential psalm; the image is repeated in *Charlism* (*Misc.* vi. 150).

*the Morning Stars.* Job xxxviii. 7.

## CHAPTER VIII

*TIME and SPACE.* In reading this chapter it must be borne in mind that Carlyle is looking at his subject with the eye of a poet or mystic, not with that of a philosopher. It is a masterpiece of poetic and imaginative art, and deserves the description given it by a late editor as 'perhaps the grandest and most awe-inspired exercise on the everlasting theme, "O World, O Life, O Time!" that exists in human language.'

P. 183. *looked fixedly on Existence.* The Professor feels like Novalis that 'not only has the unseen world a reality, but the only

reality. . . . Thus, not in word only but in truth and sober belief, he feels himself encompassed by the Godhead'. *Novalis* (*Misc.* ii. 206).

*Holy of Holies lies disclosed.* This is the language of pure religious mysticism, 'the endeavour of the human mind to grasp the divine essence or the ultimate reality of things, and to enjoy the blessedness of actual communion with the Highest.' *Enc. Brit.*, Mysticism.

*Transcendentalism.* Here used not as the method which deals with the processes of thought, but as the state of mind which penetrates beyond experience into the region of real being.

*Palingenesis.* 'New birth, regeneration.'

*What specially is a Miracle?* A miracle is usually spoken of as a violation of the Laws of Nature. Carlyle is right in refusing to accept this definition, since what appears to be a violation may be, in reality, the interposition of another and hitherto undiscovered law.

*Laws of Nature* are merely observed uniformities, collected and classified by science to assist it in the manipulation and control of nature. As such any breach of them by the phenomena themselves is inconceivable; since they are not laws imposed from without, but merely convenient expressions of what we have discovered as to the nature and behaviour of phenomena. When we talk of the Law of Gravitation, for instance, we do not mean that there is really a force at the centre of the earth dragging everything towards it. It is merely a formula for stating facts which we have observed about the nature of movement.

*make Iron swim.* 2 Kings vi. 6. Any reported case of iron floating we should put down to the intervention of some law of nature with which we were not previously acquainted, unless we were content to deny, either that the metal was iron, or that the medium in which it floated was water. Iron could not continue to float in water as a regular thing, and remain iron. But if a man was able to produce the phenomenon, either by an exercise of the will, or some other controlling power with which we were unacquainted, we might, perhaps, while denying the evidence of miracle, admit that an exercise of power and knowledge, so far transcending that of his fellows, might give him a claim to speak with authority on other matters also.

P. 184. 'without variableness,' &c. Jas. i. 17.

*Herschell*, Sir William (1738-1822). A naturalized English astronomer, of German birth.

*prate of their Whereabout.* *Macbeth*, Act II, Sc. i.

P. 185. *Epicyle.* A circle moving upon or around another circle.  
*the Minnow.* The philosopher seems to be here overwhelmed by the mere size of the Universe; such a view is quite inconsistent

with the theory that everything is spirit, and that space is merely a form of man's thought, and consequently without any real existence. In dealing with spirit the terms 'more' and 'less' have no meaning with regard to extension in space. See Introduction.

*Custom.* A parody of *Hamlet*, Act III, Sc. i. 'Conscience doth make cowards of us all.'

P. 186. *transcend the sphere of blind Custom.* The meaning is that it is the business of philosophy, and specially of metaphysics, to pierce through the variety of natural appearances, as they present themselves to common sense, to the underlying unity which transcends and harmonizes the differences. This is the ultimate aim both of the materialist and the idealist. In such speculation is involved 'the nature, origin, and destiny of all that is'. It is only common sense blinded by custom, or habit, that is content to ignore such problems.

*seen it twice.* Habit has an undoubted tendency to blunt the sense of wonder, but the question is really one of point of view more than anything else. Conformity, founded on observed repetition, is the basis upon which science works, and it is content to know *how* a phenomenon behaves. When Carlyle asks *why* a thing is what it is, he passes beyond the domain of science into that of metaphysics, and is entitled to call everything a miracle if he likes.

*potency of Names.* The Professor thinks that science stifles wonder and imagines it explains things by labelling them and putting them in glass bottles. What, for instance, asks Carlyle in another place, is the earth or sky? 'At bottom we do not yet know; we can never know at all. It is not by our superior insight that we escape the difficulty; it is by our superior levity, our inattention, our *want* of insight. It is by *not* thinking that we cease to wonder at it. Hardened round us, encasing wholly every notion we form, is a wrappage of traditions, hearsays, mere words.' *Hero-Worship*, I.

*Luther's Picture of the Devil.* This is rather a difficult question to the idealist; but Kant certainly recognized a difference between a phantasmal appearance and another. Luther undoubtedly thought he saw the Devil, because he threw his ink-pot at him.

P. 187. *SPACE and TIME.* These are generally described in the Kantian philosophy as Forms of Thought, or of Intuition, this being the faculty of mind which perceives the external world. They are the conditions under which man is alone capable of receiving experience. Apart from his mind they have no independent reality, but they are necessary to his reception of external perceptions and of the reproduction of these in reflection.

*spun and woven for us.* 'If Time and Space have no absolute existence, no existence out of our minds, it removes a stumbling-block from the very threshold of our Theology. For on this ground, when we say that the Deity is omnipresent and eternal, that with Him it is a universal Here and Now, we say nothing wonderful;

nothing but that He also created Time and Space, that Time and Space are not laws of His being, but only of ours.' *Novalis* (*Misc.* ii. 205).

*triumphed over Space.* Fortunatus had, of course, done nothing of the sort; it is true he found himself *there* in a twinkling, but then he was no longer *here*. The difficulty is to be everywhere at once. *shooting at will.* This is the kind of problem Mr. H. G. Wells set himself to solve in *The Time Machine*.

*Seneca* (4-65). Roman philosopher and tutor of Nero, who likewise enjoined his death.

*Is the Past annihilated?* Clearly not, since 'the Present is the living sum total of the whole past'. See *Characteristics* (*Misc.* iv. 34).

*is the Future non-extant?* This is more difficult. To say that To-morrow *is* in the same sense that Yesterday *is*, seems to be a confession that the Universe is after all the 'Machine' against which Carlyle is so continually protesting. History becomes a chart of which a part—the past—has been unrolled, and the remainder is constantly unrolling itself. But the portion still concealed would be as fully inscribed as the portion already unfolded. If man has any real freedom, and his action is therefore not calculable, such a picture must be false. It corresponds with the old theory of causation, linking events together in a necessary chain of cause and effect, which is only not interminable, because somewhere or other it is found convenient to hang it to a First Cause, God or some other, which sets the rest in motion.

P. 188. *fit, just, and unavoidable.* This being so, are we really usefully employed in the endeavour to imagine what man's thought would be if it were not so conditioned? 'All our notions of reality being drawn necessarily from our own experiences, and all our experience being in time, a timeless reality remains in our minds as inconceivable as wooden iron.' Prof. Seth Pringle-Pattison, *Man's Place in the Cosmos*, p. 151.

*stretch forth my hand.* An illustration borrowed from Kant. 'That my will moves my arm is no whit more intelligible to me than if some one were to tell me that it could hold back the moon in its orbit.' In a sense every exercise of will is an interference with the Laws of Nature, and therefore miraculous.

P. 189. *Orpheus.* Son of Apollo and husband of Eurydice, to rescue whom from Death he descended to Hades and bewitched its guardians.

*Amphion.* Son of Zeus and Antiope, and a famous lyrist. It was he who charmed the stones into their places with his music, when Thebes was building. 'Movit Amphion lapides canendo.' *Hor. Od.* iii. xi. 2. Cf. also *A. P.*, l. 394.

*Troglodyte.* The Troglodytes were prehistoric cave-dwellers. *ashlar houses.* Built of square blocks of stone.



*far-distant Mover.* The First Cause or God. This seems to be a dogmatic assumption; but so true is it that our only idea of a cause is drawn from our consciousness of ourselves as real agents, and that the term is only applied metaphorically to all other causes, that it is perhaps a necessary assumption for man, as constituted.

P. 190. *hides him from the foolish.* Because, as we have seen, the foolish man gets no further than the symbol, the wise penetrates to the reality beyond.

*Cock Lane.* Dr. Johnson, though one of the least credulous of men, was always interested in any story of the supernatural, in his anxiety to obtain evidence of the other world. The Cock Lane ghost was a girl who resided there, and pretended to produce mysterious sounds and rappings. Johnson held her to be an impostor after investigation. See Boswell's *Johnson*, *sub anno* 1763.

*compress the three-score years.* Here again the real problem is not touched, which is to conceive a state in which there shall be no succession at all. See Introduction.

*to Eternity minutes are as years.* This is merely a popular form of expression. Time has no relation whatever to eternity, which is timeless.

*squeak and jibber.* *Hamlet*, Act I, Sc. i.

*Issus and Arbela.* Towns in Asia Minor, the scenes of two great victories won by Alexander in 333 and 331 B. C., by which he overthrew Darius and the Persian Empire.

*Moscow Retreats.* The disastrous retreat of Napoleon after his invasion of Russia in the winter of 1811.

P. 191. *Cimmerian Night.* The Cimmerians were a legendary people mentioned by Homer as dwelling in a land where the sun never shines, later localized to the north of the Black Sea.

P. 192. *from God and to God.* From God as First Cause to God as end and purpose.

*We are such stuff.* *The Tempest*, Act IV, Sc. i.

## CHAPTER IX

P. 194. *Horn-gate.*

'Two gates the silent house of sleep adorn,  
Of polish'd ivory this, that of transparent horn:  
True visions through transparent horn arise;  
Through polish'd ivory pass deluding lies.'

Dryden, *Aeneid*, vi.

*Magna Charta.* The great Charter of the liberties of England, granted by King John at Runnymede on June 15, 1215. The story as here given is told in Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, of Sir Robert Cotton (1571-1631) and his tailor. Sir Robert bought the document for a trifle and it is now in the British Museum.



P. 195. '*architectural ideas.*' The term 'architectural' was first applied by Aristotle to denote those master-faculties for the sake of which others exist, and to which they are subordinate. 'The architect conceives the design, the labourers carry out the details: the former is concerned with the end, the latter with the means.' Grant, *Ethics of Aristotle*, i. 1.

## CHAPTER X

THE DANDIACAL BODY. As a relief, perhaps, from the strain of the exalted passion of 'Natural Supernaturalism' we come now to a chapter of pungent and fantastic irony, in which are contrasted the two extreme sections of British Society, the man of fashion and the Irish peasant, in respect of their clothes' symbols.

P. 196. '*Divine Idea of Cloth.*' A reminiscence of Fichte's *Divine Idea of the World*.

*Sonnet to his mistress's eyebrow :*

'And then the lover  
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.'

*As You Like It*, Act II, Sc. vii.

*Clotha Virumque cano.* A parody of the first line of the *Aeneid*, '*Arma virumque cano.*'

*Macaronic verses.* Burlesque verses written in a mixture of Latin words and vernacular words with or without Latin terminations.

*in reverse order.* The Dandy is ready to sacrifice the reality to the symbol, the higher Reason to the lower Understanding.

P. 198. *Fetish-worships.* Blind or unreasoning devotion to some object, to which are ascribed mysterious powers as the abode of, or means of communication with, an unseen spirit.

*Manicheism.* The recognition of two rival and antagonistic powers in the world, light and darkness, good and evil, spirit and matter; but not 'in the Gnostic shape' because the Gnostics emphasized so strongly the impurity of matter, and the degradation of the body, as to be out of sympathy with the dandiactal creed. The Gnostic heresy, a graft of neo-Platonism on first-century Christianity, was prior to Manicheism, which did not arise under this name till the third century.

*Athos Monks.* Mount Athos is the easternmost peninsula of Chalcidice in Macedonia. It has been studded from earliest times with monasteries, and inhabited by ascetic but illiterate monks of the Greek Church. Contemplation of the navel is a favourite attitude with Oriental mystics.

*Zerdusht.* Zardusht, Zoroaster, or Zarathustra, founder of the Perso-Iranian religion which flourished from about 559 B.C. to A.D. 641. It opposed the two principles of light and darkness, with their representative details and attendant spirits and demons.

*Quangfouchee.* K'ung-fu-tzu Latinized as Confucius (550-478 B.C.). A Chinese philosopher whose so-called religion was chiefly mundane and ethical, and consisted of rules of conduct for the chief relationships of life.

*altogether rejected.* As in the *Worship of Sorrow*, Goethe's and Carlyle's version of Christianity.

*Ahrimanism.* Angra Mainyu or Ahriman was the Spiritual Enemy, or principle of evil, in the dual system of Zoroaster; and Ahrimanism would therefore be equivalent to Demon-Worship. It is not easy to trace any connected idea in this confused medley of religious names, unless it be that Dandyism is a worship of the symbol and the material, and so of darkness rather than light.

*Lingua-franca.* Originally a kind of bastard or hybrid language used by Europeans in communication with Arabs or Greeks; hence, any similar mixed language adopted for purpose of convenience.

*Nazarene.* An inhabitant of Nazareth; probably here confused with Nazarite, the name of a strict religious sect of the Jews. Cf. Num. vi.

*Almack's.* A famous club established by William Almack in Pall-Mall before 1763, afterwards Brooks's.

*Menadic.* Belonging to the Maenads, or inspired female attendants of Bacchus.

P. 199. *Eleusinian.* The Eleusinian mysteries were connected with a festival in honour of Demeter (Ceres), and celebrated at Eleusis in Attica.

*Cabiric.* The Cabiri were certain beneficent deities of Greek mythology, worshipped with mysterious rites in Samothrace and the neighbouring islands. Little is known of them.

*scrannel-piping.* 'Grate on their scrannel-pipes of wretched straw.' Milton, *Lycidas*, l. 124.

*deliquium.* A melting or liquefaction; a word scarcely in use, repeated in *Hero-Worship*: 'To fall into mere unreasoning *deliquium* of love and admiration.' *Hero as Prophet*.

*reverence for waste-paper.* Because the printed word was held to contain in some sense the spirit of the writer, and to be destructible properly only by fire.

P. 200. *Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman*; a novel published by Bulwer Lytton in 1828, a couple of years before this was written. For passages resembling those here quoted, see particularly chaps. xlv and xlvi.

P. 201. *Hallanshakergs.* 'Sturdy beggars.' The hallan (Scotch)

is the partition between the door and the living-room, to keep out the draught. The beggar, having secured admission, calls attention to his wants by shaking the hallan.

*Bogtrotters*, &c., nick-names given to the poor and disaffected Irish.

*Redshanks*, because they went, like the Highlanders, with bare legs.

*Ribbonmen*. Adherents of the Ribbon Society, formed in opposition to the Orangemen of the north, which adopted the green ribbon as its badge; *Cottiers* are peasants who enjoy a peculiar form of land tenancy prevalent in Ireland; *Peep o' day Boys*, a religious faction of Protestants, who were in the habit of raiding the houses of their opponents at daybreak; *Rockites*, from Captain Rock, a fictitious name attached to revolutionary notices in 1822.

P. 202. *thrums*. Loose threads.

*Slaves*. The word is of the same root as Slav, applied originally apparently to prisoners of war of Slavonic origin.

*Hertha*. Otherwise known as Nerthus, a German goddess of fertility mentioned by Tacitus (Germ. iv).

*private Oratories*. i.e. workshops and factories.

P. 203. *Potatoes-and-Point* = nothing but potatoes. When there was not enough of anything else to go round, the herring, or whatever it might be, was placed in the middle, and the potatoes acquired what flavour they might from being pointed at it. *Slang Dict.*

*The late John Bernard*. There does not seem to be a writer of this name. The extracts, which are in a style very different from Carlyle's, may perhaps have been borrowed by him from some anonymous traveller's record.

P. 205. *no rallying-point*. Combinations of working men were at this time illegal. The professor forecasts the power of the Trade Unions.

*Potwallopers*. A man who boils a pot, that is to say, provides his own food; in particular a certain class of voters in some English boroughs before the Reform Bill of 1832. The qualification was residence in the borough for six months, and proof of not having been anywhere chargeable to the rates for twelve.

P. 206. *Buchan-Bullers*. The Buller of Buchan is a whirlpool, enclosed in a rocky recess on the Aberdeenshire coast, and open at the top like a boiling pot or cauldron. Buller is connected with 'bellow'.

*amaurosis*. A form of blindness, called also *Gutta serena*.

## CHAPTER XI

P. 207. *Pelion on Ossa*. Mountains in Thessaly; the reference is to a mythological attempt of the Titans to reach heaven and the gods by piling Pelion upon Ossa and Helicon upon both.

*Moloch*. The god of the Ammonites, and a form of Baal. His worship included human sacrifices. 1 Kings xi. 7.

*fractional Parts of a Man*. The proverbial fraction is a ninth. The origin of this depreciation of a tailor has been variously explained. Possibly it may be a corruption of 'nine tellers make a man'; the passing bell is tolled nine times, in three sets of three, to notify the death of a man, six times, in three sets of two, for a woman, the bell itself being termed the 'teller'.

*Hans Sachs* (1494-1576). A German poet, and the most famous of the so-called Meistersingers, peasants and artisans for the most part, who formed guilds for the cultivation of the combined arts of music and poetry. Their head-quarters was Nuremberg. Hans Sachs's father was a tailor, and he himself a shoemaker.

*Taming of the Shrew*. One of the characters is a tailor, but of no importance to the play.

P. 208. *Swift*. See *Tale of a Tub*, Sec. II, which probably suggested to Carlyle the germ of the clothes philosophy.

*Franklin*, Benjamin (1706-90). A distinguished American philosopher, statesman, and author, who played a prominent part in securing the independence of the United States. He discovered that lightning was a charge of electricity. 'Eripuit coelo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis,' a line attributed to Turgot and inscribed on Houdon's bust of Franklin.

*the greatest living Guild-brother*. Goethe. The quotation is from *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, ii. 2.

P. 209. *Mosque of St. Sophia*. In Constantinople.

*Caaba of Mecca*. The Caaba is a cube-shaped sanctuary, into the north-west corner of which was let the Black Stone, supposed by many to have been the original god of the Meccans, and the origin of the sanctity of the Caaba.

## CHAPTER XII

P. 210. *style of writing*. It has not become general, nor ever will; it is too distinctive of the author himself to be adopted by another, though it may be successfully imitated.

P. 211. *Hannibal-like*. Hannibal (247-183 B.C.), the great Carthaginian general who defeated the Romans in the battles of the Lake Thrasymane and Cannae, accompanied his father Hamilcar

to Spain, when he was only nine years old, to take part in the subjugation of that country. His father made him swear on the altar to be the life-long enemy of Rome. Livy, xxi. 1.

*Polack.* The same as Pole, hence savage.

P. 212. *Watchman, what of the Night?* Isa. xxi. 11.

P. 213. *Parisian Three Days.* The revolution of July 1830, which transferred the French monarchy from the elder to the younger (Orleans) branch of the Bourbon family, Charles X making room for Louis-Philippe.

*Saint-Simonian.* Cf. p. 170, note. Goethe had warned Carlyle against sympathy with this form of socialism.

*Bazard-Enfantin.* Two French Socialists, and advocates of Saint-Simonian principles.

P. 214. *Palingenesie.* The threatened second and constructive part of the clothes-philosophy.

## INDEX

- ACTION the true end of Man, 113, 115.  
 Actual, the, the true Ideal, 140, 142.  
 Adamitism, 40.  
 Afflictions, merciful, 138.  
 Ambition, 74.  
 Apprenticeships, 87.  
 Aprons, use and significance of, 29.  
 Art, all true Works of, symbolic, 160.  
 Baphometric Fire-baptism, 121.  
 Battle-field, a, 124.  
 Battle, Life-, our, 61; with Folly and Sin, 89, 91.  
 Being, the boundless Phantasmagoria of, 37.  
 Belief and Opinion, 139.  
 Bible of Universal History, 127, 139.  
 Biography, meaning and uses of, 53; significance of biographic facts, 144.  
 Blumine, 99; her environment, 100; character, and relation to Teufelsdröckh, 101; blissful bonds rent asunder, 105; on her way to England, 111.  
 Bolivar's Cavalry-uniform, 35.  
 Books, influence of, 123, 143.  
 Childhood, happy season of, 63; early influences and sports, 65.  
 Christian Faith, a good Mother's simple version of the, 70; Temple of the, now in ruins, 138; Passive-half of, 140.  
 Christian Love, 135, 138.  
 Church-Clothes, 153; living and dead Churches, 154; the modern Church and its Newspaper-Pulpits, 180.  
 Circumstances, influence of, 66.  
 Clergy, the, with their surplices and cassock-aprons girt-on, 30, 151.  
 Clothes, not a spontaneous growth of the human animal, but an artificial device, 2; analogy between the Costumes of the body and the Customs of the spirit, 24; Decoration the first purpose of Clothes, 27; what Clothes have done for us, and what they threaten to do, 28, 39; fantastic garbs of the Middle Ages, 32; a simple costume, 35; tangible and mystic influences of Clothes, 35, 42; animal and human Clothing contrasted, 39; a Court-Ceremonial *minus* Clothes, 43; necessity for Clothes, 45; transparent Clothes, 47; all Emblematic things are Clothes, 51, 194; Genesis of the modern Clothes-Philosopher, 57; Character and conditions needed, 147, 149; George Fox's suit of Leather, 150; Church-Clothes, 153; Old-Clothes, 171; practical inferences, 195.  
 Codification, 48.  
 Combination, value of, 96, 212.  
 Commons, British House of, 29.  
 Concealment. See Secrecy.  
 Constitution, our invaluable British, 179.  
 Conversion, 142.  
 Courtesy, due to all men, 171.  
 Courtier, a luckless, 34.  
 Custom the greatest of Weavers, 185. See Habit.  
 Dandy, mystic significance of the, 196; dandy worship, 197; sacred books, 199; articles of faith, 200; a dandy household, 204; tragically undermined by growing Drudgery, 205.  
 Death, nourishment even in, 76, 121.  
 Devil, internecine war with the, 8, 85, 121, 132; cannot now so much as believe in him, 119.  
 Dilettantes and Pedants, 49; patrons of Literature, 91.

- Diogenes, 152.  
 Doubt can only be removed by Action, 140. See Unbelief.  
 Drudgery contrasted with Dandyism, 201; 'Communion of Drudges,' and what may come of it, 205.  
 Duelling, a picture of, 130.  
 Duty, no longer a divine Messenger and Guide, but a false earthly Fantasm, 116, 118; infinite nature of, 140.  
 Editor's first acquaintance with Teufelsdröckh, and his Philosophy of Clothes, 4; efforts to make known his discovery to British readers, 6; admitted into the Teufelsdröckh watch-tower, 13, 23; first feels the pressure of his task, 35; his bulky Weissnichtwo Packet, 52; strenuous efforts to evolve some historic order, out of such interminable documentary confusion, 56; partial success, 62, 72, 111; mysterious hints, 145, 169; astonishment and hesitation, 178; congratulations, 193; farewell, 210.  
 Education, influence of early, 67; insignificant portion depending on Schools, 72; educational Architects, 75; the inspired Thinker, 164.  
 Emblems, all visible things, 51.  
 Emigration, 165.  
 Eternity looking through Time, 14, 52, 161.  
 Evil, Origin of, 136.  
 Eyes and Spectacles, 48.  
 Facts, engraved Hierograms, for which the fewest have the key, 145.  
 Faith, the one thing needful, 116.  
 Fantasy, the true Heaven-gate or Hell-gate of man, 103, 158.  
 Fashionable Novels, 199.  
 Fatherhood, 60.  
 Feebleness, the true misery, 118.  
 Fire, and vital fire, 50, 122.  
 Force, universal presence of, 50.  
 Fortunatus' wishing Hat, 187, 189.  
 Fox's, George, Heavenward aspirations, and earthly Independence, 150.  
*Fraser's Magazine*, 6, 214.  
 Frederick the Great, symbolic glimpse of, 57.  
 Friendship, now obsolete, 84; an incredible tradition, 119, 167; how it were possible, 154, 211.  
 Futteral, Andreas, and his Wife, 57.  
 Future, organic filaments of the, 175.  
 Genius, the world's treatment of, 89.  
 German speculative Thought, 2, 9, 19, 22, 39; historical researches, 26, 53.  
 Gerund-grinding, 75.  
 Ghost, an authentic, 190.  
 God, the Unslumbering, Omnipresent, Eternal, 38; God's Presence manifested to our eyes and hearts, 46; an absentee God, 116.  
 Goethe's inspired melody, 182.  
 Good, growth and propagation of, 71.  
 Great Men, 127. See Man.  
 Gullibility, blessings of, 80.  
 Gunpowder, use of, 28, 129.  
 Habit, how, makes dullards of us all, 39. See Custom.  
 Half-men, 132.  
 Happiness, the whim of, 137.  
 Hero-worship, the corner-stone of all Society, 180.  
 Heuschrecke and his biographic documents, 7; his loose, zig-zag, thin-visaged character, 17; unaccustomed eloquence, and interminable documentary superfluities, 52; bewildered darkness, 212.  
 History, all-inweaving Tissue of, 11; by what strange chances do

- we live in, 34; a perpetual Revelation, 127, 138, 182.
- Homer's *Iliad*, 161.
- Hope, this world emphatically the Place of, 115; false shadows of, 133.
- Horse, the, his own tailor, 39.
- Ideal, the, exists only in the Actual, 140, 142.
- Imagination. See Fantasy.
- Immortality, a glimpse of, 188.
- Imposture, statistics of, 79.
- Independence, foolish parade of, 167, 180.
- Indifference, centre of, 121.
- Infant intuitions and acquirements, 62; genius and dullness, 66.
- Inspiration, perennial, 138, 150, 182.
- Invention, 28, 114.
- Invisible, the, Nature the visible Garment of, 38; invisible bonds, binding all Men together, 42; the Visible and Invisible, 47, 156.
- Irish, the, Poor-Slave, 201.
- Isolation, 77.
- Jesus of Nazareth, our divinest Symbol, 161, 164.
- King, our true, chosen for us in Heaven, 178.
- Kingdom, a man's, 86.
- Know thyself, and what thou canst work at, 118.
- Labour, sacredness of, 163.
- Land-owning, trade of, 91.
- Language, the Garment of Thought, 51; dead Vocables, 75.
- Laughter, significance of, 23.
- Lieschen, 16.
- Life, Human, picture of, 14, 108, 123, 134; life-purpose, 96; speculative mystery of, 118, 172, 190; the most important transaction in, 121; nothingness of, 131, 132.
- Light the beginning of all Creation, 141.
- Logic-mortar and wordy Air-castles, 38; underground workshop of Logic, 48, 159.
- Louis XV, ungodly age of, 117.
- Love, what we emphatically name, 96; pyrotechnic phenomena of, 97, 157; not altogether a Delirium, 103; how possible, in its highest form, 135, 154, 211.
- Ludicrous, feeling and instances of the, 34, 129.
- Magna Charta, 194.
- Malthus's over-population panic, 163.
- Man, by nature *naked*, 2, 40, 43; essentially a Tool-using animal, 28; the true Shekinah, 46; a divine Emblem, 51, 156, 158, 172, 190; two men alone honourable, 163. See Thinking Man.
- Metaphors the stuff of Language, 51.
- Metaphysics inexpressibly unproductive, 37, 42.
- Milton, 118.
- Miracles, significance of, 183, 188.
- Monmouth-Street, and its 'Our clo' Angels of Doom, 173.
- Mother's, a, religious influence, 71.
- Motive-Millwrights, 158.
- Mountain scenery, 109.
- Mystery, all-pervading domain of 49.
- Nakedness and hypocritical Clothing, 40, 45; a naked Court-Ceremonial, 43; a naked Duke, addressing a naked House of Lords, 43.
- Names, significance and influence of, 62, 186.
- Napoleon, and his Political Evangel, 128.
- Nature, the God-written Apocalypse of, 36, 46; not an Aggregate but a Whole, 49, 110, 176, 185; Nature alone antique, 73; sympathy with, 108, 128; the 'Living Garment of God', 135; Laws of Nature, 183.



Necessity, brightened into Duty, 69.

Newspaper Editors, 31; our Mendicant Friars, 181.

Nothingness of life, 131.

Obedience, the lesson of, 70, 178. Orpheus, 189.

Over-population, 163.

Own, conservation of a man's, 143.

Paradise and Fig-leaves, 26; prospective Paradises, 96, 104.

Passivity and Activity, 70, 155.

Past, the, inextricably linked with the Present, 122; for ever extant, 187.

Paupers, what to do with, 165.

Peace-Era, the much-predicted, 126.

Peasant Saint, the, 164.

*Pelham*, and the Whole Duty of Dandies, 200.

Perseverance, law of, 170.

Person, mystery of a, 46, 93, 96, 172.

Philosophies, Cause-and-Effect, 25.

Phoenix Death-birth, 170, 175, 193.

Property, 143.

Proselytising, 5, 211.

Radicalism, Speculative, 9, 19, 44. Raleigh's, Sir Walter, fine mantle, 34.

Religion, dead letter and living spirit of, 82; weaving new Vestures, 154, 198.

Reverence, early growth of, 71; indispensability of, 180.

Richter, 23.

Saints, living Communion of, 177, 182.

Sarcasm, the panoply of, 94.

*Sartor Resartus*, genesis of, 5; its purpose, 192.

Saturn or Chronos, 92.

Savage, the aboriginal, 27.

Scarecrow, significance of the, 44.

Sceptical goose-cackle, 48.

School education, insignificance of,

72, 74; tin-kettle terrors and incitements, 74; need of Soul-Architects, 75.

Science, the Torch of, 1; the Scientific Head, 48.

Secrecy, benignant efficacies of, 157.

Self-activity, 19.

Self-annihilation, 134.

Shame, divine, mysterious growth of, 28; the soil of all Virtue, 157.

Silence, 129; the element in which all great things fashion themselves, 157.

Simon's, Saint, aphorism of the golden age, 170; a false application, 213.

Smoke, advantage of consuming one's, 108.

Society founded upon Cloth, 35, 42, 44; how Society becomes possible, 154; social Death, and New-Birth, 155, 169, 175, 193; as good as extinct, 166.

Solitude. See Silence.

Sorrow-pangs of Self-deliverance, 108, 114, 115; divine depths of Sorrow, 136; Worship of Sorrow, 138.

Space and Time, the Dream-Canvas upon which Life is imaged, 38, 46, 182, 187.

Spartan wisdom, 165.

Speculative intuition, 36. See German.

Speech, great, but not greatest, 157.

Sphinx-riddle, the Universe a, 91.

Stealing, 143, 164.

Stupidity, blessings of, 117.

Style, varieties of, 51.

Suicide, 120.

Sunset, 65, 110.

Swallows, migrations and co-operative instincts of, 68.

Swineherd, the, 66.

Symbols, 156; wondrous agency of, 157; extrinsic, and intrinsic, 160; superannuated, 162, 167.

- Tailors, symbolic significance of, 207.
- Temptations in the wilderness, 131.
- Testimonies of Authors, 215.
- Teufelsdröckh's Philosophy of Clothes, 4; he proposes a toast, 10; his personal aspect, and silent deep-seated Sansculottism, 10; thawed into speech, 13; memorable watch-tower utterances, 13; alone with the Stars, 15; extremely miscellaneous environment, 16; plainness of speech, 20; universal learning, and multiplex literary style, 21; ambiguous-looking morality, 21; one instance of laughter, 22; almost total want of arrangement, 23; feeling of the ludicrous, 34; speculative Radicalism, 44; a singular Character, 53; Genesis properly an Exodus, 57; unprecedented Name, 61; infantine experience, 62; Pedagogy, 71; an almost Hindoo Passivity, 72; schoolboy jostling, 74; heterogeneous University-Life, 77; fever-paroxysms of Doubt, 82; first practical knowledge of the English, 83; getting under weigh, 85; ill success, 89; glimpse of high-life, 91; casts himself on the Universe, 95; reverent feeling towards women, 97; frantically in love, 98; first interview with Blumine, 100; inspired moments, 102; short of practical kitchen-stuff, 105; ideal bliss, and actual catastrophe, 106; sorrows, and peripatetic stoicism, 107; a parting glimpse of his Beloved, on her way to England, 110; how he overran the whole earth, 111; Doubt darkened into Unbelief, 116; love of Truth, 117; a feeble unit, amidst a threatening Infinitude, 119; Baphometric Fire-baptism, 121; placid indifference, 122; a Hyperborean intruder, 129; Nothingness of life, 131; Temptations in the wilderness, 131; dawning of a better day, 134; the Ideal in the Actual, 140; finds his true Calling, 143; his Biography a symbolic Adumbration, significant to those who can decipher it, 145; a wonder-lover, seeker and worker, 149; in Monmouth-Street, among the Hebrews, 173; concluding hints, 210; his public History not yet done, perhaps the better part only beginning, 214.
- Thinking Man, a, the worst enemy of the Prince of Darkness, 86, 142; true Thought can never die, 177.
- Time-Spirit, life-battle with the, 61, 92; Time, the universal wonder-hider, 189.
- Titles of Honour, 178.
- Tools, influence of, 28; the Pen, most miraculous of tools, 142.
- Unbelief, era of, 81, 117; Doubt darkening into, 116; escape from, 132.
- Universities, 78.
- Utilitarianism, 116, 168.
- View-hunting and diseased Self-consciousness, 111.
- Voltaire, 139; the Parisian Divinity, 180.
- War, 124.
- Wisdom, 47.
- Woman's influence, 97.
- Wonder the basis of Worship, 47; region of, 194.
- Words, slavery to, 38; Word-mongering and Motive-grinding, 116.
- Workshop of Life, 142. See Labour.
- Young Men and Maidens, 92, 96.

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